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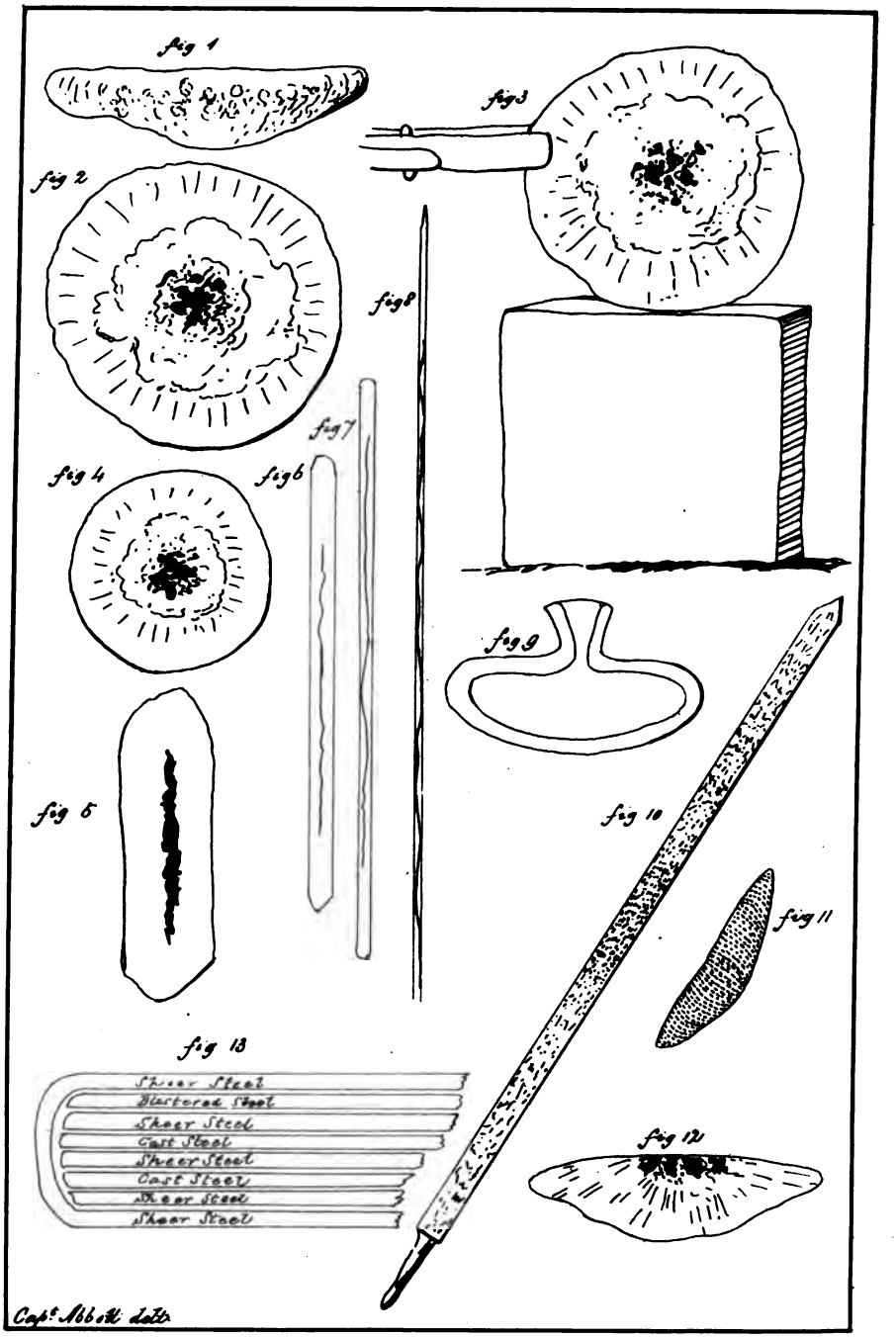

James Madden, 8 Leadenhall Street

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY

FROM

HERAUT TO KHIVA, MOSCOW,

AND

ST. PETERSBURGH,

DURING THE

LATE RUSSIAN INVASION OF KHIVA;

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE COURT OF KHIVA AND
THE KINGDOM OF KHAURISM.

By CAPTAIN JAMES ABBOTT,

BENGAL ARTILLERY,
LATELY ON A DIPLOMATIC MISSION TO KHIVA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE arrival of Saleh Muhummud was evidently a cause of uneasiness or anxiety to Ahris Mhatoor. He had, perhaps, made other arrangements for my disposal, or he might fear that his own importance, and his claim upon me as my protector, might be impaired by the circumstance. Be this as it may, he stalked about with a fallen countenance. Cherkush Bae was evidently uneasy, but showed it in a different way. His constant attention to me was unaltered; excepting, perhaps, that he appeared to render it now more of constraint, or as if he thought it less acceptable than before. I endeavoured to alleviate this

feeling, as far as possible, by bestowing much of my attention upon him, and speaking to Saleh Muhummud of the important service this kind Kuzzauk had rendered me. I also called the brothers to me, and gave Ahris the letter, which I had written on a former occasion, and which made him master of all the property he could recover from the Kuzzauks, and deprecated the anger against him of Mooraud Ali and others. I assured him, in front of an assembly of his friends, that I held to the agreement I had made with him and his brother, when my fortunes were at the lowest ebb. That, on conveying me and my people in safety to Khiva, the aforesaid property became his and his brother's; or, if he preferred it, I would purchase it with gold. That I still desired him and his brother as my escort, whatever arrangements Mooraud Ali might make. That, in short, as the English acknowledge but one God, so have they but one word, and abhor a breach of promise.

That night I lay down to rest under different feelings. Saleh Muhummud insisted upon sleeping near me, his sabre carefully laid at his side. Ahris' little daughter took up her position on my other side: I fancied, from some kindly feeling, in the prospect of so soon parting from me for ever. The looks of Ahris Mhatoor were unusually gloomy, and his countenance, under such circumstances, was portentous.

The ensuing morning, the camels and horses were brought, and Ahris Mhatoor assembled all his relatives and friends to hear read, and see delivered to him, in my presence, the Toorkish letter which gave him right to all property of mine he could recover from the Kuzzauks, upon my safe arrival with him and his brother at Khiva. In this assembly again appeared

a messenger from Hussun Mhatoor, entreating me to come to the tent, to which he was hastening; and making a thousand protestations and promises. I replied, that if Hussun Mhatoor had anything to say to me, he must wait upon me; and that I marvelled he could not have contrived to do so already, as two of his messengers had reached me. I was much annoyed to find Ahris urging me to comply with this invitation.

After much delay, owing to a quarrel between Cherkush Bae and some neighbours, the cattle were pronounced to be in readiness, and I took leave of the two families, whose tents I had so long shared. The brawny daughter of Cherkush Bae came and blubbered over me. I kissed the children, and shook hands with the women, and, mounting Saleh Muhummud's horse, at his especial desire, started with my four servants, mounted in various ways. The two brothers and two of their servants attended. Ahris was in the fidgets to persuade me to proceed to Hussun Mhatoor's rendezvous. I felt convinced that Hussun must have gained him to his own views. Cherkush said nothing, but walked on, leading one of the camels. He was out of spirits, and the minds of all were more or less saddened; for we were plunging anew into difficulties and danger, without the means of resisting like men, or of making any preparation for overcoming difficulty. All of us, excepting Saleh Muhummud, were unarmed; and I rode with difficulty, from the pain occasioned by the motion of the horse, which brought the ends of the severed bone in constant friction together. Half a dozen children, mounted upon jackasses, had ridden down our whole cavalcade.

We had not proceeded many minutes up the valley

when we met eight Kuzzauk horsemen, four of them chiefs, and *all* my bitter enemies. They saluted me, and said they were come to beg me to meet Hussun Mhatoor at a neighbouring camp, where measures were in progress for the recovery of my property. I replied that I had made over to Cherkush and Ahris all recoverable property, and should proceed straight to the tent of the Yuze Baushee, Mooraud Ali. Finding persuasion vain, they tried intimidation, assuring my people, with menacing gestures, that they would not suffer me to proceed, would seize me, and sell them, etc., etc., etc. One of these chiefs was the cool fellow who had before threatened to exchange me for Kuzzauk prisoners at Dahsh Gullah. They placed themselves in our path, and by all possible means endeavoured to obstruct our progress. I every instant expected they would have proceded to violence, and had some apprehensions that Saleh Muhummud, being armed, might resent their insolence. I warned him strictly against this. The scene was very exciting. These men had unlimited power over us, backed as they were by the villain Hussun. How long their reluctance to any open violence to their king's guest might last, it was impossible to say; but a feather's weight would have turned the scale: for my return to Khiva must have seemed to them their certain destruction. They entangled Ahris in long discussions. Several times he seemed about to yield: but Cherkush pressed resolutely on, and beckoned me to do the same. As we continued, the whole valley turned out to see, to follow, and to throng us. Numbers of them placed themselves in our path, and strove, by expostulation and threats, almost by force, to persuade me to follow the path which, branching

to the right, led to Hussun's tent. They even instructed the guide to lead us there, and he had actually taken advantage of the divergence of the paths, to act according to instruction, when I discovered the treachery, and altered our course accordingly.

A clump of about thirty horsemen followed, or accompanied us. A man, in a red bonnet, sat with a companion upon a camel, following me, but at some distance. Whenever I turned, he hid his face, which excited my suspicion. I therefore pulled up, and suffered him to pass me. In spite of his efforts to conceal his features, I recognised Yar Muhummud, the man who had wounded me, and had subsequently been most active toward my destruction. The presence of this creature, miserable as he was, boded me no good; but, as others were gradually falling off, and taking the road to Hussun Mhatoor's tent, I hoped he would speedily follow their example. In this I was disappointed. At the foot of the cliffs we were approaching, nearly all the horsemen diverged from our path: but Yar Muhummud continued to haunt me. He kept aloof from me, and dared not meet my glance. Heaven had sent me, however, an antidote in the bright, never-doubting, ever-hoping spirit of Saleh Muhummud, which was like a wave of sparkling water dashed upon the care-soiled mirror of my mind.

I constantly summoned him to my side. His very voice was full of hope. He seemed to have been born under some happier aspect of the heavens; to live in some current, inaccessible to others, where trouble and care were unknown terms. He pointed out to me the course he had taken over the desolate

steppe, where the only landmark is an occasional tomb; where man is less than a drop in the ocean; because for that drop there is society and kindred; whilst man is here an outcast, disowned of all he sees.

After proceeding about twelve miles, we arrived at the brink of some lofty chalk cliffs, formerly the binding of some strait of the Caspian. Cherkush Bae was very anxious to halt in this spot; but I would not listen to the advice, as it seemed to me certain that we should be pursued during the night by some of Hussun Mhatoor's horse, and that our sole chance of safety lay in reaching, ere morrow, Mooraud Ali's tent. We therefore descended the cliffs by a path narrow and broken, steep and difficult, where a stumble or careless step of horse or camel would have launched the rider into eternity. It was a dreary ride, which I shall not soon forget. How different from our last flight, when, nevertheless, death pressed us hard.

The continued presence of my cowardly enemy, Yar Muhummud, was very irksome. At the foot of the cliffs I drew up my horse, and called Cherkush Bae to my side.

"Cherkush Bae," I said, "you have more than once saved my life. Are you now in league with my enemies? Do you not know that Yar Muhummud has ever sought my destruction? Will you throw away the gratitude you have purchased?"

"Yar Muhummud," he replied, "*was* your enemy; but now he seeks to make you forget the wrongs he has done you by the service he shall render. Some of these camels are *his*."

"But what is he doing here? Does he think I like

the sight of him ? You have laid me under many obligations, Cherkush. Carry us through the present difficulty, and you will find my promises less than the reward which awaits you."

"Upon the life of my only son, by all that is sacred, I am and will be true to you. If you like, I will dismiss Yar Muhummud."

"Do so ! His presence here is not needed."

He accordingly ordered Yar Muhummud to be gone, and that worthy was slowly and reluctantly obeying, when Ali Muhummud, who, in common with all my suite, had an especial hatred to him for his share in my misfortunes, took this opportunity of being uppermost to vent upon him some of his pent-up wrath. The torrent poured from his lips with a violence quite astonishing, aided and eked out by the execrations of Summud Khaun and Nizaum in pure Persian. It seemed as if all the wrongs Ali had endured, as a slave to cannibals for sixteen long years, were concentrated and expressed in the bitterness of his vituperation. I tried repeatedly to stem the torrent, but in vain. For I think there is nothing so unmanly as abuse ; so humiliating as the impotent wrath, which has not sufficient self-dignity for concealment. Yar Muhummud was borne down and alarmed by it.

We were now up to our horses' and camels' knees in a salt marsh, which stretches for miles, at the foot of these cliffs, and is about half a mile in breadth. It is a stratum of mud, iced to the thickness of an inch with salt, in a continuous crust. The salt yielded, like brittle ice, to the feet of the cattle, and the mud beneath rendered the passage toilsome and tedious. On emerging from this we ascended by a slope, the steppe covered with wormwood, and showing here

and there a wild flower, the sight of which was a refreshment. Cherkush Bae urged earnestly that I should not deviate from the direct route to Khiva, for the sake of visiting Mooraud Ali, whose tent was said to be far away to the right, near a distant cliff. It was evident that he feared this chief; whether on account of the diminution in his presence, of his own and his brother's importance, I knew not. I was, however, of opinion, that our only chance lay in securing Mooraud Ali's good offices; for Hussun Mhatoor was to us, what the falcon is to the wounded deer. He could, on the instant, outstrip and destroy us. I therefore persisted.

A new difficulty arose; on meeting another Kuzzauk, we were directed for Mooraud Ali's tent, in the very opposite direction from that first indicated, viz. in the direction of Khiva; and Cherkush Bae advocated the new course, saying that even should we fail of our object, we should be making headway to the capital, and that he and his brother would protect us, without other aid. This I knew to be impossible; and as Yar Muhummud, who was now a mile ahead of my cavalcade, had spoken to the second messenger, I gave his word no credence, but followed the first indication. Night fell upon us in this difficulty, and at ten o'clock we found ourselves at a Kuzzauk tent, still many miles from Mooraud Ali. I was, therefore, obliged to permit a halt, much against my inclination. But the fact was, that in the darkness of the night, with only a general direction as to the spot where Mooraud Ali had lately been encamped, any further wandering would surely exhaust the cattle, which had already been ten hours on the road, but would not as certainly bring us nearer to our object.

We therefore purchased a sheep of the Kuzzauks ; for Ali had, on the idea of being a servant of the Ghoosh Beegie of Khiva, been allowed to retain the money found upon him ; and Nizaum once more, to his great delight, found himself frying meat for his master, a process unknown in Kuzzauk land. We slept upon the steppe that night, without alarm, although the previous symptoms had been questionable ; and before daylight next morning I awakened the people, and started once more in search of the Yuze Baushee. Passing a Toorcumun on the road, I enquired the character of Mooraud Ali. He replied—

" He is a sordid and miserly wretch. In his house are many camel-loads of corn (as if in England one should say of ' turtle ') yet his very daughter, and she an only daughter, lives in the house of starvation."

This was the first hint I received of the bitter enmity, subsisting between Mooraud Ali and the Toorcumuns of these parts. It gave me little comfort; for although evidently the speech of an enemy, it was all I knew of the Oozbeg, upon whom I was about to cast myself for protection. After advancing some miles farther, a large cavalcade of horsemen appeared in the distance, advancing towards me. These, I learned, were Mooraud Ali and his retinue. On a nearer approach, I perceived the chief himself, and observed that nearly all his attendants, amounting to 150 horsemen, were Kuzzauks.

We met, and saluted by shaking hands, without dismounting. He paid a few compliments ; said that some time ago he had heard of my approach, and had killed a horse and a young camel for my entertainment; but that, finding I was escorted by his enemy,

Hussun Mhatoor, he had abandoned his intention of riding out to welcome me; that he was only just now apprized of the evil which had befallen me; that now I was his guest, and, with God's blessing, my troubles should end.

Accustomed for some time past to read my fortunes and my fate in the countenances of men whose language was strange to me, I took a sharp survey of Mooraud Ali. He was a small, spare, meanly-dressed man, with hard features, high cheek-bones, a hawk nose, and a quick and wild eye. He wore the usual Oozbeg cylindric cap of lambskin, but it was small and mean, and his old green cloak, of coarse broadcloth, was desperately shabby. But he rode a fine and fiery Toorcumun horse, and delighted to arouse its action, and display his entire command over it. He was such a figure as I could imagine, at the head of a hundred thousand horse, riding down the kingdoms of the East. The shabbiness of attire on such a spare, hard figure, lighted up by such a restless eye, would have been more readily attributed to indifference than to meanness; yet it did not *contradict* the verdict of the Toorcumun, and was no encouragement to one needing his hospitality. His eldest son, a soft-looking youth, of one and twenty, rode beside him. He embraced Saleh Muhummud as an acquaintance, and both commenced in Persian a conversation, from which I learnt, that Saleh had met him whilst in search of me, and had been kindly entertained by him, and directed in his further search. I, of course, expressed to him my thanks for the service he had rendered.

Mooraud Ali called Muhummud Ali, my interpreter, aside, and conversed earnestly with him, until

we reached the spot of encampment. When we reached the selected spot, I found Mooraud Ali more polite than before. He had learned of my interpreter the nature of my relations with Khiva, and knew better what was due to me than he could have conjectured from the shattered state of my fortunes and the shabby figures of myself and retinue. On reaching the spot selected for encampment, he dismounted, spread a carpet for me on the earth, and begged me to select the spot upon which he should pitch a tent for my accommodation. The tent soon appeared, and was pitched accordingly, and I invited Saleh Muhummud and my people to partake it with me. We had not long enjoyed this new position, when Mooraud Ali and his son reappeared, bearing in their hands trays of sugar-candy and dried fruits, apricots, raisins, almonds. These, in spite of my expostulations, he presented with his own hand, remaining in attendance upon me, or leaving his son, when himself obliged to be absent. This graceful courtesy he never could be persuaded to forget for an instant. His reply to my entreaty, to leave our attendance to his servant, was quite worthy of the hospitable and generous conduct which illustrated it.

"I myself have been a prisoner, and know what are the feelings of the captive. I myself have been an ambassador, and know what is due to that high office. I myself have been delivered from bondage, and know how sweet is liberty to the ransomed. I was sent by the late king, Madreheem Khaun, on an embassy to Tehraun. Abbas Meerza seized and cast me into prison, where I remained seven years, and then sold me for 80 tillas (about 48*l*). At length the Khaun Huzurut forgot in my sufferings

the indignity offered him, and sent to ransom me for 1000 tillas."

"But," I insisted, "complete your kindness by sitting beside me. You have done me much honour; complete it by honouring me with your society."

He was, with difficulty, persuaded to sit at the farthest corner of the carpet, and to eat one morsel of the food with which the trays were covered; to us the most delicious of dainties.

"The blessed Muhummud, peace be to him," he said, "was asked by the blessed Ali, whom he was to consider the most honourable amongst men? The Prophet, without hesitation, answered, 'Your guest.'"

"It is an excellent saying," I replied, "and if there can be any greater than a guest, it is he who knows, and practises what is due to a guest."

"You," said the Oozbeg, "are more than a guest, for you are guest of the Khaun Huzurut, whose slave *I* am. I never can render sufficient honour to one, whom my sovereign regards in that sacred relation."

"Ool-humm'd-ool-illah," shouted Summud Khaun, stroking his beard with both hands. "It is a good thing to wait God's will. It is a good thing to trust God. Didn't I tell you, Sir, when you were wasting your mind with thought of what was to be done, that it was good to wait?"

"Very true, patience is good. But it is also good to employ the faculties bestowed upon us. If a swimmer fall into the sea, it is good for him to trust God: but it is also good that he should strike out lustily, or the chances are, that God will let him go to the bottom. Wait awhile, and let us see the end of all

this; for it is unwise to rejoice in the sight of fruit, until we know the tree on which it grows. I have lived long enough to judge of things rather by their end, than their beginning."

In spite, however, of this sordid caution, I felt my spirits rise, as I looked around the little circle, enjoying, after so many privations, the repast most congenial to their taste, the dried fruits of their native land; and heard the word, "Shookr," (thanks) resounding from every mouth. In fact, it is bad taste, and unsound philosophy, to let slip the present, because the future may not correspond. And I could not, just then, afford to be a man of false taste, or an imperfect philosopher.

I had not enjoyed above a taste of the dainties before us, when I missed Cherkush Bae and Ahris Mhatoor, and my heart smote me, that I should for a moment have forgotten them. I spoke to my kind host, but found, from his reply, that he would not be pleased at their introduction to my circle. "I will spare their lives," he said, "since you command it. Otherwise, everyone that had lifted a hand against you, should forfeit his head."

"You must do more than that, in justice, as well as for my sake. The Kuzzauks are wholly innocent of this matter; a Toorcumun told them that I was a Russian spy, and that the Khaun had ordered my destruction; and they did what appeared to them their duty, in attacking me. The Kuzzauks must, therefore, come to no harm on my account, excepting always the guides, who knowing exactly who I was, and being my guests at the time, for they were fed from my table, deliberately betrayed me. For these men I have nothing to say. But he that would show

me honour, and command my regard, must protect and cherish Cherkush Bae and his brother, and I must have your promise to this effect."

Mooraud Ali promised, but I thought with reluctance. He sent for the brothers, however, and told them, that as I had interceded for them, he forgave them their share in the violence offered his sovereign's guest. I feared to make him their enemy, by insisting upon their joining us at meals, but sent them out a Benjamin's portion of good things, with a message, explaining the restraint under which I laboured.

Saleh Muhummud, as may be supposed, exhibited on this occasion the highest spirits. After lavishing upon me the most respectful and affectionate attention, he talked of Heraut and Todd Sahib, and his (Saleh's) father, the old villain who attempted my ruin at Khiva, and by degrees, settled upon his own home.

"Are *you* married, Sir?" he inquired.

"No."

"Is Todd Sahib?"

"No!"

"Login Sahib?" meaning Dr. Login, in medical charge of the mission.

"No!"

"No! and isn't Sanders Sahib?"

"No!"

"Nor Shakespear Sahib, nor North Sahib?"

"No!"

It was some time before he could quite recover his astonishment. Indeed, I have observed, that in Central Asia, none of our mysteries of steam, telescopes, alchemy, coat tails, cock's feathers, freemasonry, bare heads, air-guns, detonators, smooth chins, cropped

horse-tails, unveiled women, and boys* with one leg: no! not the magic lanthorn itself, so bewilders and impresses the fancy of Muhummedans, as, that an article made in pairs, should constantly be found separated; like the disunited legs of a pair of compasses, or a gross of boots for the right foot. It is vain to argue the point with them, and talk of tin kettles and wandering comets: for it is so easy they think, to have a wife at each important city, and thus be equally at home, whatever the clime. And to die without issue is regarded by them as an especial mark of the displeasure of Heaven.

When Saleh had at length recovered from his amazement, he exclaimed, "What a pity it is, that you have no wife. I have such a sweet one, I cannot tell you how happy I am in her."

"Indeed; and how long have you been so?"

"Only two years, and my wife is so beautiful, so graceful, and so good."

"You are indeed happy, and in a happiness which my wandering destiny must ever deny me."

"Oh! I'll get you such a nice wife, when we return to Heraut."

* When the Indian mission was journeying through Persia, several of the Serjeants' wives travelled on horseback, in the usual riding dress of English women. They created no little wonder and speculation. As women in Persia travel close-veiled, it seemed clear to the natives, that these beardless folk were boys; and as both male and female ride there astraddle, the astonishment was extreme, at finding no leg on the off side. After staring awhile, the children would run round the near side, to see how matters stood there, and finding only one broad leg-covering, would scamper, agape, into their houses, shouting, "O! Mammy, Mammy, come and look at the one-legged boys."

CHAPTER XXX.

Yar Muhummud—A new Sauce for Ragouts—Mooraud Ali's Proffer of Service—Arrival of Khojeh Muhummud—Of Hussun Mhatoor—His Proffer rejected—Release of my Servants—Angry Debates between the Chiefs—Mooraud Ali abandons me—I am left to the Mercy of Hussun Mhatoor—Eloquence of a Shawl—Part of the Plunder recovered—The Kuzzauk Brothers.

MOORAUD ALI now entered into arrangements for liberating my enslaved servants, and for the collection of the property that had been plundered. In the group of rude faces collected round the tent, I saw the hyæna eyes of Yar Muhummud, peering from behind a crowd of Kuzzauks. He was evidently under great perturbation, and my people, under protection of a point him out to the Oozbeg Kuzzauks, indeed, geance. This, however, the garrison, whose moned the coward to dwell in the neigh- words to all they purchase, in exchange having fled the few luxuries and conve- armed wh unw

At about ..

placed before me a delicious

flesh, the most dainty and expensive

amongst the Tartars. It may be supposed that we all greatly enjoyed it after our long diet of sour curds. He and his son still waited exclusively upon me, in spite of all my remonstrances; and nothing could persuade either to share in the banquet. Let those who disbelieve in the happiness which sensual gratification is capable of conferring, try a diet of sour curds, diluted with snow water, in quantity sufficient to leave the stomach ever humming for more; and, having kept up the abstinence for a month or so, sit down quietly, under a blue sky, to a pilau of young camel's flesh, dressed by Mooraud Ali's cook, probably his fair daughter. The remembrance of it has haunted me ever since. It makes my mouth water after dinner; and yet I am one who have generally no relish for dainties, and who have always lived upon the simplest fare. Undoubtedly, the sense of deliverance sweetened the repast, as Harvey himself, or Tapp, never could have seasoned it.

After dinner, Mooraud Ali entered the tent to consult with me upon my affairs. I produced the Khaun Huzurut's letter, in which the purport of my journey is set forth. I explained minutely the extreme importance of my mission, and proved to him, that the injury I had sustained in property and person was a mere joke, in comparison with the mischief which might, in consequence, result to his master.

He replied, that he deeply regretted the injury and interruption I had sustained, and was ready to assist me in whatever manner I might dictate, either by escorting me to Dahsh Gullah, or to Khiva; or that, if I preferred awaiting there the Khaun Huzurut's further instructions, his tent, and all it contained, were my own.

Earnestly bent as was my mind upon the fulfilment of my mission, even should I prove to be too late to arrest the Russian advance, there was strong temptation to try the Dahsh Gullah route. But it was necessary first to ascertain the possibility of reaching that fort, which the Kuzzauk brothers, our truest friends, had denied; although their hope of the release of Cherkush's son, a prisoner there, was a powerful temptation to the contrary view. The route to Khiva, under Mooraud Ali's escort, was quite secure. Without abandoning all hope of the Dahsh Gullah route, I deemed it wise at present to set my face, as for Khiva, until we could take soundings of the other passage. I knew that I could always take the Dahsh Gullah route should it seem feasible. I replied, therefore, that I would thankfully accept his escort back to the capital. That then, if the Khaun Huzurut thought fit, I would ride post to the Russian frontier.

"You accept *my* escort, then?"

"I do, with all my heart."

In the evening, he again entered the tent, and said, "Hussun Mhatoor will be here to-morrow. Will you go with *him*, or with me?"

"Can you enquire? Have I not already suffered enough from his arrangements?" I was careful not to betray my knowledge of his direct treachery. "I will take your escort at every risk, unless you have repented your offer."

"Well, then," he said, "leave all to me. Hussun Mhatoor will threaten and bluster. You will hear much uproar; give it no heed, but stretch out your legs, and take your ease."

Next morning, the arrival of the Yuze Baushee,

Khojeh Muhummud, was announced, son of Hussun Mhatoor. I have already mentioned the high character borne by this young man.* He now entered the tent, a tall, handsome young fellow, of dark complexion, with regular features and fine eyes, which were ever bent upon the earth. He evidently paid much attention to his personal appearance, being the best-dressed Toorcumun I had seen. He wore a vest of crimson silk, over that a red silk cloak, and over all, a cloak of blue broad cloth, trimmed with otter's fur. His belt was a leathern thong, passing twice round the waist, studded with stars of massive silver, each of which, being perforated, formed an eye to the hook by which the belt was drawn. His head-dress was the Oozbeg cap of black lambskin, and several finely-carved, and richly-mounted knives and poniards depended from the belt beside his sabre.

I would not rise to receive him, but allowed him to take my hand between both of his, and signed him to be seated. He expressed regret at my misfortunes, and that he had not been at Mungh Kishlauk, to escort me in person to Dahsh Gullah. I replied, that when at Mungh Kishlauk, I had anxiously looked for his appearance, as almost the only reasonable hope of safety; but that his movements seemed so uncertain, that I could not wait in the prospect of a meeting;

* Sir R. Shakespear, upon whom this young chief attended after my departure, took a much less favourable view of his character. I was guided wholly by the reports of him which my servants had received from his father's domestics and slaves, and from some Kuzzauks of the steppe. His down look was scarcely prepossessing, and he was probably not much better in moral character than other Toorcumun chiefs. But there must have been some strongly-redeeming quality in his natural disposition to make him so great a favourite with the servants and slaves of his father's household.

that, had we met, my misfortunes had never overtaken me, for that, having the highest opinion of his honour, I should have been guided implicitly by his advice.

He thanked me, dropped his eyes to the earth, and was silent. At length, he said, "But what is the cause of your enmity to Hussun Mhatoor?"

"Have I ever expressed such a sentiment? Have I ever treated him otherwise than with the highest distinction?"

He was again silent, but at length resumed, "Why did you quit Mungh Kishlauk? Did not my father send a man after you, to tell you that the Russian boats had arrived there, and to bid you return?"

"The man he sent declared solemnly that he had not even seen your father. If boats were really there, why did your father not send someone whom I had seen about him, one of his own Toorcumuns? Why was he ashamed to acknowledge the message?"

He again dropped his eyes, sighed, and was profoundly silent, sitting more than an hour in that posture, in a corner of the tent. I was disappointed that he should seem to favour the forgery his father had attempted to pass upon me. Still, it was but the duty of a son to screen his father's faults.

Towards evening, Hussun Mhatoor was announced. He came attended by no less than three Yuze Baushees, including his son, and had beside a considerable retinue of Toorcumuns. I had always, even when most disgusted with this villain's misconduct, treated him, from policy, with marked consideration; with more a great deal than was due, considering our respective rank and office; rising to receive him, offering him the first cup of tea, etc. His age freed

me from embarrassment in this. I had since fallen from my high estate; he was here a little sovereign. I felt, however, prouder now than before, and continued sitting when he entered, scarcely allowing him to take my hand, and pointing him a seat considerably below me. But when Mooraud Ali immediately afterwards entered, I rose, a motion which all were, by etiquette, obliged to imitate; and although he was a far less person than Hussun Mhatoor, I pressed him to take a seat above my own, addressing him as my benefactor. Nothing could persuade him to this, but my purpose was sufficiently manifest, and Hussun Mhatoor felt it.

He looked at my bandaged hand, and pretended a world of grief at my suffering. "I own," he said, "that I have committed a great error; I should have sent my own son and a party of horse to escort you; I hope you do not suffer much pain?"

"I suffer whatever it has pleased Heaven to allow," I replied, cutting him short. He was disconcerted. At length, after long silence, he resumed.

"I have collected much of your property. The rest will be recovered in a few days. Forgive me what is past; I will do whatsoever you command me."

"You have come too late; I have made a solemn agreement with my kind host, Mooraud Ali, to benefit by his escort to Khiva."

"If *he* conducts you thither, the Khaun Huzurut will slay me and my whole family. I have made the utmost haste to your assistance, but, unfortunately, you would not wait for me. What is my crime? When I was with you, did you ever lose so much as the value of a whip?"

"No; the fear of the Khaun Huzurut was all powerful."

A long silence ensued, which was at length broken by Hussun. "Why will you not prosecute your journey, since it is of such importance to the Khaun Huzurut? The Khaun ordered you to embark at Mungh Kishlauk."

"The Khaun Huzurut gave me no *orders*, because I am the ambassador of a greater Government. He gave me permission, but declined giving me orders. When he gave me that permission, I was an envoy. Now I am a cripple. How can I tell whether he will wish his letters to be borne, himself to be represented at foreign courts, by a cripple. I will see him and ascertain his wishes."

"You might write, and await his answer here."

"But I *will* not."

"Then let me or my son conduct you to his presence."

"When, at Mungh Kishlauk, I desired your escort to Dahsh Gullah, you replied, that the Khaun's orders were only to conduct me to Mungh Kishlauk, and you made me over to robbers. Have you any fresh instruction from the Khaun Huzurut, that you would now conduct me to Khiva?"

"I will swear upon the Koraun."

"The guide you gave me swore fearful oaths upon the Koraun, when I was his guest, sleeping amongst his children, and afterwards sold me to robbers."

After a long visit, and many vain attempts to shake my resolution, he left me. A stormy debate ensued, which lasted until late that night, and was renewed the following day. Mooraud Ali came to me at night to enquire after me; and it seemed to me

that he was beginning to vacillate in the solemn covenant between us.

Meanwhile, measures had been taken to release those of my suite who were still in slavery. Hajji was brought back, then Yakoob, and at length Maimood. There was no end to the embracings between them and the others. Hajji had fallen to the lot of a stern master who treated him harshly. One day Kooch Muhummud, the Yuze Baushee, arrived at his master's tent, and had shown some kind attention to poor Hajji, which I resolved should be repaid whenever I should possess the means. This little incident came in aid of my preconceived notion, that Kooch Muhummud had in him something more of honesty and worth than the others, and might perhaps be relied on, could we separate his interests from those of his chieftain, Hussun. Yakoob and Maimood had both been kindly treated. The women of one of the families showed the captive a thousand attentions, and resisted all his offers to assist in tending the cattle. They constantly lamented, that a son of their house should have been concerned in an assault upon the Khaun Huzurut's guest. In short, the result of my knowledge of this rude race was very favourable to them. The return of my people, and our re-union, was a great gratification to us all. My solicitude for them had been so constantly excited, that I had almost forgotten their character of domestics in affectionate concern for their welfare.

The debates between Hussun Mhatoor and Mooraud Ali became every hour more stormy; and every time I saw the latter, his resolution to protect me seemed more shaken. I was never present at these debates, but Ahris and Cherkush, who were constantly in at-

tendance upon me, brought me word, from time to time, of the nature of the discussion. This was extremely disheartening, for it was evident that Mooraud Ali had already repented his proffered aid. Once the brothers came with tears in their eyes to say, "They have resolved to bind you hand and foot, and cast you on board a boat at Mungh Kishlauk."

"Who have?"

"Hussun and the Toorcumuns."

"And will Mooraud Ali permit it?"

"He has no power to resist it. The Toorcumuns are too strong for him."

"And the Kuzzauks, will they not back Mooraud Ali?"

"They are too much in awe of Hussun Mhatoor, who has long oppressed them." This was melancholy intelligence, but I was now hardened to encounter vicissitudes.

That night, Mooraud Ali came to my tent, and said, that Hussun Mhatoor had determined to be my guide.

I replied, "You have promised me your protection, have solemnly agreed to escort me. I am your guest. You will not now betray me."

"I promised to conduct you to Khiva, *only* if Hussun Mhatoor should decline. He, however, insists upon guiding you, and the Khaun Huzurut gave him you as a guide. I have no plea for interference."

"You have abundant plea. You know perfectly well, that Hussun will never guide me thither. You know, how nearly I have been murdered already, and that the Khaun Huzurut's despatches have been almost lost. Will you abandon your guest?"

"I will send with you my son, he will be sufficient security."

He left me, and I was obliged to seek means of turning to the best account, an arrangement that threatened my destruction. All night I lay awake, discussing with Saleh Muhummud, the perplexities of my position.

The next day, Hussun Mhatoor, and the Yuze Baushees, Mooraud Ali, Sobut Beeg, Khojeh Muhummud, and Kooch Muhummud, accompanied by their followers, waited upon me. Hussun Mhatoor commenced by stating, that should anyone but himself conduct me to Khiva, the Khaun Huzurut would destroy him (Hussun), and all his house: that he trusted, therefore, that I would employ his services. That he was ready to conduct me, or to depute his son to conduct me, whithersoever I pleased; to Mungh Kishlauk, where we should find boats in attendance, or to Dahsh Gullah, or even to Khiva.

I had already made up my mind upon this subject, and being as utterly in the villain's power as a bird in the fowler's net, and having no longer hope of the protection of Mooraud Ali, put the best grace possible upon my compliance; saying, that I would accept his offer, provided that his son, Khojeh Muhummud, and the Yuze Baushee, Kooch Muhummud, were placed in command of my escort, and that Mooraud Ali's son, and the Kuzzauk brothers should attend.

To this he readily assented, and the two Yuze Baushees were evidently flattered by my preference. Hussun, however, pressed strongly upon me, a choice between the routes to Mungh Kishlauk and Dahsh Gullah; but, as I did not believe there were any boats

at the former place, or that he would ever convey me in safety to the latter, I insisted upon a return to Khiva, with which he very reluctantly complied.

The rest of the day Khojeh Muhummud was constantly near me, and Saleh Muhummud, whose handsome dress had struck his fancy, was lavish of his praises of British liberality. The shawl around his waist, was the gift of the British Envoy. Its value being explained, it had become an object of admiration and envy. "Oh!" said Saleh Muhummud, "this is nothing to the benefits conferred constantly by the British Envoy upon the nobles and people of Heraut. At the last festival, every officer of the State was handsomely apparelled, not by the king, nor by the Vuzeer, but by the British Government, whose agent the Kuzzauks have so barbarously treated. You ask me why I am so warm in my praises of the English, why I love strangers whom my fathers never knew. Is it not enough to say, they have redeemed my country, that they are rebuilding my nation. That they feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter those who have no home. That they have raised at Heraut an hospital, in which our sick are cured and supported. That they have a troop of some thirty children of Heraut, rescued from slavery by Captain Pottinger, whom they feed and clothe, whom they educate in the faith, in which those children were born? Is it strange that I should love the English? or that *any* of my nation should be willing to give his life for them? I wish you could come to Heraut, to see what the English are. All that is good and noble proceeds from them. The evil is from our own rulers."

Whilst he ran on, in this way, with glistening eyes,

I perceived that he had no indifferent audience. Khojeh Muhummud examined constantly the Cashmere shawl, and began to hint at the possibility, of his accompanying me to Heraut. Difficult and inconvenient as this might be, I could not prudently damp any hope, offering security to myself and people. I bade Ali Muhummud whisper to the other Yuze Baushee, Kooch Muhummud, that I had heard of his kindness to one of my suite, lately in slavery. That kindness to them, was in a tenfold degree, kindness to myself, and should never be forgotten. I told him, that Saleh Muhummud had orders from me, to give him thirty ducats on reaching Khiva. That I expected him to stand by me, in case of treachery on the part of Hussun Mhatoor, and that I could promise him, in return, the gratification of his most extravagant hopes. He replied, that all was right, and that he was, heart and soul, in my interest. This man, in spite of his bearish manners, had something about him of rude honesty, which I was disposed to trust; although, well aware of the fallacy of physiognomical impressions in a country, where the moral degradation of all classes, is never to be wholly resisted, by the happiest natural dispositions.

During the whole of that day, articles of my property were brought back, generally in a ruined condition. The horses, especially, had become mere anatomies, and I plainly perceived, that they could never drag the weight of their own bones a fourth part of the distance, severing us from Khiva, and that fresh horses or camels would be indispensable. This was no longer a formidable difficulty, for Saleh Muhummud, although he kept profoundly secret the

possession of a sum of money for me, yet had no fear in declaring, that he was provided with sufficient for my expenses to Khiva. The sabres were all more or less damaged. I pointed out one of them, of a serpentine figure, to Cherkush Bae. "Oh!" he replied, "that is easily remedied;" and forthwith commenced straightening it, on his knee. The money was brought in much more reluctantly, in mighty small quantities: but this was now of no vital consequence. One of the brigands, the youth who had apparelled himself in my uniform, and played a very distinguished part in the triumph over us, was led up to me between two Toorcumuns, who were lashing him with their heavy whips, to make him yield up his portion of plundered gold. Khojeh Muhummud finding every effort for this purpose vain, prepared to make an example of him; and drawing his dagger, whilst the Toorcumuns pinioned him, was about to plunge it into his throat, when I threw myself between them, and commanded Khojeh to desist, saying, that if he desired my favour, he must prevent injury being done the Kuzzauks, on my account, for that I had pardoned them; that an Englishman had but one God, and one word; and that my honour was now concerned, in preventing injury to the pardoned.

Khojeh Muhummud slowly and reluctantly sheathed his dagger. "If," he said, "you interfere in this way, we shall never be able to collect your property. Until one or two of these rascals are slaughtered, the others will not give up the gold. Inshallah! when the Khaun Huzurut hears what has happened, he will order a Chuppao (foray) upon the Kuzzauks, and we will carry the head of every Kawfur,

concerned in the assault, upon a spear-point, to Khiva."

I explained to him, that it was of more importance in the eyes of the British, that the word of their Agents should be inviolate, than that they should recover, by its forfeiture, a few miserable pieces of gold. And that I should really regard as the enemy of my honour, any who molested the Kuzzauks on my account ; excepting always the guides, who had betrayed us.

At Hussun Mhatoor's request, I furnished a list, in Toorkish, of the missing articles, such at least as could be remembered: omitting carefully all that were in Ahris' and Cherkush's possession. It was very evident, that whatever property I should leave unclaimed, would fall into the hands of Hussun Mhatoor: my agreement, therefore, with Ahris was for the present null and void: but I determined, that it should be virtually, if not actually fulfilled, on my arrival at Khiva; when the Khaun Huzurut's protection could be secured, to the two brothers. I explained this to them, and they perceived that I was without the means, at the moment, of securing to them even the property they possessed. They continued with me, Cherkush still dressing my wound. Other persons, who pretended skill in surgery, were brought for my service, but I would suffer none but Cherkush to touch it, meaning to make this an excuse for conveying him to Khiva, and rewarding him there. Both brothers were much out of spirits, and in evident dread that Hussun Mhatoor would visit upon them, the kindness they had shown me. It was now my constant care to comfort and show them attention. The tables had been strangely re-

versed ; yet, although I once more held up my head, and was treated with marked respect, my real power was a shadow, and I was in reality a prisoner in the hands of the traitor Hussun.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Route to Dahsh Gullah—Its Difficulties—The Favourite of Hope—Resolution to pursue that Route—Choice of my Suite —Quarrel and Affray between the Toorcumuns and Oozbegs —Pacified by Saleh Muhummud—Forced Reconciliation— Mooraud Ali leaves me to my Fate—Khojeh Muhummud— Atonement for his Father's Crime.

UP to this moment, I had steadfastly adhered to my first proposition of return to Khiva. I had not given anyone the slightest reason to think I could be persuaded to change my apparent purpose. But my heart was travelling in the other direction, and I waited only the appearance of a possibility, to determine my steps towards Dahsh Gullah. The difficulty of this route seemed increased tenfold, by the loss of Mooraud Ali's protection. There lay, between the inhabited steppe of the Mungh Kishlauk district, and the Russian fort, about forty miles of steppe, utterly destitute of inhabitants; and although the undoubted property of the Khaun, and time out of mind, an integral portion of Khaurism, yet the fear of the Russians, since their erection of a fort in the Khaun's territory. The Koosolution to this are less in fear of the Russians, of will not shrink from interest it is to encourage them to attempt the onward bourhood, and from whom the Ahris and Cherkush say, for sheep and hides, all as nor others would ever suffer

niences they are acquainted with; than they are in dread of the Chowdoor Toorcumuns, who make such dealings a pretence for plundering them. Nevertheless, the steppe is utterly abandoned, and he, who enters it, has taken leave of Khaurism, and is supposed to be within the power and influence of Russia. Whatever, therefore, should befall me, in that portion of the wilderness, neither Hussun Mhatoor, nor the Kuzzauks could well be called to account for. And, as both had weighty reasons of interest and of fear to prevent my arrival at Dahsh Gullah, it seemed extremely improbable, that they should ever suffer me to pass this waste territory in safety. For my own share of the peril, I had no thought. But my people had become dear to me, by our peculiar position. They had already suffered much on account of a government which had no claim upon their services. They were pining for a return, and in terror of a farther advance. It required nerve almost greater than I possessed, to place them in fresh and extreme peril. If I should depart without them, they might, in the event of my safe journey, return to Khiva. But should I perish, they would certainly be sold into captivity, or murdered. These considerations weighed most painfully upon my mind, and allowed me neither rest nor peace.

Saleh Muhummud perceived my constant heaviness
it, and entreated to share my confidence. I
him the cause of my anxiety. The ne-
er than death, urging me to complete
ver fruitless it might prove; and my
of my people. He took, as
beful view of the question;
although the arguments

were nothing in themselves, they assumed force on the lips of this favourite of hope. They gave me, what I sought at that moment, a plea for considering my onward course, not utterly irrational. As for my servants, he would conduct them back to Heraut in safety. There was no cause of apprehension for them. He would himself see me safe to Dahsh Gullah, and then return. No one, now, would dare to molest us. I had seen how little the Khaun Huzurut's authority was worth in these parts ; and as that authority was probably much weakened by the advance of the Russian invasion, I could not allow the justness of his confidence, although delighted with it. Hope is a contagious sentiment, and I was strongly inoculated.

I wished, however, first to learn all that could be learned of the question ; and summoning Summud Khaun, asked him what he thought of the route to Dahsh Gullah. He replied, "You are master, Sir ; but I overheard a Kuzzauk say, that an army of Russians was encamped at Dahsh Gullah. It is, therefore, impossible that Hussun should venture within sight of that fort. The route to Khiva is the only one that affords a hope of safety."

"Such being your view of the case, Summud Khaun, I entreat you, and the rest of my servants, to return with Saleh Muhummud to Khiva and Heraut, for I am bent upon fulfilling my mission."

"No, Sir," replied Summud Khaun, "I will follow you at any risk. I made a solemn resolution to this effect on leaving Heraut, and I will not shrink from it. But it is rank madness to attempt the onward route. I have often heard Ahris and Cherkush say, that neither the Kuzzauks nor others would ever suffer

them to take you to the Russian fort; and the arrival there of an army renders it doubly hopeless. I give you solemn warning, Sir, that you have but one path of hope, and that is, the return to Khiva; all others are desperate. You remember I warned you not to trust Dāna Bae to guide you to Dahsh Gullah. Had you taken my advice, we might still be safe."

"Had I taken your advice, we should either have starved at Mungh Kishlauk, or have been murdered there by Hussun Mhatoor. The case was desperate, and the path of my duty lay onward. But so far from desiring my servants to accompany me, I shall be infinitely obliged to them to leave me, for they cannot aid me, but may add to my sufferings. Therefore call them together, and state the case fairly to them."

Summud Khaun did as I desired, and the next day informed me of the result. All, he said, with one accord, preferred sharing my fate, whatever it might be. I called them before me, and reasoned with them; said that I would accept no hasty resolution, but hoped they would believe my assurance, that I had at heart their return to Khiva, and should feel infinitely relieved, if they preferred quitting me here. I then asked each in turn. Summud Khaun replied, as before, that he would share my fate, whatever it might be. The Meerza thought the Dahsh Gullah route the only one recommended by reason. Poor creature! I believe he never could have reached Khiva, so prostrated was his strength from the injury of his brain. Ali Muhummud declared that, in purchasing the freedom of his child, I had purchased him, soul and body. I would not hear of this. The child's ransom had cost me nothing, and Ali's presence could be of no use to me. He persisted, however, and all the rest

declared that they had already determined that, if we were to suffer, it should be together. Nizaum, I thought, showed some reluctance. He spoke of his mother, and I strongly insisted upon his return to her ; but he was, perhaps, ashamed to be the only defaulter, and joined the general resolution.

I then ascertained what each wished done at Heraut, etc., on Saleh Muhummud's return with regard to his family, and dictated to Saleh accordingly. Ali Muhummud, whose wife was a slave that had been forced upon him, wished a little pocket money to be given to his child privately, without the mother's knowledge, who, he said, would seize it for herself. I bade Saleh give the boy five gold tillas. Khojeh Muhummud, who was present, was very much struck with this ; and Saleh Muhummud begged him to remark that this was no solitary instance of our liberality ; that whilst others, even in their gifts, defeated the intention by their unhandsome and niggardly spirit, the English always did the thing handsomely, or not at all. I did not intend the act to be political, but it proved of consequence to our interest, by showing my disposition to remember, and my power still to reward, faithful service.

That day the controversy between Hussun Mhatoor and Mooraud Ali was renewed with fresh violence ; and, in answer to some insinuation of the former, Mooraud Ali called him an infamous old scoundrel. Khojeh Muhummud, Hussun's son, resented this warmly, rose, seized a stick, and attempted to reach Mooraud Ali, but was held back by the sturdy Yuze Baushee, Kooch Muhummud, who threw his arms around him. Words, however, waxed high, swords were drawn, and blows exchanged. The confusion

spread throughout the camp. I endeavoured to keep my people apart from the affray, but Saleh Muhummud's mercurial temperament would not suffer him long to be still. He rushed upon Khojeh Muhummud, who was bearing down upon Mooraud Ali with a drawn sword, and, winding his arms around him, withheld him from his purpose by expostulations and by force. This probably saved Mooraud Ali's life, who was unarmed and ill supported; but it did not prevent a youth of fourteen years, brother-in-law of Khojeh, from reaching Mooraud Ali with a naked sabre, and aiming several blows at his head. Our shouts warned Mooraud Ali in time. He turned, avoided the first blow, and closing with his antagonist, prevented the remaining blows from taking effect, and, in spite of the struggles of the youth, wrenched the sword out of his grasp. The other combatants were restrained in a similar manner, and no serious wounds were received.

Saleh Muhummud, entering Mooraud Ali's tent, reasoned with him long and earnestly; at length, persuaded him to come over to my tent, entreating him there to be reconciled to Hussun Mhatoor. "I had rather drink his blood," he replied; "but if my guest," turning to me, "insists upon it, I will obey, as in duty bound. He has insulted me beyond forgiveness, but a guest is entitled to command in all things."

My situation was embarrassing; I had no right to abuse his hospitality, by forcing him to forgive a deadly insult; at the same time, he being so much the weaker party, I feared he might be massacred during the night, unless some reconciliation were effected. I therefore led Mooraud Ali by the hand to Hussun Mhatoor, and insisted that both should embrace, in

token of reconciliation. They did so, but, as their faces met, Hussun muttered "Kawfur" (infidel), and when their persons sundered, it was evident that the enmity was irreconcileable. Saleh in fact had carried his interference too far. Such forced reconciliations but inflame the wounds of enmity.

The commotion just recorded, had naturally delayed the appearance of dinner, and night fell ere any symptoms of that necessary ceremony were displayed. Whilst sitting in my tent, pondering my perplexed and unhappy position, I heard a fresh uproar outside, and sent to inquire its cause. I was informed, that the Toorcumuns had prepared, or were preparing me a feast, and that they were driving away from my tent some of Mooraud Ali's servants, who wished to bring me dinner from the Oozbeg's kitchen; insisting that I was their guest, and not his. This was most embarrassing: for should I refuse to be the guest of the Toorcumuns, Mooraud Ali could not protect me from their resentment. And should I yield to them, I should give Mooraud Ali a plea, which I believed he would think welcome, for washing his hands of my concerns.

In this extremity, I sent for Khojeh Muhummud, and explained to him my position, saying, that I could not in honour be the guest of any but him, whose roof sheltered me. That I must continue with Mooraud Ali that night, at least, and would enter *his* tent the ensuing day. After much opposition, he agreed to this arrangement, and Mooraud Ali soon after appeared, bringing me dinner. Kooch Muhummud happened, just then, to be sitting in my little circle, and I persuaded him to partake with us, of the fare. Two hours afterwards, to my great annoyance,

Khojeh Muhummud brought, with his own hand, another dinner, and insisted upon our eating of that also. To tell the truth, our stomachs were in that bustling humour, that they thought not much of such an exploit, and ate with abundant relish the second meal, and were quite ready for a third, an hour after it was discussed. But I feared this incident would be seized by Mooraud Ali, as an excuse for entirely forsaking me; a disposition that was sufficiently evident, induced by fear of the formidable power of Hussun Mhatoor.

In the morning, I removed my few articles of dress from Mooraud Ali's tent, to the tent of the Toorcumuns; and seeing that Mooraud was striking his tent for a move, went to take leave of him. We embraced, and I thanked him most warmly for his handsome and hospitable conduct, assuring him that he had made me his debtor for ever.

He replied, "I would willingly guard you through all your difficulties, but Hussun Mhatoor is too strong for me, here, backed by his Toorcumuns, whilst my people are far away. I must leave you, and he can do with you as he pleases. I shall now hasten back to the Khaun Huzurut, and lay matters before him; for it is impossible that Hussun Mhatoor and myself should live upon the same earth."

"You promised that your son should accompany me. Are you prepared to make this arrangement? He would be of the greatest service, for they would not dare act treacherously whilst he was in company."

"I dare not trust my son with them; you have seen yesterday to what lengths they will go. There were no safety for him, in their company."

We parted, and I never again saw him: but the remembrance of his kindness will ever be fresh in my heart; and should it be my lot to cross his path, I shall lose no opportunity of thanking and honouring him. The motives of Asiatics will rarely bear scrutiny. It is better, sometimes, to be contented with the deed, without rigidly investigating the cause. I believe, however, that Mooraud Ali's conduct to me, was greatly dictated by that fine, hospitable pride, which, if it had ever existed more extensively, has almost perished from Khaurism; and more than this I will not inquire.

The remainder of this day, and the whole of that which ensued, were spent in the tent of Khojeh Muhummud, who served me with his own hand, but whom I always persuaded to eat from the same dish with me. The circumstances under which I was placed, as the guardian of the lives and liberties of my people, rendered it a sacred obligation on my part, to neglect no means of their safety. I felt, also, deep sympathy for Khojeh Muhummud, the honourable son of so infamous a father. I scrupled not to accept his overtures of brotherhood, respectfully, but affectionately urged upon me; and for his sake, blotted from my heart the vengeance recorded there, for the villainy of Hussun Mhatoor.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Departure for Dahsh Gullah—Hussun prigs my best Horse—Saleh Muhummud—Summud Khaun's View of Things—Restoration of Property—Its Condition—Metamorphoses—Singular Good Luck of a Table-cloth—Zone of a Shepherdess—Transfer of Gold—Pardon of the Zuzzauks—Hussun fails in the Number of Escort promised—Route continued—Last Tent in the Wilderness—Bivouac—Expectation of our Massacre—A sweet Argument—A Night of Anxiety—My Guides leave me in the Wilderness—Melancholy Position—Parting Charge of Saleh Muhummud—Hour of Suspense—First View of Dahsh Gullah.

THE next day, at about eleven o'clock, I perceived arrangements in progress for a move. The weather was very gloomy, and my feelings accorded. We rode to water our horses, at the neighbouring brackish wells, and then proceeded. I was mounted upon my own horse, which had been recovered from Yar Muhummud. He was not such a mere skeleton as the others, for Yar Muhummud being a man of wealth, had assigned him a daily allowance of milk, in addition to the scanty pasture of the steppe, upon which the rest of the horses had depended. Nizaum's beautiful Toorcumun had been returned: but Hussun Mhatoor had set his eye upon it, and it was carried off by one of his emissaries, during the night. The rest of my people were variously mounted upon camels, Kuzzauk geldings, and our own steeds. We

cut a shabby figure, having barely sufficient clothes for decency, and those the oldest and the worst.

Hussun Mhatoor, in quality of guide, rode in front, closely attended by several Kuzzauk chiefs, one of whom was father to one of my assailants. In a hollow of the steppe we came upon about fifty more, but for what purpose collected I could not learn. Many of them joined our party, staring hard at me. Kooch Muhummud rode once or twice near me. Khojeh Muhummud was not present. Saleh rode always close in rear of me. Being handsomely mounted and equipped, his deference for me, which he never forgot, was of great consequence to me at that eventful hour. The presence of this young man was an inestimable blessing to me. Hussun Mhatoor treated me with marked respect; but mingled with it might be seen symptoms of his sense of absolute power over my life and fortunes. I was obliged, in return, to treat him with civility, for more than my own life was at stake in the question; and, indeed, having been compelled by circumstances to grant him forgiveness, I made it my business to quench the fire of vengeance, whenever it showed itself in my heart.

To encourage my rose-coloured fancies, I overheard Summud Khaun holding forth, in his consequential voice, to my other followers—

"The Sahib is mad, infatuated, clean daft. Heaven has been at the trouble of delivering us, once, from the hands of these cannibals, and we are walking again into their very jaws. Well! it 's our fate. But how often Heaven will be pleased to interfere, I cannot conjecture. I 've done my duty, that 's one comfort. I warned him once at Mungh Kishlauk, not to proceed to Dahsh Gullah with that imp of Satan, Dāna Bae,

and I have again warned him not to attempt it now. But he is infatuated. When Heaven blinds a man, he cannot see. It 's our destiny, that 's what it is. Had we returned to Khiva, we should have ridden in triumph, every man's son of us. But by this route Hussun Mhatoor will not, and could not if he would, carry us in safety."

I heard this with a strong mixture of mirth and uneasiness.

After ascending the chalk cliffs, by a steep and broken path, we struck over the high plain in the direction of my former place of captivity, *i.e.* to the southern point of the inlet Kara Soo. I found that the object of this move was to take up a bivouac, favourable to the collection of the stolen goods. At evening we encamped on the brink of the cliffs, my old prison walls; and here again fragments of my property were brought in by slow and reluctant degrees. I insisted upon the necessity of recovering a suit of regimentals, as without them the Russians might refuse to believe me a British officer. These were brought me in atoms, the embroidery having been cut off, and the buttons melted down, under the supposition that they were gold. Hussun asked me what they were worth, in order that he might have excuse for plundering the Kuzzauks, and could scarcely be made believe they had been only copper gilt. A Kuzzauk shepherdess was sent for; some coarse string and a small knife were placed in her hands, and by means of this needle and thread she contrived to tack together the full-dress coat of a Captain of the Indian army.

Hussun Mhatoor sat at my side, watching every article, as it was brought in and delivered to me, with

blood-red eyes. When the Cashmere shawl, which had so narrowly escaped an unmentionable fate, reappeared, he clutched it in both his hands, as if he could, by the intense energy of his avarice, have changed the relative value of the pronouns *meum* and *tuum*. I whispered to Saleh Muhummud, with a glance at the shawl, "Lost, lost;" and I was persuaded that he never would have the courage to relinquish the grasp, which continued glued to it until he fell asleep. The fate of several of the articles excited our mirth. The chintz table-cloth, upon which my dinner had been spread daily during the last two months, had become a pair of female inexpressibles, bluff in the bows and mighty in the beam. We held them up to the light to consider them at leisure. We pondered the delicate dimensions of the Kuzzauk shepherdess. That rag had had its share of the good things of the earth, the shrine alternately of conviviality and of beauty. It was no easy matter to shape for it a future equal to the past. To fill up the full measure of its capacity was manifestly impossible. The least I can do is to make a banner of it, to be carried by the rampant unicorn who prances above the shield of my fathers.

My military cloak, spoiled of its plaid lining, had made an entire wardrobe for another fair thing. My white muslin turbans had, of course, been cut into a variety of articles, the exact application and office of which were above the comprehension of any but a Kuzzauk lady's milliner; cotton socks made admirable purses; and a black silk stock, with an extra strap of half-tanned horse-skin, figured away as zone to the sheep-skin mantle of a Kuzzauk shepherdess. The state of my arms, etc., has already been described.

Whenever any article of greater utility than ordinary appeared, I said to it with a bow, "Khoosh Aumudeed" (you are welcome).

Hussun Mhatoor began now to talk about the Toorcumun horse which he had stolen. He said that search had been made far and near, but no tidings could be learned of it. What was he to do with it, should it ever be recovered? I replied that he would, of course, send it for me to Khiva.

He said that a long space must elapse ere it could be fit for such a trip, and in fact, intimated his wish that I could give it him. It was his by nine-tenths of the law, and this was no season for irritating him; I therefore replied that, on receipt of my letter from Dahsh Gullah, reporting safe arrival, the horse was his: in default of this, it remained mine, as before. I was glad to recover the blade of the beautiful little dagger which I had used the night of the attack, for it now had a history of its own. I had purchased it for ten guineas from one of the royal family of Heraut; it was fashioned and worked as only the first sword-cutlers of Persia can make such weapons. The massive handle of hippopotamus tooth had been shattered by the sabre cut.

I endeavoured, by every argument in my power, to hasten our onward progress, begging that the property, if collected, might be collected after my departure. But I found Hussun as obstinate as ever, and was detained in this spot two days. I believe I have omitted to mention that the announcement to Hussun of my determination to proceed to Dahsh Gullah instead of returning to Khiva, was received by him with the greatest possible satisfaction, and that he readily promised me a guard of himself, his

son, and a hundred Toorcumun horse to within sight of the fort. Khojeh Muhummud added that, if I liked, he would accompany me within the walls ; but this I, of course, objected to, bargaining only that he should bring me within sight of the place, and watch my movements until I should approach within protection of the walls, for neither myself nor any of my suite were in a condition to resist the least formidable of onsets.

As this was now the last night I was to enjoy the shelter of a tent, I awakened Saleh Muhummud at midnight, and bade him make over to me the gold, which he still wore around his waist. This was an operation of extreme delicacy. The chink of one piece against another would have been the death-knell of the whole party. With infinite difficulty, owing to the inflamed state of my hand, I contrived to extract two handfuls of gold, which I returned to Saleh, for his expenses to Heraut, and for the fulfilment of one or two commissions which I had given him. He was anxious to count out the money in due form, but this was not to be thought of for an instant. I then secured the leathern belt around my waist, next my skin, where the buckle and strap continued, for weeks afterwards, cutting their way into my flesh, and raising painful blisters. The second day I wore it, indeed, the pain was so great that I was obliged for a while to dismount, and lie on the ground on the plea of sickness ; and several times my secret was almost discovered, as some officious Toorcumun chief caught me in his arms on dismounting, or insisted upon lifting me into my saddle.

Hitherto Cherkush and Ahris had been constantly in attendance, and their presence was always some

comfort, because I believed the former to be sincerely attached to me, and that the interests of Ahris were separate from those of the Toorcumuns. I exerted my influence amongst the latter race in behalf of the brothers; assuring the Yuze Baushees that I should regard anyone as my friend who should protect them, and should look upon any injury they might receive as an unpardonable insult. I also declared once more, that I forgave all the Kuzzauks who had injured me, excepting always Dāna Bae and his son, for whom I had nothing to say; that I should not, indeed, myself prosecute them as they deserved, partly because they were beneath my anger, partly on account of the misery which their innocent children would suffer from their destruction; but that I regarded in so heinous a light the crime they had committed against the most sacred of human laws, that I should not interfere with the just vengeance of the Khaun Huzurut upon them. I have never learned the fate of these men. They were probably screened by Hussun Mhatoor, who first incited them to their treachery.

The day that we quitted this spot to proceed to Dahsh Gullah was naturally fraught with anxiety. In spite of all our precautions, the two brothers were obliged to render up all their share of the plunder. I offered to restore it them at once; but they objected, saying, it would be impossible for them to keep it from the search of Hussun Mhatoor and his Toorcumuns, who had entered the brothers' tent during their absence, and, after seizing all they could find, had frightened the women and children into an acknowledgment of all that was concealed. All therefore I could do, was to beg Saleh Muhummud

to pay them the value of what they had lost, when he should reach Khiva.

When on starting I perceived the smallness of my escort, which amounted to about a dozen Toorcumuns and five or six Kuzzauks, I enquired of Hussun where my hundred Toorcumun horsemen were, and whether, with so many enemies as his injustice had made him, and my misfortunes had procured *me* amongst the Kuzzauks of those parts,—not to mention the hostility of the Russian Kuzzauks, whose haunts we were approaching,—he was about to separate himself from all support of his tribe, backed by a dozen guards. He replied that he could not collect a larger number of Toorcumuns at present; that Kuzzauk guards would be more likely to turn upon us than to help us, and that he would proceed warily. I confess I thought the Kuzzauks, whom he had been plundering and maltreating for his own crime, would be great fools if they neglected this opportunity of cutting him off, either by an ambush of their own, or by sending intelligence of his motions to the Russian garrison.

We put up that night at a Kuzzauk tent, out of which the luckless owners were driven for our accommodation; being then obliged to kill a sheep for our entertainment. I contrived, however, to reward them secretly.

This was the last human habitation, and we were still distant from Dahsh Gullah about forty-five miles, which were to be made during the ensuing day and night. All night Hussun was awake, talking earnestly with Kuzzauks and Toorcumuns, who entered from time to time. Kooch Muhummud brought me some Toorcumun cheese, being small masses of pressed curd, discoloured by the whey, in which it is allowed

to lie. It was very delicious to my palate; but for some time I imagined I was eating the flesh of fowls. Saleh Muhummud had recovered some loaf-sugar from his camel stores, and was constantly feeding me with it. I had entered my second childhood, and was as much pleased as an infant at the bits of hard biscuit and loaf-sugar which, by an impartial division of good things, fell to my lot.

In the morning, we again started, and found the country, as before, a high steppe covered with wormwood, which being here unbrowsed, is much more plentiful than elsewhere. The party scattered over the country, to take a better survey of the land. At night, we sat down for a few hours, and afterwards resumed the march; halting at midnight within about fifteen miles of Dahsh Gullah, and by the side of a well of the purest water, a rare thing in the steppe. And here Hussun Mhatoor declared that he dared proceed no farther. That he should halt here, and send his son with me. Here was an old ruffian, about sixty-five years of age, deliberately shielding his miserable remnant of existence, beneath the life of his eldest son.

We sat down to refresh ourselves.

Nizaum had been very sulky the day before, and I fancied he wished an excuse for returning to Heraut. I had, therefore, insisted upon his not following me farther, but returning with Saleh Muhummud. His conduct had vexed me, for he had been lying at his ease, on pretence of a head-ache, whilst the Toorcumun Yuze Baushees were pitching my tent. I now gave him my last instructions, and my hand falling upon a lump of sugar, which Saleh had slipped by stealth into my pocket, I divided it with him. This

little incident touched the strange being more than all the care I had bestowed upon him and his fortunes. He got up, and swore that he would never forsake me, and entreated me so earnestly to allow him to accompany me, that at length, I was obliged to consent.

I now changed my eastern attire for a military uniform. Hussun Mhatoor came to bid me farewell, and insisted upon embracing me. It was no time to insult the old traitor, so I complied. He commended me solemnly to the care of God, and under these evil auspices, I departed. We continued to proceed due north, in complete silence, and again pulled up. Again there was a pause; and, to our minds, everything appeared suspicious. The giant, Ahris Mhatoor, kept close to Nizaum and Maimood, wielding, as if it had been a rod, a huge Russian hatchet. I say wielding. For this man was never an instant at rest; and the hatchet, which another man would have carried at his belt, was flourished constantly in his hand. His countenance, always hideous, was now under an excitement, of which I knew not the nature. We sat upon the wet earth, whilst our unlucky horses browsed upon the wormwood; and after half an hour, during which messengers came and went, speaking always in whispers, we remounted, and proceeded in dead silence: for it was supposed we were near the fort. An hour, however, passed, and morning at length dawned upon a night that seemed interminable — a night of anxiety, which it is difficult even to shadow upon any imagination.

When the morning had fully broken, a wide desert plain stretched around us, precisely similar to that

which had accompanied us for about seven hundred miles. My guides, Khojeh and Kooch Muhummud, rode up to a cairn of stones, and dismounted, saying that the fort was in sight, and that they dared not accompany me farther. The Kuzzauk guard put this resolve into immediate effect, by riding back toward the region we had left. I desired to be shown the fort; they pointed toward the horizon on the north, but there, nothing was visible, excepting the irregular grey line of the steppe meeting the monotonous grey of the cold morning sky. We strained our eyes in vain, until they seemed bursting from their sockets. Had they said, "The fort is in that direction, but we cannot see it at this distance," I could have believed them. Here, then, we were to be abandoned, without guide, chart, or compass, in a land where every living thing was athirst for our blood. The sea on one side, the desert on the other. Our cattle dropping from fatigue, ourselves and they unsupplied with sustenance for a single day. I remonstrated against the cruelty of this conduct. I reminded our guides of their solemn covenant, to bring me within sight of Dahsh Gullah. They said, indeed, that it was in sight, but neither myself nor any of my suite could see it. Should they have mistaken their bearings, we were lost.

All remonstrances were in vain. They swore solemnly that we were in sight of the fort, and that they dared proceed no farther. I, therefore, embraced Khojeh Muhummud, and took a farewell of all. Saleh Muhummud was the last. I took him apart. He wished to follow me, but I would not suffer it. He asked what were my views respecting

the arch-villain Hussun Mhatoor. I replied, that my word had been extorted by circumstances, but that it must be sacred. He must not suffer on my account. Tell the Khaun Huzurut this, and that all I ask, for all that I have suffered in his service, is, that he will cherish and protect Cherkush and Ahris, forgive Hussun, and not visit upon the innocent Kuzzauks, the sins of that old traitor. Dāna Bae and his son I leave to their fate, whatever it may be. I have nothing to say for them, or to injure them.

We embraced, and parted. Ahris Mhatoor was standing irresolute. "Am I to accompany you?" he inquired. I begged him to do so; for, should we not be near the fort, we should need his guidance thither, or back to his own tents. He complied very reluctantly. A Toorcumun, named Khidr, also accompanied us. I was very reluctant to this man's company, but Hussun Mhatoor had insisted upon it, declaring that he could not trust any Kuzzauk to bear back my letter for the Khaun Huzurut, upon which Hussun's own safety depended. We urged our cattle to their utmost speed, a shambling walk. I myself, the Meerza, Summud Khaun, and Ali Muhummud were mounted upon horses and ponies, the rest of my suite upon camels. The Toorcumun and Ahris Mhatoor rode ponies. We formed, it may be believed, a wretched and ragged cavalcade. It was of consequence to traverse, at best speed, this neutral ground; where all alike would prove our foes, and none bear the blame. Yet we rode a full hour ere we saw the slightest indication of a fort, or other human habitation.

At length, from a rising ground, we caught the

distant view of a line of works, which at first perplexed me; but which, as we drew nearer, I recognised as a line of defences, surmounted by the pent roofs of European houses. The sight afforded such relief as it were not easy to describe.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Cossaq Horsemen—Message of the Commandant—Halt within Cannon-shot of the Walls—Long Suspense—Enter Dahsh Gullah—Mr. Laymann — Wariness of Commandant—His Physiognomy—Offer to ransom Cherkush Bae's Son—The Mystery of Abomination—Hospitality of Russians—Amputation of my Finger—Nizaum's Sentiment thereon—Farewell of Commandant—Of Cherkush Bae—Last Effort in Favour of Latter—Leave Nuovo Alexandrofski — Russian Priest—Embark.

WE had scarcely caught sight of Dahsh Gullah, the object of so many anxious hopes and fears, when, on the other side, we saw galloping down upon us, two Kuzzauk horsemen; and as they neared us, I perceived by the excellence of their horses and superiority of their equipment, that they must belong to the Russian garrison. We made as much way as possible whilst they approached: for there was no safety from such gentry, at a distance from the fort. When they had come within reach of a carabine, they unslung their rifles; and I made such of my people as were armed, stand upon their guard. Although we outnumbered them, I had seen enough of the prowess of my people, rather to hope they would let us alone. As for myself, having no spurs, and my right arm being in a sling, I could not urge my jaded horse to a walk without the aid of my servants, and could, therefore, neither fight nor flee, had the

latter suited my office. They placed themselves in our path; and, as I wore an European uniform, I halted my party, and was riding to meet them, when Ahris Mhatoor begged me to allow him to be spokesman; and, putting in motion his shaggy galloway, and brandishing his formidable hatchet, met and saluted them. It was an anxious moment. The Cossaqs held their rifles in readiness, and, mounted as they were, might have galloped around us, and have picked us off man by man. And, although on foot, or equally mounted, neither would have stood an instant before the powerful axe and fiery courage of Ahris Mhatoor: yet their fire-arms placed him entirely at their mercy. The scene was full of romance. I could appreciate, though not enjoy it. Ahris, even in his present position, could not keep his person still. From his gestures, and the flourishes of his axe, anyone might have supposed he was challenging the Cossaqs to fight. After some parley, he returned, and informed me that these horsemen belonged to the garrison, and had been sent out for intelligence. That my misfortunes were known at Dahsh Gullah, and that they would gallop on, and give news of my approach, which they accordingly did.

We therefore hastened our progress in the same direction, and saw, at every minute, the features of the still distant fort grow upon us, until all was intelligible and plain. When we had approached almost within cannon-shot of the defences, the horsemen again met us, and commanded us, in the name of the governor, to halt. We did so. I dismounted, and seated myself upon the plain. After the lapse of half an hour or more, two horsemen issued from the fort

and approached us; the one in plain clothes, the other a dragoon. They halted an arrow's flight from my party, and beckoned to us. I therefore sent Ali Muhummud with a flag of truce, *i.e.*, a white muslin turban spread upon a Cossaq spear: instructing him to say that I was a British officer from Heraut, who had business at St. Petersburgh, and craved permission to shelter in the fort, and there embark for Astrakhan.

After a quarter of an hour's parley, the horsemen returned to the fort, and Ali to me. They had questioned him strictly concerning me, and the state of the country we had left. He had delivered my message, and a letter in French, for the governor, scrawled with my left hand. They had desired us to wait further advice. A long interval ensued, and then four horsemen issued from the gates and approached us. We parleyed as before, and they returned, giving us not a hope of admission.

I did not know at the time, that the governor was employing this interval, to strengthen the posture of his garrison; and was loading and preparing all the guns of his fort, to blow me, should I prove desperate, over the great wall of China.

After another weary and melancholy interval, the four horsemen again approached. One, a confidential servant, whom, from his dress, and the lead he took in the business, I supposed must be some civil functionary; the second, an adjutant of a Cossaq regiment of the garrison. I addressed them alternately in French, English, Latin, Persian, and Hindustani: but they shook their heads in reply. They intimated however, through my interpreter, that I was at liberty to enter the fort; and I mounted accordingly and

proceeded with them. At the gate of the fort a black tent was shown me, where my servants were to be accommodated ; but I was told, that I myself might enter the fort. I rode in, and was ushered into a small wooden house, where I found Mr. Laymann, a German naturalist, the only one of the garrison acquainted with French, and like myself now called upon, for the first time in his life, to speak it. He received me kindly and hospitably. Informed me, that no ships sailed from that port to Astrakhan, but that vessels were about to convey the relieved garrison to Gorief, at the mouth of the Oorahl river, whence he thought I had better proceed to Orenburg. In fact, he said, the Emperor had ordered all who might arrive from Khiva to be sent thither, so that he thought the governor would feel obliged to obey the mandate literally, in my case. My object in going to Astrakhan at this moment, was to place my servants on board a vessel bound to Astrabad. To carry them all with me to St. Petersburgh, was out of the question ; and at Orenburgh, they would have no means of return to Heraut.

Mr. Laymann informed me, that the governor had been told to expect me at the head of 10,000 Toorcumuns ; the number of that race who accompanied me to Mungh Kishlauk, having been multiplied by one thousand only. He described the hardships the Russian army of invasion had experienced, as almost incredible, and allowed, that they had lost much cattle by the intense cold. He did not inform me, that the army had been recalled, owing to its disasters. The commander of the garrison, a captain in the Russian army, he described as an excellent man, and a brave and wary soldier. Of his wariness I cannot

have a doubt, as it had nearly blown me to Pekin. I was not, however, aware at this time, what precautions had been taken, for the reception of a wounded stranger. Mr. Laymann sent for the doctor to dress my hand, and I felt great relief from an operation, which invested the wound in clean dressings. He told me, that the middle finger must come off, and appointed the next day for the operation. After some further conversation with my host, he took me through the fort, to the quarters assigned me. The sight of houses of European structure filled me with unutterable sensations of delight; which contrasted strangely with the very natural disgust of Mr. Laymann, at the horrors of a petty garrison on the confines of Tartary.

The commandant soon after called upon me.* A stout, round-faced, red-nosed, yellow-haired Russian; with a grey eye, cunning to detect ambushments, epaulettes on his shoulders, and a thousand bows at the service of a friend. He apologized for the meanness of my quarters, and for the coarseness of the food he must offer me; assuring me, that each was the best he could command. He was scarcely seated, ere he left me in haste, I suppose to provide against some threatened invasion of my ten thousand Toorcumuns. The food he sent me seemed the most exquisite of dainties. In fact, the sturgeon is never to be despised, even by the epicure of civilized lands, and here it forms the staple provision. I was, however, a little bewildered by the contents of a bottle, labelled "Madeira of prime quality," and had a hearty laugh over the sour brew. It proved to be quass,

* He is said to have been a kind-hearted and worthy man, and I doubt not this estimate of him.

the national drink ; an acid tipple, made by fermenting water, in which coarse bread has been soaked. I never acquired the taste necessary to relish this, nor could conceive the use of spoiling so much good water and bad bread. I was served in silence, for not a creature could speak a word of any language familiar to me; and when Mr. Laymann was absent, I was utterly cut off from means of communicating with my fellow-creatures. My quarters overlooked the line of works on the sea side. It was delightful at length to gaze upon that sea, as a road, and not a tomb. The wind, blowing from the sea, forbade the idea of present departure. It continued thus, unless I have lost my dates, about eight days, to my vexation.

When I found means of calling upon the commandant, my first object was to procure the release of Cherkush Bae's son, which I had already intimated to him, through Mr. Laymann. The answer was, that the young man had been taken in rebellion against the Russian Government, and that his release was impossible ; and the spirited attack, made by the Toorcumuns upon the Russian boats and the custom-house, was spoken of as a heinous crime. I replied, that even if it were true, as I was certain it was not, that the youth had been engaged in that act of gallantry, he was only doing the duty of a good subject, in assailing his invaders. That prisoners of war were always subject to ransom. That I had heard he, the commandant, had placed a price of two hundred sheep upon the youth's head ; that I would gladly pay this, or any sum not exceeding the contents of my purse, for his liberation. I had the fullest knowledge that his liberty *had* been offered at a certain

price. The commandant declared the thing was impossible, and unheard-of; that he must wait orders from Orenburgh, as to the disposal of this youth, and of others concerned in the late heinous rebellion. I urged, that to attack the invaders of one's country is no rebellion; that the youth in question had not even done this, being too young for such enterprises; that he had been delivered up to the garrison by the treachery of an enemy, when he had come to purchase flour; that to detain him was unjust, but to detain him when the price set upon his head was forthcoming was still worse. I was sure the commandant would let me pay this, and liberate the only son of a man who had repeatedly saved my life. He seemed softened, and said he would consider of his release.

Poor Nizaum came to me at night, with a countenance of misery. "What animal is that, Sir," he inquired, "which I see in the fort?"

"Do you mean that, which has two epaulettes and a red nose?"

"No, Sir; it goes on four legs."

"A dog, I suppose."

"No, Sir; it is longer in the back, and thicker in the body."

I immediately conjectured what animal he alluded to, and begged him not to press me for an answer.

"It can't be the Unclean One, Sir."

"Say as little of it as possible, Nizaum. What do you think of its looks?"

"It is very horrible, Sir. What do the Russians do with it? What can be the use of it?"

"You must ask *them;* I am in their country for the first time."

I dined with the commandant. In spite of the limited nature of the supplies, the dinner was excellent, and the wines corresponded. Indeed, although the cost of Madeira and other foreign wines in Russia, and especially in the remote districts, is enormous, I found, at every house of any consideration, the very best supplies, to which the guest is made more than welcome. I have observed the master of a house quite vexed, that my slender appetite and water-drinking habits, and still more my delight at finding myself once more in the company of the fair sex, prevented me from doing justice to his excellent cheer. I lost no opportunity of urging the release of Cherkush Bae's son; and the commandant promised, that after a while he should be set free, without ransom.

The position of this fort is singularly desolate. On one side, the Caspian, opening access to only two considerable ports of Russia, Durbund and Astrakhan, and those, frontier towns; on the other side, a steppe, generally without inhabitant, and when inhabited, occupied only by dealers in human flesh—savages dressed in skins, the enemies of Russia. The garrison itself, of 300 men, affords, of course, scarcely any society; for the lower grades cannot afford to marry, and a captain is the highest there. It is only when a colonel in charge of a corps, that a Russian officer is provided with a reasonable income. The Cossaq officers there called upon me. Their manners were manly and quiet, courteous and good; but as we had no language in common, I could not explore their minds.

A morning had been appointed for removing my half-severed finger. I acquiesced in the wisdom of

this ; for it had been hanging on for a month, without any symptoms of uniting, or of the rest of the wound closing. The ends of the bone were just sufficiently in contact to rub together at every motion of the horse, and I had ridden in that state about 130 miles. The operation was very painful and tedious owing to the inflamed state of the wound.

As soon as the doctors had left me, Nizaum brought me the finger, carefully swaddled in a handkerchief. "I thought, Sir," he said, in a sentimental tone, "you might like to have a last look at it."

I was still suffering considerable torture from the stump, which the sight of the finger did not by any means allay; but I could not help a disposition to mirth at poor Nizaum's sentiment. He handled the finger as if it had been a dead baby, and I its mother. I, however, took a farewell look of the faithful and useful companion of many years, and Nizaum carried it away. When he returned, I said, "I hope you didn't toss it out into the street ?"

Nizaum was horrified. "Oh no, Sir ; I have buried it, buried it deep." He had not words for the horrible thought, which had suggested this precaution; but his looks were all eloquent of the unclean beast, the long-backed mystery of abomination that haunted him day and night. "The other finger, Sir, I buried on the field of strife. I dug a deep hole for it with my knife."

I thought that not every servant, at such a moment of peril, would have thought of this affectionate precaution.

Eight miserable days I was detained by contrary wind in this fort. The relieved garrison was then embarked, my people were sent aboard, and I was

escorted also to the vessel. The commandant, however, first came to take leave. I reminded him of his promise to release Cherkush Bae's son, and set free also Cherkush and Ahris, whom he had imprisoned for no cause that I could imagine, excepting that they had saved a Christian's, and what was worse, a Briton's life. He affected not to know that they were confined, and then, to confound them with some prisoners charged with the late attack upon the Russian boats. I, however, pointed them out, and begged that Cherkush might attend me, as I had money to give him. He said that he hoped I would give it in presence of witnesses whom he would send, in order that there might be no after misunderstanding. To this I consented, without seeing its necessity; and Cherkush and the witnesses entered the room. Cherkush rushed forward on seeing me, threw his arms around my neck, and wept as he kissed my cheeks and my hand. Poor fellow! I was overwhelmed with anxiety on his account. His son was then brought in, and I pleaded his cause with the commandant. The latter was touched, and said that he found this youth was not one of those concerned in the late rebellion, and would therefore release him immediately. I then counted out to Cherkush the sum I had originally placed in his hand on the battle-field, and added to it the price of a variety of articles, which he had been obliged to yield up. I would have given him much more, but for the witnesses. I feared that his own people and the Toorcumuns would get scent of his gold, and perhaps destroy him, to make themselves heirs to it. I therefore trusted that one of the brothers might still reach Khiva in time to profit by the instructions I had given, concerning them, to

Saleh Muhummud. The parting from this true-hearted and affectionate creature was very painful. It was doubly so, owing to the forlorn position in which I left him, and my inability to render him any return for the benefits I had received at his hand. He had offered, indeed, to quit his country and his people to follow my fortunes; and, in spite of the disparity of our education, I should have delighted to honour and cherish him as the friend to whom I was indebted for life. But my wandering fate rendered this impossible; and I knew too much of the nature of happiness to tempt him to a step which would be regretted by him, once and for ever.

I descended the cliffs by a good road to the quay, and sat in the custom-house whilst a boat was sent for. A Russian priest, whom I had seen in the garrison, entered; a remarkably handsome man, in the graceful robes of his order, and wearing his long and beautiful hair inviolate. There is something singularly pleasing in this custom, so different from the barbarous fashion of shaven crowns. He kissed my cheek when we parted: a Russian mode of salutation which I was not yet broken in to. I stepped into the boat and rowed to the ship, a double-masted merchantman, where the only cabin was placed at my disposal.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Description of Nuovo Alexandrofski—Sailing on the Caspian—Songs of the Cossaqs—Sentiment embodied in them—Ten Day's Pilgrimage on a Voyage of 180 Miles—Misery of my People—Whether Pig begets Idol or Idol begets Pig—Mystifying Properties of a Beard—Heartless Frisks of the greedy Wave—Cossaq Soldiers—Arrival at Mouth of Oorahl—At Gorief—Houses there—Commandant—Evening Saunter—Cossaq Hospitality—Names and Surnames.

THE wind sprang up, and we spread our sails. But as I may have no further opportunity of introducing the subject, it may be as well here to offer a brief sketch of the little fort of Nuovo Alexandrofski, or as the Toorcumuns call it, Dahsh or Tahsch Gullah (the stone fort).

Nuov Alexandrof is a small Russian fort, built about eight years ago to protect the fisheries of the Caspian, and, doubtless, also with a view to the future invasion of Khiva, from which it is distant about 400 miles. For all other objects, it is as ill situated as it is ill constructed; being shut up by the ice during the months of November, December, January, February, and March; and approached and left during the remainder of the year with the utmost difficulty, owing to the shallowness of the water and the intricacy of the navigation. It will be seen that I was ten days on this little voyage of 180 miles. Three days is considered a very favourable passage, and the

average, perhaps, is four or five. The cause of this delay is found in the improbability of being favoured, at each fresh turning of the very devious course, with the exact wind requisite to propel the vessel. As, however, soundings are to be had throughout, the anchor may always prevent the vessel from drifting.

The country adjacent to Nuov Alexandrof is a high steppe of clay, covered with wormwood, camel thorn, and another thorny shrub. Its desolate condition, and the causes thereof, have already been noticed. The fort is a square, with bastions, flanks, and curtain; but neither ditch, outwork, nor glacis. The hardness of the soil has, perhaps, prevented the digging of a ditch. It stands upon the brinks of the lofty cliffs, which are here, however, quite accessible. I was rather amused at hearing one of the gentlemen of the garrison describing it as unassailable from that side. He would be astonished, could he see what sky-built fortresses the English have carried in India, by a *coup de main.* On the three sides that join the steppe, it is certainly less formidable. The stone wall, of eight and a half feet, well supplied with light field artillery and some 300 bayonets, is an ugly obstacle; but could always be surmounted at a certain sacrifice of life; and, had the Toorcumuns any courage to face artillery, and other fire-arms, it had long since been stormed and taken. A species of palisade, formed of pointed slabs of stone, set upright, renders an approach to these walls difficult to horsemen. This fort has no water, but is dependent for that needful article upon a spring half-way down the cliff.

The houses and church of this little port are all of wood: constructed at Astrakhan and brought hither in vessels. They are sufficiently neat, and built

after Russian models, having a stove and chimney of masonry in the centre, by which the whole house is warmed in the winter. Want of vegetables, and probably some peculiarity of the atmosphere, subject the garrison to severe visitations of scurvy. The garrison, of course, are almost prisoners in their own walls, for they cannot venture forth, excepting in armed parties; and the steppe offers little excitement to curiosity. Mr. Laymann, however, the naturalist, whose enthusiasm for his profession is backed by talent and a store of information, has discovered in that apparently lifeless steppe, and along those waste and desolate shores, many additions to the known varieties of insect and vegetable world. Let me here take leave of him, with thanks for his kind offices and for the enjoyment of his society, at a moment when manners far less amiable, and a mind far less accomplished, would have been hailed by me with gratitude.

The sails were spread, and I found, with an exultation quite indescribable, that we had left the dismal region of Muhummudanism, and were bounding over the blue waves of the Caspian. The very name of that sea is full of music; it had ever been a mine of poetry in my fancy. How large a share it was to have in my destiny, I could not foresee.

As the wind of the Caspian piped through the shrowds, and curled the waves around us; the crew broke forth into one of their national anthems, the most plaintive, the most melancholy, the most beautiful ever tossed by rude voices over the ruder billow. Well may the Russians say that the song of their Tartars is the music of the desert wind—the desert wind, blowing at night over a waste shrowded in snow. The spirit that poured out that plaintive measure,

must have felt the spell of loneliness, in its sublimest mood. He must have been driven to companionship with the tameless winds, the rolling planets, the meteor streaming upon the void of night. He must have drunk with Ossian at the selfsame fount of inspiration; have poured out his soul, like him, to things delighting in the wild, unmeasured chord; and indulged, like him, in the luxury of woe.

Some of these songs I had heard at Nuov Alexandrof. Mr. Laymann had translated the sentiment of one or two. They were full of poetry and strains of pure and genuine love. These people are passionately fond of music, a recreation unknown amongst the Kuzzauks of Khiva, and almost equally so to Toorcumun and Oozbeg. The former, indeed, have their bards, who, to a rude accompaniment on the guitar, chaunt poems to their chiefs; but I never heard an air or song played by them. This national anthem, which I heard afterwards in every village, until I had passed Moscow, I tried in vain to fix in my memory. The difficulty lay in separating the air from its various accompaniments: for no two voices were singing the same notes. The effect was singularly suited to the occasion, and no less in accord with the tone of my own sensations. Unless my memory deceives me, I was informed, that this is the chaunt used by the Cossaqs, when returning after absence to their homes. Whenever I heard this music rise, it was a token that the wind was fair, and the Cossaq soldier was speeding, full of hope, toward his welcome home.

Ten weary days were we beaten back by the wind, until we had nearly expended the last drop of fresh water. We were always in soundings, nine and ten

feet the average. A heavy sea, in such water, would endanger even the smallest vessel. We dropped anchor when the wind was foul, and put the best face upon the matter. Many fishing-vessels of two masts were in sight. These sometimes sent their boats to us with sturgeon, and a fish resembling the carp. Salmon is found in the Caspian, but I saw none, and was informed that it was then out of season. The sturgeon lives at the very bottom of the sea, a habit which gives a certain clue for his capture. One of these fish was brought alive into the vessel. A piece of wood was thrust into its mouth, and it was then drowned by submersion in the sea. It was immediately cut open; the roe was extracted, rinsed with water, to free it from blood, and immediately spread upon bread, and eaten as a great delicacy. After having seen this process, I had no fancy for fresh caviar: but when it had been kept some time, I could look at it without disgust, and it is certainly a very agreeable addition to the coarse bread of the villages. I could not persuade any of my people to eat fish, which they had never before seen, and of which they knew not the spiritual properties, whether to bless or damn their souls. Summud Khaun was at the head of the orthodox party; I believe, most of the others might have been persuaded to garnish bread, hard as a brickbat, blacker than ink, and sourer than verjuice, with certain tit-bits of these questionable sea-monsters, had *he* not held forth against the practice. I procured them, with great difficulty, a bag of parched peas: for the adjutant had pocketed a liberal supply of money allowed by Government for their support, and had actually laid in no provisions for them. This, and the aforesaid black bread, soaked in water to make

it soft, was all the nourishment the poor fellows had, on this their first miserable taste of a sea voyage; and the peas were not procured without heavy bribery.

A number of little images of the Virgin Mary were stuck up on deck, and to these the crew and the soldiers resorted morning and evening, to bow and cross themselves. My Muhummudan servants were a good deal scandalized, at what they were silly enough to mistake for idolatry ; and I fear I was not very successful in explaining to them the precise shade of difference, between the images of the Hindoo and of the Greek churches, respectively. They had hitherto attributed all the hardships experienced, since our arrival in civilized Europe, to the effect produced upon the constitution, mental and physical, by absorption into the human veins of the juices of the unclean beast. They were now bewildered in the attempt to distinguish cause from effect. Whether a taste for the Unclean One resulted naturally from bobbing before pictures: or whether the essence of hog had any tendency to make men reverence images. But each taste was alike subject of their holy abhorrence ; and to each they exclaimed, stroking their beards, " La hôl! La hôl! " (Avaunt! Avaunt!)

There was on board this vessel a respectable old Tartar Moolla, who understood a few words of Persian, and could speak Toorkish and Russian with equal facility. I scraped acquaintance with this gentleman, and as I was engaged in reading a Persian work, the Huzzarr Misl, I gave him occasional lessons in the same. This, my abstinence from pork, my long beard, the respect with which I always mentioned the names of Moosulmaun worthies, (objects of reverence to my

new acquaintance) and my neglect of the images of the Virgin, quite mystified the adjutant and doctor, and one of them sent a secret deputation to my servants, to ascertain whether I was a Soonnie or a Sheah. I was amused at this, and of course gave them no aid in solving the question.

I mentioned, in a previous chapter, that my servants had swallowed the gold, which I had divided amongst them. Poor Nizaum, after suffering much torture, and nearly dying from the golden pills, had been relieved. But Summud Khaun entered Nuov Alexandrof in a condition, which appeared to me sufficiently desperate. It was in vain, that I purchased of the doctor promise after promise to attend to the case of my servants. They were utterly neglected by him, and I dared not inform him of the contents of their stomachs ; not from any distrust of the means he might take for the extraction of the gold; but simply, because I am a cautious fellow, and have not solved, as yet, the Promethean problem. I now questioned Summud Khaun as to his condition. "Are you any better, Summud Khaun?"

"Shookkur," (thanksgiving) he replied, hanging his head, and looking anything but thankful.

"You were relieved, I trust, before you came aboard."

His face grew long, and he hung his head lower than ever, fixing his eye gloomily upon the waves, that were frisking and frolicking about, heedless of the heart they had broken. The subject was always a sore one ; he had been completely outwitted. Six and twenty golden ducats, the lion's share of the spoil.

My poor people, in the most gloomy state of mind,

generally remained below deck, suffering miserably from sea-sickness, and tormented by the colonies they had brought with them from Kuzzauk land. I went on deck in the afternoon, when the fervour of the sun was abated, and seated myself under an awning, which had been spread for the purpose. There was little, it may be believed, to break the monotony of those ten days. The doctor spoke a few words of Latin, with an accent that rendered it for the most part unintelligible to me. Mine in return, from the same cause, was difficult to him. The Moolla knew a little Persian, and this was our sole means of communicating with the Russians.

The soldiers returning to their duty were fine, well-built, hardy, athletic fellows, of middle height; the Cossaqs being the largest of the Russian soldiers. They are imperfectly drilled, but for any duties that require passive courage and endurance, they are surpassed by none in the world. They are also cheerful and tractable, and their food is the poorest that human creatures can exist on; being little superior to the nourishment required by the vegetable world. They frequently wear beards; the beard being a distinction, to which the Old Russians cling, as to part of a religion, differing slightly from that of modern Russia.

Just as we were seriously uneasy, at the low state of our supply of fresh water, a fair breeze sprang up, and bore us to the mouth of the river Oorahl, and up the current, to the port of Gorief. The town itself is some six miles distant, and to this we proceeded, after some little delay; first in row-boats up a canal, and then in cars to Gorief. These were the first specimens of the carriages, I had so often de-

scribed to my people, and wretched specimens they proved. The horses, however, set off at a gallop, and carried us at that pace to Gorief, over the low grassy plain intervening.

As we approached it, the small deep river showed to advantage: but there was a want of bushes, gardens, and trees, that would have defeated all pretensions of the handsomest town, to interest, and had nothing of compensation to look for in the wood-built houses of the little fishing town of Gorief. I was conveyed to the market place, where a very nice apartment was allotted me, in a good house; my people, excepting Nizaum, were conveyed to another house, where I paid them a visit.

The commandant called to see me: a gentlemanly, and I believe a worthy man.

The room I occupied faced the market-place. It had double windows, which, like the doors, showed excellent carpentry. The furniture was of some white wood, having a beautiful satin gloss. It was either poplar or plane, but I could not distinctly understand which, and the floor and wainscoat were neatly planked. An excellent bed (barring its contents) was in one corner; and there were large mirrors in frames of mahogany, and wardrobes of the same material. I was astonished to find so much of comfort and luxury in an obscure fishing town, upon the remotest frontier of Russia; but this was not to be the last of my marvels.

The next day, I called upon the commandant, whom I found in a house handsomely furnished and fitted up. He promised me the means of prosecuting my journey next morning toward Orenburgh. In the evening I wandered with the doctor along the

banks of the Oorahl. The twilight, falling upon objects belonging to civilized life, impressed me with feelings of delight which, on consideration of my position, may be comprehended. The houses, picturesque as wooden houses ever are, stood sufficiently distant from the river to allow of a decent road between. The river flowed in alternate light and gloom, reflecting, in long wavy lines, the fires lighted on its banks. The boats slumbered in deep shadow; and whilst all betokened the hour of repose, there was enough of life to speak of the enjoyment of hours, rescued from the grasp of industry and toil. The inhabitants might often be seen, seated on their terraced porticoes, enjoying their potations, whether tea or grog, and whiling away the time, in chat. One of these was hailed by my companion, and returned the halloo, with the lungs of a Silenus; commanding him by all the powers that watch over hospitable rites, to surrender himself for the evening. Instantly afterwards, down came the jovial Cossaq, and the two ran into one another's arms, slobbering, this the beard, that the smooth chin of his friend, with kisses. I narrowly escaped a like fate; for the hearty old boy was advanced to about fourth sea's point, and saw a friend in every face. He made us be seated, in spite of a hundred excuses, and sent for refreshments. I saw his daughter, a rosy girl of eighteen, busied in these arrangements: but, to my disappointment, none of the fair sex appeared: a symptom of our lingering proximity to Asia, and its degrading laws.

Trays were brought in, salted fish, caviar, sandwiches, and sweetmeats of various kinds, flanked by bottles of excellent wine and potent spirits. My green wound was fortunately a valid excuse, backed

by the authority of the doctor. But the Cossaq, who had now reached dancing point, in the mysteries of Bacchus, was almost in despair at my abstinence. He had served in the army it appeared, and had now retired to a snug competency, in the shape of a private fortune. We broke away from him with difficulty; and mounting a long-backed vehicle, which admitted of four on each side, *dos à dos*, cantered off to the new doctor's abode, which he entreated me to enter. Having entered, wine and spirits were again pressed upon me, and the doctor was evidently pleased, at the notice I took of his neatly furnished apartment. Finally, I reached my quarters in good time, and fell asleep, in spite of a fresh set of hospitable attentions, from three different races.

I must not forget a characteristic anecdote. The commandant, on making out my passport, desired to know my name. I replied, "Captain James Abbott."

"Yes," said the aide-de-camp, "but all we want is your baptismal name and that of your father."

"My baptismal name is James, my father's Henry Alexius."

"Very well then, you are James Henry Alexiowitz," and he was writing accordingly.

"If you insist upon writing that, of course, you are welcome," I observed; "but to tell my Government that there has arrived at Gorief one James, the son of Henry, will be to tell them nothing; for in London alone there may be a 100,000 Jameses, sons of Henry; whereas, if you call me Captain James Abbott, Bengal Artillery, everyone will understand who I am."

I am not sure which plan was adopted; but our Foreign Office would be much edified by learning of the movements of one James, son of Henry. In Russia only great families retain the patronymic; the others have only Christian names.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Departure from Gorief—Vehicles—Rate of Progress—Aspect of the Country—Chain of Posts from Orenburgh to Gorief—Mr. Tchicatchief—His kind Attention—First News of the Failure of the Russian Expedition — Peasantry—Town of Oorahlsk—The generous Major of Cossaqs of the Oorahl—The hospitable Cossaqs—Their Dress.

NEXT morning, the arrangements for my progress were completed. Some four or five cars were in waiting for my suite, and a species of chariot, without springs, was to bear me the first stage, after which I was to mount a car. We went off at a gallop, a couple of Cossaq horsemen, with long spears attending me, and four more guarding my servants. These guards, the commandant explained, were not to prevent me seizing the empire by a *coup de main*, but entirely to show me honour. These cars have a low awning of wood, which serves the threefold purpose of excluding the sun, breaking the traveller's head, and multiplying the noise *ad infinitum*. The cars have no springs, and they are borne by three horses abreast, at a hand-gallop, over every obstacle, whether canal, ditch, or only broken ground. If the reader will conceive himself seated in a large drum, tied to the tail of a wild bull, engaged in a steeple-chase, he will form some notion of the jolting and the horrible, stunning noise of these primitive vehicles.

If he remember that my wounded hand was still so sensitive as to bear with difficulty its pressure upon the sling: he will not envy me the gallop. More than once the wooden axles caught fire from the friction, and two of the cars suffered wreck from their tireless wheels severing in the centre ; which precipitated some of my servants through the air. Nevertheless, there is something exhilarating in the dash of Russian driving. Our Jehus were common peasants; the cars, vehicles used to carry fish, &c. from station to station. Whenever one attempted to pass another, a race ensued ; the trot is a pace despised by Russians, and nothing but a headlong gallop will serve them. So long as tackle holds, roads are smooth, and horses keep their feet, this is satisfactory enough. But on a subsequent occasion, in descending at a gallop the Oorahl Mountains, the leaders of my team fell, and the post-boy was fearfully wounded.

I have talked of galloping over ditches and canals. I am not speaking figuratively. Whenever the banks shelved sufficiently, it was done at a dash, and on one occasion the car was inundated, as we sank with a splash into the deep water, and the horses, after themselves floundering up the precipitous bank, strove in vain to stir the car, which was extricated with much difficulty by the bank it had descended. The road fortunately at this season was excellent, passing over the fluvial soil of the river Oohral ; not made, but merely marked out by high posts, painted in alternate bands of black and white ; the black indicating the track in winter, and the white in summer nights. Of course, when rain falls, it is scarcely passable, and when the snow melts, is still worse; but wet weather

is rare in Russia, and in dry weather, her unmade roads are always her best. On reaching villages, the hoof-prints made by the cattle where the clay was soft, and now hardened ineffaceably by the sun, render the road the most rugged that can be conceived; and I always suffered more from the hundred yards or so at the entrance to villages than from the rest of the entire stage.

The soil is a rich, dark, vegetable clay; water is at the surface, and the level of the river is depressed not many feet below the soil, so that irrigation is the simplest thing possible. But the people of these parts, having still abundant room for wandering, are not easily reclaimed from their immemorial pastoral habits; and the utmost encouragement of Government has induced but a trifling proportion of the population to settle in villages and cultivate the soil. Even these villages, as is testified by their extensive folds for cattle, are rich in flocks and herds to an extent quite unknown in more civilized districts. On entering one of these villages, and considering its entire want of those adornments and comforts of gardens, trees, fruits, and flowers, which accompany a more advanced state of society,—that it is in fact but a standing camp, a position always regarded as a nuisance by wanderers,—we are not at a loss to comprehend the reluctance of the Tartar shepherd to forego his clean, open residence upon the grassy steppe for the mud and abominations of a village; to exchange his sense of freedom for the constant presence of masters and superiors, and his luxurious and indolent occupations for the severe labours of a husbandman. In fact, scarcely a village would exist upon this road, but that the Government found it

necessary to erect some barrier along the river Oohral against the depredations and incursions of the Kirgheez, whose territory lies south of the stream.

This barrier is generally supposed by us, to be a chain of forts, or entrenched camps: but is really a line of peaceful villages and post-houses, connected by the road aforesaid; and thus affording a safe and easy communication between Orenburgh, (the head-quarters of the district,) and its southernmost limit. At each post-house, a guard of four or five horsemen is stationed, furnished by the Cossaqs, whose tribute is military service. These horsemen, better armed and mounted than the Kirgheez,* and animated by a higher spirit, are a most effectual protection to the frontier. The villages are seldom more than eight miles apart, and have already a flourishing appearance. The houses are constructed of wood, the gables turned to the street; which gives the village the aspect of a camp. They are in themselves picturesque objects, but require the contrast of foliage to do them justice. On the right bank of the Oorahl, which the road occupies, scarcely a tree is found from Gorief to Orenburgh: but upon the left bank, bushes, and afterwards trees, appeared, which sometimes thickened into woods.

We occasionally came upon herds of galloways and horses. The former larger and finer than the Kuz-

* Kirgheez, a name given by the Russians to distinguish the hostile and Muhummudan Kuzzauks from their own Christianized Cossaqs. The name is unknown to Asiatics, and seems to be adopted in Russia, from the word Khurgah, "a felt tent." This word again seems to be a Persian pun upon their enemies the Tartars—Khur being "an ass," and Gah, "a place"—the compound signifying "an ass's fold."

zauk galloway; the latter, not large, but sometimes beautiful. My people had never seen so rich a country, and marvelled at the neglect of such a soil. At the outset, the soil was still covered with wormwood; but as we progressed, this gave place gradually to grass, until we saw around us, limitless pastures of the richest herbage, in which the wild flowers were beginning to open; and to my great delight, I once more followed a road, upon the sides of which, weeds and grassy tufts found encouragement to spring. This was to me the most assured sign of a transition from Asia to Europe: for from Agra to the north of the Caspian, such an appearance is utterly unknown.

The peasantry of this part of Russia are chiefly clad in the chogah, or cloak of Bokhara. Their headdress alone savours of Europe. Even the women have a Tartar dress: but, as we progressed, these were gradually mixed with the costume of Europe. Twice a day we halted for an hour, to discuss the rude fare of the peasants. I could not ascertain, what place we held in their abodes, whether guests or intruders: but I strongly suspected, that these houses were no castles, against anyone wearing an epaulette. Several times, Tartar peasants of Moosulmaun persuasion brought my starving servants a supply of their best food, clotted cream, the most delicious curds in the world (even by the confession of my people), and coarse, but good bread.

We were now approaching Oorahlsk, a considerable town on the Oorahl. I was eating some dinner with the doctor in the post-house, when in walked a tall, handsome man, of dark complexion and regular features, whom I should have pronounced a Spaniard, had he not addressed me in pure English by name,

and introduced himself to me as Mr. Tchicatchief, travelling toward Astrakhàn ; who having just left the kind and hospitable Hettman of the Cossaqs of the Oorahl, had been commissioned by that officer to apologize for the inconveniences and hardships I had experienced ; to lay them at the door of the commandant of Nuov Alexandrof, who had thought the leader of ten thousand Toorcumun horse a most dangerous person, and upon the wretched accommodation for comfort, which fishing towns and Tartar villages could afford. He himself, the Hettman regretted, was summoned to Orenburgh by General Perroffski, the governor : but he would leave such orders as should ensure me more respect and attention, for the remainder of my journey.

It is not possible to give the reader an idea of my delight, in once more listening to my native tongue. I hung on the speaker's words. I would not believe, would not suffer him to be anything but an Englishman. I questioned him of his appearance. It seemed to me, as if a second Saleh Muhummud had been sent to me, in my need. He spoke English better than I had ever heard it spoken by a foreigner ; without hesitation, without introduction of foreign idiom, with only the slightest accent in the world ; sufficient, but no more, to have made him pass for a Northumbrian. Even the tone of his thoughts and his manner were English. He accounted for this, by saying that he had been brought up amongst English, and had travelled in America. He sent for some supplies from his carriage ; but the delicious white bread could not tempt me to forego a word of my native tongue. I was intoxicated with the sound. Let anyone, who would accuse me of extravagance, think first of all that

I had suffered, since last I had heard these sounds ; that I had also been seventeen years an exile, and that the appearance of this kind friend, for such he proved, was like the first native bird which flies aboard the vessel of one who has wandered, without compass or chart, at the mercy of the winds.

Mr. Tchikatchief insisted upon driving me in his carriage my next stage. I objected to a motion which proposed to carry him back a stage, and be to him the loss of two ; but he would not listen to my remonstrance. We sat talking some time longer, then mounted his carriage and pursued my route. The relief from the stunning clatter and jolting of the car, was most grateful. I felt as a fish might feel, who is suddenly jerked back into the water, by the overthrow of the market cart. I seemed literally gliding through a smoother and happier element.

I now, for the first time, learned, that the Russian army of invasion had been recalled to Orenburgh ; owing to the losses sustained in baggage cattle, from the severity of the winter. Mr. Tchicatchief himself had been, as a volunteer, on the expedition. He described the sufferings of the troops as very great, owing to the intensity of the cold, which froze their brandy. The thermometer was at 40° Reaumur. The snow in many places five feet deep. I am not certain, that I detail these facts as Mr. Tchicatchief narrated them, because I have heard many accounts of the expedition subsequently, and was not in a condition to take notes, during my residence in the Orenburgh district. I must, therefore, decline making him my authority, for the precise letter of this account. Through snow so deep and so feathery, it was, of course, impossible for laden cattle to advance.

Equally impossible was it, that they should reach the pasture of the steppe. The troops, therefore, were arrested at the severest portion of the journey; the highlands between the Caspian and Aral seas, or rather a little north of that point, and near one of the streams of the river Yem or Ember; and there the camels died in such numbers as to render the prosecution of the invasion, for the time, impracticable. Mr. Tchicatchief, however, said that it must, and would, as a matter of course, be resumed, and carried through; and his opinion I found confirmed, not only by the impression which was general in the district, but by the measures actually in progress on the field of operations. He spoke of Perroffski in the glowing terms, which I had anticipated from previous inquiry. He considered him entitled to the epithet, "noble," which I had heard many apply to him. He knew no one of whom he could so unreservedly say, that he was thoroughly honourable. This was to me most welcome information.

He spoke of Moscow as being peopled with the *élite* of Russia, and thought I should observe a marked difference on approaching that capital, in favour of the features and general appearance of the people. He promised me an introduction to the Governor of the Kremlin. How short appeared that stage. How miserable to my eye was the sight of the next village, as it gradually grew from the soil. He detained me long at the next post-house, pressing upon me every article of comfort or luxury he had brought with him, and afterwards writing me letters to the kind and accomplished Hettman, to a Major of Cossaqs, at Oorahlsk, whose name, I blush to say, I must reserve for a succeeding edition, but whose kindness is graven

on my heart; to Mr. Khanikoff at Orenburgh, and to the Governor of the Kremlin, Moscow. We then parted, and I rejoiced to learn, there was some hope of my meeting him at St. Petersburgh. His departure was felt in proportion to the happiness I had derived from that fleeting interview.

In passing through villages on this journey, I found that news of my approach had always preceded me, by the Cossaq sent ahead to prepare post-horses. The consequence was, that the villages were lined on either side with their inhabitants, almost exclusively women and children: the men being absent with the cattle, or engaged in the fields, or employed in military service. The dress of these women was singularly picturesque and neat. My impression, from this glimpse of the peasantry of Russia, was most favourable. They are not, indeed, handsome, they are seldom comely. But the men are robust and athletic; and the women decent. They are fond of colours, and of colours that harmonise; scarlet, crimson, white, and light blue. The complexion is high. The eyes are grey. The features in no way remarkable. A beautiful woman I did not see between Gorief and Oorahlsk; and a slovenly woman had been equally a rarity. Often we found them enjoying, in the evening, their national music. At one village, I persuaded them to dance before me. A young woman stepped into the circle, and began a *pas seul* to a merry tune. A young clown, after much encouragement, was persuaded to join her. The two confronted one another, the youth making desperate love, with eyes and gesture, whilst his feet were rapidly moving, and the lass turning her back just as his hopes had reached their highest. The performance was admirable. The

wit and spirit of the parties was maintained to the last. This was the first specimen I had of the humour of the Russians, which is perhaps not to be surpassed.

At one of the better houses of a Cossaq of the old religion, I found hanging up a page of prayers, in the character still retained by this people, and which, without being Greek, resembles the Greek character more nearly than does the more modern character of Russia. Every house has its images in a corner, to which my attendants bowed and crossed themselves. The good people of this house were in great tribulation, because the doctor was smoking a cigar; as they account the practice an abomination; a sentiment in which I heartily concur. I observed that the doctor and adjutant laughed heartily at a religion which employed in its sacred books a character different from their own. My poor Moosulmauns were more charitable; they glanced at the gods and goddesses, stroked their beards, and sighed, "Lah hôl!" but that was all. The vast numbers of the unclean beast,—that unmentionable abomination, alarmed as well as astonished them. They knew not where it was to end. Already Summud Khaun, leader of the orthodox, had put his teeth under a severe quarantine. He smelt pork in every aliment, and would eat nothing but milk and black bread. He was one day expressing to me his wonder at the numbers of the grunting tribe, "What can they, Sir, do with so many?"

In an evil hour, I answered him jocosely, "Isn't the milk very fine?"

"Lah hôl!" exclaimed Summud: and the next day I found he had left off milk, lest he should be nourished upon what he called "essence of pig." I

reasoned, argued, remonstrated with him; assured him that pig's milk was an elixir, unknown even to the Feringee. That I had been joking, in the assurance that he understood a joke. It was all useless, Summud Khaun hunched his shoulders, and declared that if he *must* go to the devil, it should not be upon a current of pig's essence. Summud Khaun abstained religiously from milk until he reached England.

We now saw rising upon the horizon, the spires of the fair town of Oorahlsk. I was unprepared for so extensive a town. With eyes, so long accustomed to the miserable domestic architecture of the Hindoo and Moosulmaun, I was, perhaps, no right judge of the beauty of European cities, considered as such. I was, indeed, delighted with Oorahlsk, and my people were wonderstruck. To them it was all enchantment. The wide, free, clean street, the elegant houses, the least a palace in their eyes. The beautiful women, dressed in a costume quite new to them, and elegant in the eyes of the most fastidious, walking unveiled in the streets, yet without any other appearance of immodesty; all struck Nizaum, my more immediate attendant, as a page from the volume of Paradise. The women of Oorahlsk are famous for their beauty. I myself was allowed no opportunity of judging; for in only one case, on entering a house, was I introduced to the lady of the establishment. Some remnant of Asiatic prejudice seems to cling even to the Oorahlskians. It was much lamented by one, to whom the principal charm of civilized society is the presence, at all social intercourse, of the fairer and better sex.

Apartments were assigned me in a good house,

well situated. The staff officer waited upon me, and desired me to call upon the officer commanding. Although I thought he might have paid me the first visit, I did not object to this. A drôshki was placed at my disposal, and I soon found myself in a house elegantly furnished, and in presence of a gentlemanly man. He gave me a seat; but, by a barbarous system of etiquette, kept all his officers standing. After the usual compliments, he began to question me of my journey, and gradually of my purpose. Perceiving that the conversation was assuming the air of a cross-examination, I inquired whether his Emperor had commissioned him to put these questions; if not, I should defer answering them until put by His Imperial Majesty's order. He bowed, made a thousand apologies, and dropped the cross-examination.

Dinner was served at an early hour of the afternoon. Now, at least, I hoped the fair ones would appear. I was disappointed. A first-rate dinner was produced in the French fashion, but exhibiting several national dishes; one of which is a species of soup, in which raw herbs are mingled, and with which salt fish is eaten, I never was reconciled to this dish, which always appeared to me the dropsy of a bad salad. Another and a better dish is fish soup. But I cannot imagine it would answer made from any fish but the sturgeon, which abounds in gristle and other gelatinous substances. Of the wines, I neglected all for the delicious wine of the Don, which is only inferior to champagne; but which is despised in Russia, because it can be drunk by men of moderate fortune. A red wine, the growth also of the empire, was shown me. I thought it quite worthy of companionship with the Donski. So far as I recollect, it

comes from the Crimea, and resembles a sweet claret. There are few regions of the world, that can boast two such wines. The finer of the Don wine is grown from some cuttings, which the famous Hettmann Platoff brought with him from the Rhine. The kind-hearted Colonel pressed his good cheer heartily. Hospitality is a Russian virtue, and one that is welcome to strangers. As for me, ever since my arrival in Russia, I had been devouring bread in quantities not to be computed. I now found a fresh luxury in the potato; and these two simple cates were more delicious to my palate, than the *chefs d'œuvres* of the cuisine. I learned from the Colonel, that Perroffski was about to visit St. Petersburgh, and that Rikkasowski was on his road to join the governor previous to his departure. That the latter would pass through Oorahlsk next day, when I should probably see him.

Accordingly, next morning a drôshki was brought to the door, and an aide-de-camp entering, summoned me to visit him. I found him attended by the officers of the station, a tall, plebeian, unmilitary figure. He led me into a private apartment, and questioned me of my mission. I begged to inquire, whether he had commission to this effect from his Emperor, as my business was with the Court. I had heard, I said, that Perroffski was governor of this district. He said I could reply to Perroffski if I pleased, and that there was no necessity for my answering his queries. He should meet me at Orenburgh, and should be remnant of service to me. He spoke French the Oorahl with an accent that was quite unintelli- whom the p qually embarrassed to understand him, presence, at in my own imperfect French. Our better sex. fore, was not productive of much

Apartments

enlightenment on either side. I met him afterwards at Orenburgh, where I found him, under different auspices, a much more polite member of society.

After leaving him, I went to call upon the head of the Police, and here, for the first time, was introduced to a Russian lady. She is daughter of one of the most celebrated historians of the empire. She brought in her daughter, an exquisite little thing of about eight years, a creature that will some day bewilder and ensnare.

Taking leave of this lady and her beautiful daughter, I sought out the residence of the Major of Cossaqs, to whom Mr. Tchicatchief had given me an introduction, and who had indeed called upon me that morning, with truly Russian hospitality, to make me a proffer of his services and of his purse. I found him a tall, stout, gentlemanly man, having the frank manly bearing of his brethren in arms. On the table of the room into which I was ushered were certain signs that the fair sex *had* been there ; but they were there no more. I found that Mr. Tchicatchief had begged the Major to procure me some kind of carriage for the continuance of my journey to Orenburgh. He assured me I was most welcome to his. I objected to the inconvenience I was putting him to, and said I should much prefer purchasing a vehicle, if he knew of any for sale. He assured me there were none procurable at Oorahlsk, and would not hear of any possible inconvenience to him by the arrangement he suggested. I had too little fluency in the French tongue to fight a good battle. In fact, the offer was so kindly made, and my acceptance would so evidently gratify the worthy Major, that I accepted it with many thanks. There is no instance

in which I regret more the loss of a name than the present; for on reaching Orenburgh, I was recommended to send back the carriage by the adjutant, who was to return to Gorief. He was lingering at Orenburgh when I went on a trip into the district; and when I returned the carriage had been taken back to Oorahlsk, without any note of acknowledgment from me. Most fully did I purpose sending such a letter by the post, but the extreme difficulty of scrawling with the left hand my miserable French, which, having been neglected some seventeen years, was quite unfit to appear on paper, and my only companion's ignorance of the Major's name, always disconcerted my intention. It is not everyone who would volunteer to a stranger the loan of his carriage for a journey of several hundred miles over country roads; nor have we met many who would press upon a stranger, whom he might never again see, the free use of his purse.

Wine and other refreshments were brought, and the conversation took that jovial turn in which the merry warm-hearted Cossaqs delight. "You will go away," they said, "and report of us, that we are uncivilized. You shall not add, that we do not love the stranger. We are a rude race, and have little to offer an Englishman that can be acceptable to the inhabitant of so luxurious a land. But what we have is heartily at his service, and we will add our best wishes that his affairs may prosper."

I replied, and I now repeat it, that I rejoiced in an accident that had made me acquainted with so estimable and warm-hearted a people. That the name of Cossaq, which heretofore had awakened only ideas of the courage, hardihood, and gallantry of an uncul-

tured nation, would henceforward be inseparably linked with courtesy, hospitality, and worth; that polish had been carried as far in their case, as was healthful; it had improved their natural advantages, without effacing the features of their character; that I could honestly say of them *good* alone; and that I was sure they never could have cause to regret the visit of any traveller, who would truly report upon them; that, as we had been comrades in the last European war, so I trusted we should ever continue friends and allies. One of the staff-officers, who was perfectly familiar with French, acted as my interpreter. Should this page ever meet his or their eye, I hereby greet most heartily the kind Cossaqs of the Oorahl. The dress of this battalion is that of a regular cavalry corps. It is peculiarly neat and gentleman-like, being blue throughout, with a narrow white girdle. The sword is of the fashion used in Circassia; it has no guard to the hilt, is nearly straight, but made for cutting as well as thrusting. The handle is half buried in the velvet scabbard, and the pommel is cleft, as a rest for the rifle. It is slung by a single thong, so that the wearer, when on his knee, can bring it in front of him, and set it upright, as a rest for his piece. The want of a hilt is a serious defect. I did not see any of this corps under arms, so cannot speak of them as horsemen.

The distance from Gorief to Oorahlsk is about three hundred and ninety miles, and from Oorahlsk to Orenburgh, about one hundred and ninety miles, making a total of five hundred and eighty miles.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Departure from Oorahlsk—Vehicles—Approach to Orenburgh—Orenburgh Quarters—General Perroffski, Governor of Orenburgh—The Hettman of the Oorahl—Perroffski's Armoury—Generous Conduct of Perroffski—The Masks—Spirits of the Mighty—The Rival Heroes.

IN the evening, our preparations for departure were complete, and the carriage was in attendance. The body of these vehicles is that of a barouche. They have no springs, properly so termed, but rest upon two elastic shafts, which again rest upon the axle-trees, fore and aft. Although, therefore, far less easy than English carriages, they are infinitely more so than the miserable, bone-breaking cars, in which, hitherto, I had with much torture travelled. This was indeed luxury and repose, and a hundred times I blessed the kind Cossaq Major, who had deprived himself, perhaps for months, of this convenience, to administer to the comfort of a stranger, whose only claim upon him was his helplessness.

We proceeded as before, tracking the right bank of the Oorahl, of which we never were long out of sight. The villages and small towns were precisely like those hitherto seen. The wooden houses with their broad eaves, and ornamented gables, in themselves highly picturesque, but wanting the accompaniment of foliage. The churches we met with were always

ugly ; indeed, I have seen but four decent churches in Russia, of which one is at Moscow, and three are at St. Petersburgh. The horses used in travelling are Cossaq galloways. Excepting in the immediate vicinity of villages, the steppe continued unbroken, until, ascending the high bank of the Oorahl, Orenburgh was seen in the distance. We then descended to the river Sakmara, which was crossed on a raft, and pursued our journey through woods and thickets, of oak, beech, fir, etc., which cover the low land between this river and the Oorahl, and, on emerging from the valley, found ourselves close to the gates of Orenburgh.

The site of this capital, for such it is to a district more extensive than many kingdoms, is upon a plateau overlooking the river Oorahl, and, at some distance on the north, defended by the river Sakmara. It retains the wall and ditch, which formerly rendered it a stronghold, and which might still resist the desultory attacks of the savages, whom alone it has to fear. It is almost exclusively a military post. Yet hither resorted, in times of peace, the caravans from Bokhara and Khiva, and, in order that the merchants of those countries might be kept separate from the inhabitants of Orenburgh, a large warehouse was built for them beyond the walls. General Perroffski, the governor of the entire district, has a house and garden in the English style, near the western gate. The country around is steppe.

On my arrival, I was shown to some particularly nice apartments of a house in the main street. I looked around in surprise, for we were still severed from Tartary (where houses are unknown, and the inhabitants of the steppe dress in skins), by the

slender stream of the Oorahl alone; and here I found the house of an ordinary gentleman hung with beautiful paintings,* and large mirrors, and having furniture that would have been considered handsome in London.

Soon after my arrival a young officer of the staff corps entered, and introduced himself to me as Lieutenant Pekoffski, aide-de-camp to General Perroffski, who desired to see me. This young man, who was my companion during the remainder of my residence in Russia, spoke English fluently. I was delighted at the *rencontre*, and accompanied him to Perroffski's palace, where I was ushered into the study of the General.

Perroffski was the friend and companion of Nicholas ere he became Emperor; and his high talents, and noble qualities, have enabled him to retain his place in the regard of his sovereign. I had seen many likenesses of Perroffski in passing through his district. I now found that they were generally correct, and I keenly examined the original. The countenance was shrewd, and very intelligent; yet I confess, that had not my own experience borne out the testimony of others, I should not have argued from it all the worth and high honour which characterise the man. He was in fullest dress, and wore his orders. He told me he was running up, immediately, to St. Petersburgh, but would take care that I should want for nothing during my detention at Orenburgh, and pending the

* I have since heard that the secret of the possession by Russians of so many paintings of merit is the wonderful facility with which Russian artists copy pictures by the masters. If those I saw were copies, as, from the circumstances, seems not improbable, they reflect great credit upon the copyists. The furniture is probably veneered, and from America.

answer of the British ambassador there. Meanwhile, the services of Lieutenant Pekoffski were at my disposal, if I chose to employ them; but he mentioned this solely for my accommodation, and had no desire to attach anyone to me, contrary to my inclination. He trusted to my honour not to hold intercourse with Tartars during my stay in the districts. I returned to my new quarters, happy in having, at length, found one whose conduct did not fall short of his high reputation.

The ensuing day Perroffski called upon me, but in so different a dress, and with so little ceremony, that I had pressed his hand ere I was aware it was he. He made a thousand obliging offers; and every hour that he remained at Orenburgh, he discovered some new method of administering to my comfort. He hoped to see me that day at dinner, and regretted that his absence would prevent his seeing me as his guest daily. Accordingly, at about three o'clock, I rendered myself at his palace, and found assembled there all the principal officers of the station. His saloon was fitted up with every article of luxury and elegance. He took me apart, and told me, that fearing I might find Orenburgh dull, he would afford me the means of visiting the curiosities of his district. At the same time, as this was done on his own responsibility, he must beg I would not publish the result.

Perroffski's manners are manly, plain, and unaffected. But he preserves the strictest etiquette amongst the officers who surround him. Rikkasowski, who had treated me rather cavalierly on a former occasion, was now all smiles and bows to him whom it pleased Perroffski to honour. The kind and gen-

tlemanly Hettmann of the Oorahl came and introduced himself to me. He bears his character in his countenance. He regretted that he had been prevented considering me his guest, by my falling into the hands of a higher authority; but still, should be delighted to render me any service I might please to command. Unfortunately, he said, Perroffski was not likely to leave anything for him to supply.

Dinner was served in the French style, but still some national dishes appeared. Perroffski asked many questions about India, and our late expedition. One of the general officers present asked, whether I had ever dined off elephant's heels: he had heard it was a common delicacy. I replied, that I was not rich enough to pay £100 for a single dish, and had never heard of any portion of the elephant being eaten, excepting by the wild people of the forest.

After dinner, we adjourned to the armoury, where Perroffski has one of the rarest private collections in the world, of ancient and modern arms. I took no notes of these, and therefore cannot particularly describe them; but, having seen many collections, I do not praise this at random. Amongst the blades were several, the recent fabric of Zlataoost, in Siberia. Without telling me their history, he asked my opinion of their water. I told him that it was fine, but of a peculiar character. That the grain resembled that of blades forged at Siroee and Lahore, which, though keen-edged, I had generally found brittle. He said that the blades before me were perfectly elastic. That Colonel Anossoff, an engineer officer of great genius and merit, had discovered the art of damascening, and was daily improving upon the discovery. That he employed cast steel, to which he contrived

to give an elasticity that could not be surpassed; and that every blade was subjected to severe proof ere issued from the fabric of Zlataoost. He took down an elegant ataghan, of fine water, and silver mounted, and begged my acceptance of it, as a specimen of Russian manufacture. In his judgment upon the water of sabres, I did not always agree with him. I have long and attentively studied the subject. The collection of daggers was singularly rich and curious.

He marvelled that my hand should be so long in healing. Had himself lost the tip of one of his fingers by a sabre cut; but the wound was healed in a fortnight, whereas mine had been nearly two months open. He insisted upon sending me his own physician, Dr. Rosenburgh. I took leave, and returned to my quarters, where he had sent me a supply of his own linen, which was very welcome.

The next day Perroffski again called, to see that I was comfortable, and to take leave of me. Our relative position was singular. He called me his enemy; and circumstances had given him a right to hold me as such. Yet he treated me with the generosity and never-slumbering attention of a friend. I told him, I felt more honoured in one such enemy, than in a hundred ordinary friends. He said, that if he caught me at Khiva he would slay me. I replied, that if I suffered him to get there, I should deserve death. He placed at my disposal his cattle and equipages, and assured me he would never forgive me if I wanted for anything that Orenburgh could supply. I parted from him with a regret, which the reader will readily comprehend. I account it no slight honour to have known Perroffski, and to have been deemed by him worthy of his friendship.

In the evening, I found that my noble host was not satisfied with all the attentions he had lavished upon me. He had called Pekoffski to him, and strictly cross-examined him as to any possible or probable want. He by this means discovered that I had attempted, without success, to procure a map of Russia, and he now sent me a magnificent map of the empire, insisting that I must accept it, as he had another. He had also found out that I had no watch, and begged of me to wear one of his, until I should arrive at St. Petersburgh. It was a beautiful time-piece, which never required winding! the motion of the wearer's body winding it up. It was the first of the kind that I had seen. He inquired whether there was any other way by which he could contribute to my comfort or convenience. I replied, that he might crown all his kind and generous attentions by a gift which I should value more than all, a lithograph of himself. He had none; but sent me, instead, a present almost too costly to be accepted, yet one that, under the circumstances, it was impossible to refuse. It was a pair of bronze casts from the masks (taken immediately after death) of Peter the Great and his rival Charles XII. of Sweden. There were but two casts made from the original masks. The Emperor of Russia has one. I assured Perroffski, in thanking him for these most precious relics, that the Russian empire contained no gem that I valued so highly. That they should be preserved in my family as a sacred memento of the friendship and hospitality of Perroffski.

At night, these masks were lying upon a chair in my sleeping apartment. I lay down to rest, but the shades of the heroes hovered over me. A feeling of

awe, too sacred to be disturbed, took possession of my mind. The spirits of the departed *had* taken a visible form in times past, if traditions were worthy of credit. There was, at least, no doubt, that the eyes of the Living had seen images, which deceived them into the belief that the Deceased stood before them. Often in my loneliness, in the darkness of the night, upon the hill side, the declivity of the chasm, or the rayless chamber of the tomb, I had imagined my fancy quite capable of such a flight, and almost expected to view the shapes of those whom the grave had severed from my side. Sometimes I had shrunk from the ordeal, and at other times had calmly awaited it. Now, I longed for it with earnest desire. I fancied that the sufferings I had undergone had, in a manner, given me the privilege of admission into the society of the mighty ones of other days. I was, at least, capable of appreciating their greatness, and of reverencing more deeply the tattered pall, which droops over their dust, than the banner which had waved at the head of their thousands. The sublimity of those moments is not to be expressed in words. I scarcely breathed, lest that muscular action should disturb the train of my thoughts; and when the impressions waned upon my fancy, I arose, opened the shutters, and let in upon the masks a stream of bright moonlight, by which, as I hung over them, I long and earnestly perused those awful lineaments.

Oh! what were all the pomp of the ermined, and sceptred, and crowned monarch, compared with the silent majesty of those lifeless traits, which no passion shall again ruffle, no enthusiasm again kindle, no hope again illumine. The spirits of the heroes have entered upon a new stage of being; they have plunged amid

the throng that preceded them to the unknown shore. No longer are their powers to be estimated in conflict with minds, the growth of their own narrow cycle, but the great names of other days will be thrown into the balance; they will meet there with the glowing genius of Greece, the stern unconquerable will of Rome, the Punic champion, the Mogul hero, the uncounted host of the wise and valiant, scattered over a hundred climes. They have entered upon this new arena with no fortuitous advantages. The crown is fallen from their brows; the wand they grasp is no longer a sceptre, which millions watch with awe. The ground they tread is no longer elevated above the level of the minds around them; but they find themselves confronted with the obscure philosopher, the unsuspected patriot, the hero whose powers have been wasted upon the drudgery of the plough. Who shall say where their grade may be? Who can contemplate this second infancy of a mighty mind, without the intensest interest; or avoid, for the moment, identifying his own being with that of the adventurer in such a career.

The countenance of the Czar is massive, and full of power. The profile is great, though not noble. The nose aquiline, the mouth compressed. The forehead is high, ample, sinuous; one of the grandest developments I have ever seen. Let phrenologists comfort themselves with the assurance, that the organ of constructiveness, which taught Peter to mould into form this magnificent empire, is on a gigantic scale. A smile of firmness is upon the lips—the smile of one superior in genius, as in station, to fellow men. In this posture did they settle for ever. In this frame did the great architect of a nation enter upon the

untried world. My emotions almost overpowered me, as I gazed fixedly upon those lineaments, silently illumined by the lamp of night. This was not the sculpture of the living monarch, it was not even Peter in the hour of repose; but the Genius of the North, as death had surprised him, closed his eye and folded his wing. It was the mighty in the hour of his weakness, the conqueror at the moment of his overthrow. The strong in his languor, the proud in the vanity of his feebleness. The hero, the patriot, the legislator, the tyrant, resolved into a scanty heap of miserable dust.

And who is that beside him? Who would presume to approach his presence, or share with him the pillow of repose? He who taught him, by defeat, the path to victory. The dauntless, the magnanimous, the indomitable Charles. It is only possible to equal the contrast of these two masks by contrasting the minds of the rival kings. The face and head of Charles are smaller than those of a woman. It is difficult, at first, to believe they could ever have belonged to a man. The features, also, are not prominent; and the sole mark of power is in a compression of the lips, which is more than firmness, and amounts to obstinacy. All besides is smooth and delicate; and the countenance promises no more than intelligence, firmness, and promptitude.

I confess I was disappointed in this mask. Charles had been the idol of my boyish enthusiasm. His fearlessness, his spirit, his brilliant success, his love of hardship, his contempt of luxury, his heroic achievements, his indomitable spirit, lent a fascination to the page of his memoirs, which I found in no equal degree in any other. Now, as I placed the masks of the

rivals in equal light, they would not bear comparison. I perceived, at a glance, that mind had triumphed over matter, animated by strong animal instinct. *That self-denial*, which at first sight appears so noble, dwindles, as we gaze upon the features, into mere indifference, a want of animal appetite. *That courage*, with which he sustained such utter reverse, into want of sensibility. The spirit with which, as a youth, he set at defiance so many powerful monarchs, appears rather the consequence of a want of foresight, of capacity to understand the stake he was playing, than of a mind which rises superior to anticipated danger, and beards the lion with open eyes. The difference in size of the two masks is so great, that when Charles's is placed within Peter's, it is literally swallowed up. Yet Charles was, I believe, above six feet in height. The countenances are essentially national. Peter could not be mistaken for any but a Russian, nor Charles for other than a Swede or a Dane.

There is one particular in the mask of Charles which invests it with a solemn interest. The impression of his death-wound is there : that mysterious wound, still doubtfully attributed to friend or foe. I have not the masks here ; but unless my memory deceive me, it is above the left temple. I gazed on it at that moment with thrilling emotion. It had not altered a line of the countenance. No languor, no convulsion was visible there. *There* was the firmness, *there* the intrepidity; they had not yielded to the power of death. I looked upon it, and discarded the report that attributes it to a companion in arms.*

I again lay down to rest, but I had placed the masks where I could view them from my pillow. It

* See Appendix.

was not possible to be occupied long with that of Charles while Peter's lay beside it. I was now in the empire of this wonderful man; the stronghold of his glory, the spot of all the universe over which, if permitted, his spirit would still preside. I had entered it,—for what purpose? Would he stand in my path? Was his awful shade indeed present with me there, though unseen, inspiring emotions seldom experienced in equal degree? These were questions that I loved to leave in doubt. I felt nothing wanting to the sublimity of that hour; not even the visible presence of the mighty genius to whose great representative my errand was addressed. I slept and I awoke. My dreams had been a chaos of great elements, but the genius of the spot had not appeared.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Ball-room at Orenburgh—Dancing—Perroffski's Prohibition—Captives at Khiva—Effect upon them of my Arrival—Preparations for Renewing the Invasion of Khiva.

RIKKASOWSKI, we have seen, was all attention to him whom it pleased Perroffski to honour. He now invited me to dinner; and, for the first time since my arrival in Russia, I found myself at table with one of the fair sex. My delight was very great; for the lady of the house was really a charming person, and did the honours with much grace and propriety. On my expressing my weariness at so long a separation from such social intercourse, she promised to show me the beauty of Orenburgh; and accordingly, two days subsequently, I found myself at a ball, at which attended the greater number of the fair ones of the place. My wound prevented me from dancing, but there was sufficient enjoyment in contemplating a scene, to me the most fascinating in the world. I sat myself in a corner, and indulged in comparisons of the present with the past. I thought of the filthy black tent, the sheep-skin garments, and their colonies, the buxom old lass of ninety-five, and

her bon-bons ; and again I fixed my eyes upon some graceful young creature, dressed like a lily flower, and moving like a breeze of spring, scattering delight wherever she came; and I asked myself, if these were indeed a reality, or some vision sent to tantalize me with the promise of impossible happiness. So slowly do fashions circulate from Paris through our Indian empire, and so long had I been banished from civilized society, that I mistook the dress for some Russian costume, and gave it my warmest admiration. In good sooth, I was dazzled as much as I was delighted; and although, I doubt not, my outward bearing was sufficiently demure, my heart laughed exultingly at the change which it had pleased Heaven to effect in my condition in the space of a few short hours.

The Englishman was, of course, rather a monster at Orenburgh. One or two of my acquaintance were anxious to know my opinion of all I saw, and whom I considered the most lovely of the group. Not reflecting that the judgment of a stranger on such occasions becomes authority, I incautiously gave utterance to mine. In an instant it was buzzed from ear to ear, until it reached her at whom it pointed, and who, I thought, did not lose anything of her charms for the blush with which she rewarded it. The circumstance was the more vexatious, because she was a married lady, whose fortune was made, and a very lovely girl was present, to whom, by all laws of courtesy, such a compliment was due. The ladies had no prudery, but were ready to converse without introduction, justly considering, as is too little considered in England, the presence of any gentleman at the house of their entertainer, sufficient guarantee for

his respectability. I was unfortunately too little aware of this circumstance to profit much by it. The quadrilles, as is too generally the case in Calcutta, were played in jig time. The effect, of course, was very miserable. The grace of a Thalia would not stand the test of such barbarism. To me there is something so poetical, so harmonising, so heart-expanding (Dil kooshaud) in the graceful movements of the dance, that, were I a legislator, I would cultivate and encourage the recreation, as the vehicle of moral refinement. But the dance should not be a slovenly crowd of indifferent and ungraceful shamblers ; the one half too conceited, and the other too clumsy, to thread the mazes of the figure with decorum. Neither should the sounds which set them in motion be such as are played to parched peas for a similar purpose ; they should be harmonious and in measured time, so that the mind and the feet should be swayed by the same impulse, and the dance, instead of fatiguing, should refresh and exhilarate both soul and body ; and each performer, as he looked at the other, should behold the most noble of the works of his Creator in the most amiable and beautiful of its aspects.

A day was now fixed for my visit to the district. The carriage of Peroffski was placed at my disposal, in spite of many a desperate effort of mine to purchase ; and had I permitted it, the same generous hand had paid all the expenses of my journey. Thus did the noblest and most generous of opponents (for I had come to traverse and disconcert the whole system of his ambition) lavish upon me the affectionate attentions of a brother. Much do I regret, that he prohibited the publication of the particulars of this

trip; for I have nothing to say, but that which reflects honour on his country and people. And the gold and platina mines, and the fabric of arms at Zlataoost, in Siberia, are objects of curiosity and interest to the whole world. Yet, despite this prohibition, must I for a moment dwell upon the graceful attentions, the frank hospitality, the kind offices of the Russians whom I met with in this journey; and the proof afforded me, that Russia has in the hearts of her children, even in the wilds of Siberia, ores more precious than the gold and platina of her Oorahlian mines. I would a moment linger, in remembrance of the heartfelt happiness, which, wounded, dispirited, worn out with suffering, mental and bodily, I enjoyed in my Siberian home. And, if the families of Anossoff and Niesteroffski, can at all forgive this public mention of their names, they will, I trust, pardon also the faintness of the tribute. The name, indeed, of Colonel Anossoff,* is public property, and well known in the world of science, which is under important obligations to him.

The few days I spent with these friends, have become an epoch in my existence. I wandered with them through the beautiful woods, that overshadow their artificial lake; I drove with them through the wide valleys of the Oorahl; where the rich green of the grass was almost lost, in the brighter tints of the wild flowers of Siberia. I explored with them the mineral treasures of the mountains, and I returned to their happy and peaceful abode, to learn the sports

* Colonel Anossoff, of the engineer corps of the imperial army, and master of the fabric of arms at Zlataoost, is the reviver of the art of damascening cast steel.

and amusements of Russia, or to hang breathless upon her rich and exquisite melodies, or to admire the strain of genuine poetry, which forms the burthen of her songs. And the Englishman, the stranger, became in a few hours an adopted member of the family, and each endeavoured to make him forget past suffering, and weary banishment, by the most graceful and affectionate attentions. My heart, in the abundance of its bliss, grew young once more. It resumed its existence at the point last marked, by the presence of kindred and the privilege of home.

In the midst of all this enjoyment, my heart rebuked me for lavishing so much emotion upon any soil, but that of my birth. I felt a species of regret, that the freshness of the contrast between barbarous, and civilized existence should be taken off, ere I could reach England.

The unsettled life I led in Russia, prevented me from collecting, as I had desired, any number of her gems of music and poetry. The state of my hand did not admit of notes or of transcripts : so that my store is meagre and ill-selected. I shall insert here but one translation of a ballad, the music of which has often enchanted me. I will not do it the violence of a versification, and must apologize for any errors, into which my ignorance of the Russian tongue may have betrayed me—

When o'er the blue Ocean, mists are falling,
And melancholy broods o'er the gay heart,
Can Ocean shake off his cloudy mantle,
Will the mist vanish from the breast?
'Tis not a star, that shines o'er the wold,
On the plain a fire is burning,
At the blaze is spread a silken carpet;
On the carpet a Warrior reposes.

With a kerchief he presses his mortal wound,
And staunches the life-blood of a hero:
By the hero stands a stately horse;
With his hoof he is pawing the damp turf;
He surely is addressing the hero.
"Rise, rise, thou noble knight;
Saddle, saddle, thy faithful steed,
I will serve thee with zeal and truth;
I will bear thee to our land,
To the father, the mother, the clansmen,
To the lovely infants, the young wife."
Deeply sighed the noble warrior;
Heaves his broad chest;
His pale hands are falling;
His mortal wound bursts open;
Out gushes the hot blood:—
And thus he his war-steed addresses.
"My steed, my steed, my noble steed,
Companion of my fortunes,
Sharer of my wanderings,
Depart thou alone, to our country;
Give greeting to my father, my mother,
My sweet children, my clansmen;
And say to my young widow,
That I have espoused another wife.
With her I have received in dowry, the wide field,
The keen sabre was our go-between,*
And the temper'd arrow laid me at rest."

From this very imperfect and unworthy translation, some idea may be gathered of the spirit of the ballads of Russia, expressed in a masculine yet melodious language, and married to some of the most touching of the daughters of song.

What follows is not Russian, and perhaps requires some apology for insertion at this place. But, it is always easy to skip over poetry if it be unwelcome, and the prospect before me does not afford much hope of leisure or opportunity for the collection and publication of such trifles, in the usual form of a separate volume. I the rather publish it here, because I gave away a copy of it in Russia.

* Srakhal, a negotiator of marriages.

To ———

I see thee, when my soul is glad,
All radiant in thy youth's array.
A sun-gleam in a fairy glade,
Unfolding each coy flower of May:
And as thy fairy footsteps play,
And at their touch, peace, promise spring,
I hear my raptur'd spirit say,
Oh! Beauty is a joyous thing.

Living, moving, thinking, feeling,
As beauteous Creatures move, feel, live:
Like a sweet chord of melody, stealing
O'er drooping hearts, fresh life to give;
And grace from Discord's self derive,
And sunshine o'er despondence fling:
Ah! Fame may flatter, Power deceive,—
But Beauty is a blissful thing.

I see thee, in another hour,
When, o'er my soul dark shadows grow,
A fair, but ah! how fragile flower,
Bent, e'en by gales that gentlest blow.
O'er all, Decay his dust shall throw:
O'er Bright and Dark shall gloom Death's wing;
And thou?—Avaunt dire shapes of woe!
Oh! Beauty is a mournful thing.

I see thee, when Death's thrall to end,
The snow-drop coy, Hope's flow'r, is springing;
When streams their icy fetters rend,
And to the crash, rocks, woods are ringing:
And Hope, o'er Death her anthem singing,
"A balsam blooms for every sting!"
Time's wither'd arm the dart is flinging;
But *Beauty* is a deathless thing.

I see thee, when the Voice of Night
O'er the hush'd gale is fainting, dying:
Then gushing, with a fountain's might;
The echoes of past joys replying:
And o'er her first-born's urn is sighing
Young Hope:—and stars delight to fling
Their tender beams, around *thee* vying:—
Oh! Beauty is a hallowed thing.

And ah! in visions of the night
Whom, whom doth Fancy paint, but thee?
Least mortal then: thy Beauty's light
Like Hesper's, o'er the empurpled sea
Of Siren-haunted Italy!—
Lend, lend, sweet Dreams, your spirit-wing!
Of Heav'n ye breathe; to Heav'n ye flee!
And Beauty is a heavenly thing.

On returning from this journey amongst beautiful scenery, and objects of extreme curiosity and interest, I found a letter from Perroffski to General Rikkasowski, begging me to hasten to the capital. I was not tired of Orenburgh; yet, it may be readily believed, was not sorry to resume my route northward. I had sent through Perroffski a letter to my friends in England, briefly narrating my escape and well-being, and this letter providentially reached them before any of the reports of my death, with which, immediately afterwards, the public prints were filled. My most embarrassing concern regarded the disposal of my people. As my return to Orenburgh was extremely improbable, I wished them to be sent to Astrakhan, and there embarked for Astrabad; and Perroffski had promised so to dispose of them; but his absence rendered the measure for the present impracticable; as in the thousand distractions which occupied him at his departure, he had forgotten to issue the necessary orders; and the hearts of my unhappy people died within them. Their position at Orenburgh was extremely irksome and disheartening to them. They were not allowed to converse with Asiatics. They understood neither the habits nor the language of Russia, nor had an idea of the geography of that part of the world. To leave them under such circumstances was very miserable. To take them all to St. Petersburgh was impossible. I

had not funds for the purpose, and it would have rendered their return to their homes doubly difficult. Nothing could now be done: for Rikkasowski could not act without distinct orders from Perroffski. I therefore gave each a sum of money sufficient for all expenses back, and desired Summud Khaun to divide amongst them whatever had escaped the hands of our spoilers, or been since returned.

Their quarters lay at some distance from mine, and next door to a large building, in which upwards of a hundred of the captives of Khiva were confined. These men, by some means, got intelligence that I had come to Russia to effect their release: so that, as I passed their prison, they thronged the windows and doors to gaze upon me and salute me. My promise to Perroffski prevented me from even returning their greeting with a look; but my servants sometimes met them, and then much courtesy was interchanged. Poor fellows! my hope of effecting their deliverance was not very sanguine, but I had no cause for despair, and their interest in my movements would have inspired me with fresh zeal, had I needed it.

Of the buildings of Orenburgh generally, I have little to say: many are of wood. The finest is the staff office, which occupies a side of the principal square. The square, on Sunday evenings, presents a delightful spectacle—the entire female population of Orenburgh in holiday attire. The effect is that of an immense flower-garden, every blossom of which is instinct with life. The town is generally neat; far beyond the usual pretensions of towns so distant from the capital. The population has been estimated at 2,268.* I should have made it three times that

* Schnitzler, "Tableau Statistique."

amount. Its position, on a very unsettled frontier, is important, and it is one of the avenues of commerce with Tartary. I found that every preparation was on foot for a renewel of the invasion the ensuing year. Reconnoitering and surveying parties occupied the ground to be passed, and troops were marching down to supply casualties in the army. At the same time, not much reliance was to be placed upon the information I could collect; ignorant as I was of the language, and instructed as were all I met, to give me a particular view of the subject. The utmost estimate of the late invading force did not exceed 10,000. But at Orenburgh, arrangements were doubtless made for following up this vanguard, and taking possession of the country, as it was conquered. The idea of my mission succeeding was derided by the most intelligent. It had become, they said, an imperative necessity to complete what had been begun. Otherwise, the Kirgheez of the southern steppes, the Bâshkirs of their own territories, an unsettled Muhummudan tribe, and several other disaffected clans would rise against the Government. I had my own thoughts, but said nothing. I found here an English civil engineer, setting up a steam engine for supplying the town with water. Several others are buried in the eastern parts of the district. It is a custom of the Russians to employ Englishmen to set up their engines; and when these are set in motion, to discard the English for a German engineer, who receives smaller wages.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Departure from Orenburgh — Samara—Summud Khaun, a Sample of the Afghaun Character—Travelling in Russia—My very limited Means of ascertaining the Condition of the People—Prisoners of Khiva—Vladimir—Face of the Country—Forest—Arrival at Moscow — Impressions—Trimness of Moscow.

TAKING leave of Orenburgh, I once more mounted the travelling carriage, with young Pekoffski as my companion. General Perroffski had volunteered to permit his services, and sundry reasons induced me to approve of the arrangement, although not fond in general of travelling in company. In the first place, I esteemed and liked Pekoffski, and knew that I was pleasing him, in carrying him with me; and in the second place, being aware of the cautious system of the Russian Government, I thought that Perroffski might incur censure if he suffered me to travel alone. The country from Orenburgh to Samara is a steppe, covered with the richest pasture; the ground slightly undulating. It afterwards becomes a little more diversified; but as I could not take notes, my remembrance of features is not very distinct. At Samara

we crossed the magnificent Volga, which, take it all in all, though far less grand than some of our Indian streams, is the most beautiful river I have seen. It is here of great breadth, about half a mile, although Samara is 800 miles from its estuary. The colour of the water is a dull red, such as it might receive from iron clay. The right bank rises into woody hills; on the left, stands the white and pretty town of Samara, with a variety of small craft anchored at its foot. The depth of the water was considerable, and I observed no symptoms of great and sudden increase or diminution of volume, such as the banks of Indian rivers exhibit.

The Volga is, in one respect, the most wonderful river in the world ; for it is navigated from its very source to its termination, *i.e.* a distance of about 3,000 miles, connecting St. Petersburgh by the most magnificent of highways with Astrakhan and Durbund ; so that sturgeon are caught at Oorahlsk, floated down the Oorahl and up the Volga, and landed alive in the capital for the Imperial table ; having travelled a distance of about 4,000 miles.

Samara was the first town upon this road, in the space of about 250 miles. I put up at the principal inn, where I was entertained by a musician, playing upon a species of lute having a dozen or more strings, and formed like the Seringa of India, although played by the fingers, and not by the bow. Nizaum had, until leaving Orenburgh, been constantly with me, and had accompanied me in my perambulation of the district; I thought it imprudent to carry any of my suite farther. But when I went to take leave of them, I found them so utterly disheartened at their forlorn position, in a land of strangers, that, after

many objections, I yielded to their earnest solicitation, that one of them should accompany me. They thought I should be thus less likely to forget them. To take Nizaum, was inconvenient in the extreme. He contrived to sleep so soundly on the coach-box, that the Russian servant who sat with him, and who owed him a grudge, threw overboard all his clothes one after another, and he returned in the most forlorn predicament. I thought, too, that he had had his share of sight-seeing; and that Summud Khaun might, if I could arrange it, return from St. Petersburgh, with an order from Government, and convey the whole party back to Heraut. Summud, although utterly useless to me as an attendant, excepting in guarding my despatches, when I for a moment removed them from my person, could take much better care of himself, and had his wits always on the alert. He proved to me a most vexatious accompaniment, and an enormous expense; but his strongly marked character, his immovable prejudices, his novel and ingenious estimate of causes and effects, afforded at times great amusement to others as well as to myself. And then Summud Khaun had the manners, and the feelings of an Afghaun gentleman of the lower class. And although he could not read, his mind was stored with anecdote, and quotations from the Persian poets, which he could apply with much effect.

He was an Afghaun, as true a child of Israel as can to this day be found in Jerusalem. The same his pride in family and nation, his inveterate prejudice, his obstinacy, his self-sufficiency, his abstract love of noble sentiments, his want of disinterestedness to give them application. He was one of those who had stood

in Heraut a siege of ten months, against an army of 40,000, and a powerful artillery, something of an approximation to the siege of Jerusalem. And he was one of that nation, who are to this day, after fifty contests, less subdued than ever, yet of whom anyone can be bought, by golden arguments, to sell his brother or his king.

Travelling in Russia, to one careless of food and luxury, is pleasant enough. The sky above, is generally serene in summer; the heat is seldom excessive. The roads in summer are oftener good than bad, and, although the carriages are not so easy as our post-chaises, yet the horses get over the ground in better style than the horses of France. There are some especial annoyances, however, and one of these is detention at the post-houses, which often exceeds an hour; the other is the system of harnessing horses three, four, or five abreast, by lashing a pole on either side to the splinter bar. Of course the outer horses amuse themselves throughout the journey, with sending into the traveller's face, huge clods from their heels, of clay, mud, dung and other raw materials, of which the carriage is chock full at the close of the stage. If the road be very dry, dust is the principal of the donations. Now, as I had four persons in the vehicle, beside luggage, I could not get on with fewer than five or six horses, which were harnessed three abreast, and thus, on reaching the dusty and more beaten road, I was obliged to alight at every post-house to wash away the dust of that stage. The vehicle also being open, extremely long in the pole, and low in the wheel, the dust of the front wheel, when the body reached it, was just high enough in the air to curl into the vehicle. It will be readily

believed that I do not speak of this portion of the road when I couple it with pleasure. It was scarcely endurable, but, in a chariot, I should have escaped nearly all this pillory. I am rather alluding to my excursion into the district, over smooth roads, little travelled, and generally moistened by showers.

At the entrance of each Russian village, stands a large cross, often bearing the effigy of Jesus Christ. The cross has, at the point where the feet were nailed, a small cross-bar, which is fixed obliquely. The Russians believe, that one foot was elevated above the other. There is often, in addition to this cross, a kind of altar, or covered stand, containing images of the Virgin Mother, etc., and also standing on the road side at the entrance.

On entering the village, a stranger is struck with a number of little pictures, of which each house has one at the corner, of some implement for extinguishing fire; one is a hatchet, another a bucket, a third a hook upon a pole, a fourth a ladder, etc. Each house is bound to keep up, and supply on demand, the instrument of which his house bears the picture, and the most illiterate can tell, by a glance at the picture, what he is to demand of the owner of each several house. This precaution is the more necessary, that the houses are constructed almost universally of wood; towns alone containing buildings of masonry. These wooden houses are sold in the market, ready made; I mean, that they are carried bodily thither for sale, all the parts being numbered. The walls are of trunks of trees, squared inside, and planed at their junction, piled one above the other, and braced together where the ends cross. No material affords so wide scope for picturesque effect in architecture as wood.

It was pleasant to see the horses at a canter or gallop, whenever there was no actual ascent. As for descents, they rattled down them at speed, and we were more than once in imminent danger. This, with an open wound, was no pleasant prospect, yet I balanced the pleasure of the dash against the chance of losing altogether my right hand, and, as to communicating caution to a Russian postilion, I soon gave up so preposterous a notion.

All day we travelled over the flowery steppe, or through the beautiful forest, illumined by the sun; at night our progress was not arrested, nor was it necessary to draw over us the hood of the vehicle. The sky was soft, the dew no more than was refreshing; the planets held converse with me whilst my companion slept. We were traversing the wildest country, yet I had not taken the precaution of carrying pistols. We met the wandering Bâshkirs, pasturing their flocks in the forest, felling trees, or making charcoal: their tents were the spangled canopy. We saw the black tent of the Tartar pitched upon the steppe, but we dreaded not in him the seller of human flesh. At the distance of 1,500 miles from the capital, I felt securer, at midnight, in the thick gloom of the forest, than ever I have felt in walking the streets of London at the same hour, or indeed in any part of England. This is one of the *per contras*, in summing up the benefits of high civilization; but there are others which need discussion.

My companion, not being a Russian, could not give me that insight into the condition of the peasantry in which I felt so deeply interested. A traveller sees amongst them only the elements of peace and con-

tentment. He finds them dwelling on a good soil, in the midst of abundance, in comfortable houses, and in a land still large enough for its inhabitants; he perceives that they are exempted from two of the fears that embitter life in more civilized lands, fear of want, and of robbers; he finds them healthy, stout, well-clad, civil to strangers, and hospitable. It is not in a cursory tour, that we can look behind the curtain of the mind, and pronounce whether or not they are content; whether the degree of knowledge they possess, is not too great for their degree of freedom; whether *that* right has discovered to their minds so much of its preciousness, as that the treasures of the world, without it, were worthless and vile; whether their present sufferance proceeds from indifference, or from a spirit long cowed by submission, that thirsts, but dares not struggle for its rights. This is a knowledge to be acquired only by years of intercourse with them.

As for myself, I had not even the means of ascertaining how far the mere physical advantages and disadvantages stood in the balance; whether the labour, and the military duties exacted from them, were more or less than paid by food, shelter, clothing, and protection; whether the intervals of rest allowed were sufficient for recreation and enjoyment; whether the penalties were inordinately severe, or regulated by the measure of mercy. On all these subjects I have heard opinions, and might venture an opinion of my own. But I might, in doing so, be adding only to the mountain of prejudice under which superficial observation is so apt to bury truth.

It was, I think, at Sinbirsk that, as we drove past the prison, after halting an hour at the inn, we saw

another squad of the unhappy captives of Khiva, thronging the windows to gaze at and salute me, having, by some means unknown to me, got intelligence of my arrival, and of the purport of my journey. I was much touched by this incident.

At Vladimir I first fell in with the imaginary route of Elizabeth, as she journeyed alone and on foot to plead the cause of her father. Vladimir is situated on a height, and visible, like several towns on this road, from a considerable distance. It is altogether a romantic and interesting site, and to the most musical of names unites many stirring memories in the history of the past. The beautiful river Kliazma washes its feet, bearing to the Volga its various manufactures of canvas, cotton, leather, glass, and iron. The gardens are celebrated for the production of a transparent apple and for their cherries. Vladimir is the ancient capital of this part of Russia, and far older than Moscow. Handsome as it appears on approaching, from the number of its churches (twenty-five) which are seen clustered together on the hill, from a distance of many miles, I did not observe one of these sacred edifices that could be called handsome, or had any architectural merit. I put up here at a decent inn, and after an hour's rest resumed the journey.

The road, after passing the Volga, had increased in interest. The general aspect of the country was undulating. Often we came upon villages most happily situated in valleys, and once we passed some well-wooded hills by a steep and difficult road. The soil was generally a rich dark clay, receiving its colour, in all probability, from the *débris* of former vegetation. The rivers were always fine streams,

and some of the views back upon the Volga were extremely beautiful ; for at Samara it winds like a serpent around the forest and the hill. But half the journey was always made at night, so that my remembrance of towns and features is often indistinct, and I had no means of taking notes of even that which I had seen.

After leaving Vladimir we entered a dense forest of cedar, birch, oak, beech, and fir; a forest stretching in one direction for sixty miles, and accompanying us to within a stage or so of Moscow. This forest has no very good reputation, and had the preceding year been the scene of several murders. I saw crosses erected to commemorate the events. We, however, passed unmolested, and toward midnight had reached the outer barrier of Moscow. The suburbs were lost to me in the darkness, and the country being quite flat, there was, after emerging from the forest, nothing to impress the fancy preparatory to admission into this celebrated capital. We were detained a full hour at the barrier, which gave me leisure for reflection.

Need I tell any Englishman that has ever heard the name of Moscow, how associated in my mind with venerable and antiquated images the idea had ever been. How, in reading of the Kremlin and the Kittye Gorod as fortresses appertaining to Europe, but rescued, time out of mind, from the hands of shepherd kings, I had pictured to myself towers and minarets, and domes, of the simplest and rudest structure, harmonizing through a species of native elegance, softened by time, with the people, the manners, the memories of far-off days. When to these antique associations had been added the glorious sacrifice

made by this venerable capital to secure the liberty of the land—

> When Moscow, phœnix of Sclavonia's fame,
> Lighted her funeral pyre, and fann'd the rising flame.*

A deed so heroic, belonging to the times when virtue was an honour and patriotism no reproach, connected Moscow still more closely with the hallowed past. Now, as I sat in the carriage, waiting the propitious moment of complete awakening of the majestic ensign on guard, interrupted, as it was, by endless rubbings of the eyes, immeasurable expansions of the *fauces*, ecstatic straightenings of the knees, cosy scratchings of the head, luxurious rollings from beam-end to beam-end, removals of the night-cap, replacements of the same; beatific visions, half brandy, half love; relapses, revokes, hesitations, resolutions, starts, snores, appeals to the devil, etc., etc., etc., I was figuring to myself lofty antiquated houses and narrow streets, filled with the gloom of ages. Old Gothic windows and Chinese balconies, and a population of tall, fine, bearded men, in cloaks of diverse hue, marching solemnly through the twilight streets; whilst the huge bells from towers and steeples buried in the clouds were flinging their impressive music to distant lands.

I looked around me. Two or three miserable lamps revealed to me a low, modern guard room, filled with modern soldiers, reeking with modern tobacco smoke, and ancient spittle. I listened. It is a solemn thing to listen, without, to the hum of life of a large metropolis. The waves of the sea have a soul-arresting voice, but the waves of human

* Relic of poem, which never saw the light, though it felt the fire.

existence are far more eloquent. The one appeals through sensual emotions to the spirit of man. The other is, as it were, a breeze ruffling the spirit. I confess I was at present disappointed. A rumbling there was in the midnight street; but it was the rattle of quick-going, empty-gutted cars, bumping along, giddily, over pavements, ungifted with the fat and ancient mud, proper to so solemn a city. Half a dozen school-boys, driving wheel-barrows filled with empty canisters, had created a sublimer din. I thought of that ocean roar of existence which I had listened to on approaching London—that Babel of ten thousand sounds, fused into a single deep-toned dissonance—as if the floods had found an unwonted channel through some mountain chasm, and were hurrying to destruction rock, tree and shrub, and the persons, and the hopes, and the dwellings of man. A sound that had in it something appalling to the stranger preparing to plunge a forlorn drop into that mighty tide. I had not anticipated such a hoarse, impetuous sound as that: but I expected something solemn, stately, suiting the history and the character of the ancient metropolis of Russia.

The barrier was removed. The chaise entered and rattled through the streets of the city. The dim lights of the lamps fell upon low, trim, modern buildings, freshly stuccoed and white-washed. These grew in height as we proceeded, but they grew also in smartness and regularity. I gazed around me in despair. We soon reached one of the principal squares. All here was handsome, open, worthy of a great capital, but not worthy of Moscow. I would have given something to have seen a chipped cornice or a notched angle. It would have afforded at least

the hope, that at some distant day, all I saw might become ruinous and venerable. But my eye sought such an accident in vain ; and I believe, that if it were *suspected* to exist in the imperial city of Moscow, the whole police of the empire would be in a state of hubbub. After a long search for an hotel, which I could not find, I put up at a very good house, the Hotel de Paris, if I mistake not its title.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

General Plan of Moscow—The Kittye Gorod—The Kremlin—Their Architecture—Antiquity of the Kremlin—Monstrosities—Bronze Statues of Minine and Pojarski—Superstitious Observance—Great Bell—Treasures of the Kremlin—Polish Standard — How unworthily treated — Sabres—Crowns — Thrones—Jewels—Eyes—View from a Tower of the Kremlin —Kremlin.

MY first care, the ensuing day, was to call upon the governor of the Kremlin, and present my note of introduction. He was not at home, but answered the note by a polite message, which his aide-de-camp, a gentlemanly and obliging person, brought me, offering me permission to visit the curiosities of the Kremlin. I accompanied this gentleman accordingly, who bore the title of Prince: but ere we enter this time-honoured fortress, it may be as well to give a few hints upon the structure of Moscow.

The shape of Moscow is almost a lozenge, lying N.E. and S.W. In the centre of this, an octagonal area is enclosed by a second line of rampart or wall, and this area is more properly the city: all that is beyond being a mere suburb, laid out in gardens, etc., but pretty densely inhabited. Within this octagon, inclining northward, a third area is walled off by

lofty ramparts, in figure a very irregular hexagon. This is the Kittye Gorod, or Chinese city. Its southern wall is washed by the small river Moskva, and forms the southern barrier of the Kremlin also, which is a fortress of nearly triangular figure, within the Kittye Gorod ; and is in fact the nucleus, around which are described three courses of wall. The two outer enclosures are modern in style as well as in fabric. The two inner enclosures, although really boasting no antiquity, are of an order quite unknown to Europe, and confined almost exclusively to Eastern Asia ; being, in fact, peculiar to the Moguls. We are disappointed on discovering that they were built under Russian princes, by European architects. Their style has the simplicity of extreme antiquity; and to my eye they presented that effect the more strongly, because it was familiar with similar works in the dominions, and ascribed to the era, of Chenghis Khaun. The great peculiarity of this style is in the roof, which is a steep pyramid or cone, generally square, but sometimes octagonal. It is the termination of a square tower, and the undoubted origin of our Gothic spire. I have traced it in a line from Maandoo, the Ghiljie capital of Malwa, to Bukkur, on the Indus, over the graves of Timoor Lungh's descendants ; to old Oorgunj, the capital of Chenghis Khaun, and as far as Moscow. A monument showing, like the pillars of Hercules, the limit to which were carried the Mogul arms. It is united with the arched portal and window ; here in general circular, unless my memory fail me, but elsewhere of the pointed order. It seems to point distinctly to the source of the Gothic style, viz. the architecture of the Moguls, as distinguished from that of the Turks, and others

of Tartar origin, to whom belong the cupola and dome. It is of an origin anterior to the latter, inasmuch as the pyramid is a simpler and older figure than the dome. It is quite unknown to the general Muhummudan architecture of India, but appears there as a monster occasionally, under the auspices of some descendant of the Moguls. The pyramid seems to have been in use by but three nations of antiquity, the Egyptians, Hindoos, and Moguls. But the last alone seem to have elevated it upon a base or tower. To judge by the existing dwellings of the Oozbegs or Moguls in Khaurism, this form of roof does not seem to have been suggested by the roofs of their houses, which are not pent, but flat; and the figure is too steep for the roof of their black tent, which more resembles a dome.

The origin of self-supported roofs of masonry, of whatever figure, is generally to be found in countries destitute of timber. The dome of mud is common to Arabia and parts of Africa, where the sun's rays speedily harden the clay, and the aridity of the climate preserves it in shape. In those countries, and even in Afghaunistaun, domes of considerable diameter are built without mortar and without centering; about three courses of brick are daily applied, and the mud hardens as the work proceeds. Amongst the Hindoos, the roof of masonry is confined exclusively to religious monuments, and is evidently a modification of the simpler and severer, but less beautiful pyramid and obelisk of Egypt, where those figures were dedicated to religion, glory, and the grave; and where the object of the figure is the combination of mass or height with duration.

The most ancient notice we have of Moscow, and

that is half fabulous, gives the Kremlin, the most ancient portion of it, an origin in A.D. 1147, as a village built of wood by Lourii Dolgorouki, father of André Bogoloubivoi: taken soon after, and burnt by the Mogul Batu Khaun, and resuscitated in A.D. 1280. About A.D. 1485–92 the present walls of the Kremlin were built under Ivan Vassielièvitch III., by two Milanese architects, Marco and Pietro Antonio. The Kittye Gorod was founded in 1534, by the mother of the said Ivan. If anyone would wish to remember the names of the six doors, here they are,—Sretenskoi, Troitskoi, Vsevsetskoi, Kosmodemianskoi, Vladirmirskoi, and Voskresenskoi. After repeating which, should he feel symptoms of tetanus, or lock-jaw, let him call upon the musically flowing streams of the Moskva and Neglinna. That the architects built from Tartar models, there can be no reasonable doubt; and perhaps the old Tartar fortress of Kāzān may have been their guide.

All this is to be considered as said on the route from my hotel to the Kremlin. I passed through handsome, clean, well-opened streets, to one of the gateways of the Kittye Gorod. Its aspect may be guessed from the discussion above. The wall is lofty and solid, and flanked at the angles by low square towers, with pyramidal roofs. Within was a continuation of the city, like the portion already seen, new, trim, and unobjectionable, with walls as white as lime, and roofs as red, or green, as vermillion or verdigris could make them. There is something excessively paltry in a pea-green or blood-red roof. No material, naturally applied to the purpose, is of such a colour. These are of sheet-iron, and paint is necessary to their preservation, and Russian taste is

of the gayest. I longed to lend them a little honest tar; a more effectual, and a more decorous coating. The churches shot up on every side, in a deformity heightened by paint—harpies or the furies rouged for a ball. They were of all imaginable shapes, excepting those of elegance, and of all imaginable *dis*orders. It is really difficult to conjecture, whence so many frightful images could have been summoned, unless it were from brains disordered by the nightmare. One of them, called Vassili Blagennoi, my guide assured me, had been built upon the express proviso that it was to resemble nothing else on earth, and the success was triumphant. The architect had evidently consulted with Old Nick, and stolen a hint or two from Pandemonium.

My kind friends the Rooskies must not be angry with me for speaking my mind upon this subject, but rather join with me, as with a friend, to uproot such an abominable taste, which disfigures a noble capital the more that the spires of Moscow are its most remarkable feature. A city, possessed of a site so graceful, an area so spacious, a fortress so magnificent and venerable, a name the most illustrious on earth, as Queen of Patriots, should be doubly jealous of any blemish that can detract from the sum of her fame amongst the nations. It is in vain to tell me it is a national style, for it is no style at all, the respect in which it most differs from architecture being the license given the builder to produce anything that cannot be condemned of grace, or be amenable to any rule or order. They might as well choose ugly wives, to preserve nationality of feature. If there be in these edifices any one element of beauty, let them rid it of its concomitants, and marry it with others at the

altar of harmony. What, then, would you have them rattle down the three hundred churches of Moscow? No; but I would hire a regiment of chimney-sweeps, to smear them with venerable dust. Then the stranger would regard them as monuments of a time before the Flood, and his disgust would be lost in curiosity; now that disgust is heightened by the absurdity of the painted vanity which vaunts them.

We were now in the principal Plâce of the Kittye Gorod, in front of the Spasskié Varota gate of the Kremlin. Here, at a fountain, are the bronze statues of Minine and Pojarski; the former awakening the latter to an effort for the liberation of Moscow from the Poles. The idea is happy, and the execution not amiss. We approached the gateway, and I observed that my companions doffed their hats, and that all passengers did the same, although to this day no one can conjecture the reason. The rule is in great play here, and I have heard that the sentry sometimes enforces it.

We now entered the Kremlin, beneath a long and narrow-vaulted road. The ascent commences with the gateway, and when it terminates, the visitor is elevated perhaps about fifty feet above the site of the Kittye Gorod; but the tower of Ivan Velikoi rises still 225 feet above him. At the foot of this tower he finds the bell so celebrated for its colossal dimensions, the largest the world possesses, and quite worthy of its fame. It has been raised from the pit, into which it had fallen or sunk, and may be examined at leisure. So little is known of the past in Russia, that it is still a disputed question, whether this bell was ever suspended in a belfry, and broken by falling from its position, or whether the crack which has de-

stroyed it as an instrument of sound is attributable to the sudden contact of cold water when it was heated by a conflagration of the city. It is, however, somewhat singular that it should bear an inscription, purporting to have been founded in part from the metal of a smaller bell, cracked in a conflagration. I therefore opine, that the tradition has been transferred from the older to the more recent bell, and that it has been cracked by falling from its scaffolding back into the pit, in which it was cast. Some call in question the possibility of so enormous a mass being raised and hung in any tower, and above all, of its being effected by the Russians. But the process is a simple work of multiplication, and far less difficult than the casting of such a mass.

This bell has been frequently drawn and described, but, to save the trouble of reference, here are its dimensions:—

	feet	in.
Height to summit of cupola	16	6
Ditto total	21	0
Diameter at base of cupola	12	4
Diameter at mouth	22	8
Circumference ditto	69	0
Greatest thickness	1	10

Weight in lbs. Avoirdupois.

By Jonas Hanway	12,327
By Mayerberg	320,000
By Corneille Leburn	266,666
By inscription 10,000 lbs. Russian, or	400,000
By a German 336 quintaux, or	33,600

The workmanship is handsome; it was cast in the reign of Anne, about 1737. It is said that much gold and silver were thrown by the pious into the melted mass, which required four furnaces. The same tradition exists respecting the enormous gun of Agra, which the barbarity of Lord William Bentinck destroyed; and it is probable that love of the marvellous has connected similar records with most of the remarkable masses of metal in the world.

Leaving this bell, we proceeded to the Museum of the imperial treasures. Beautiful as is the interior of this building, admirably suited as it is, in the abstract, to the purpose of enshrining one of the most costly and curious collections that the world can boast; it yet has no business here in the Kremlin; for the architecture is Grecian, and produces the most discordant and paltry effect, surmounting a pile of the oldest, severest, and most original Gothic. It is the unhappy conjunction of which Horace has vainly cautioned certain artists to beware—the mare's body and maiden's head. No beauty in either can reconcile us to the inaptitude. But I shall have occasion presently to speak more of this.

The interior of this building is light and graceful, a series of well-proportioned halls, connected by Roman arches. It is impossible to mistake it for less than a royal palace. In the first hall are reposited banners, suits of ancient armour, and a variety of ancient arms. Many of the panoplies are mounted upon figures of wood, some of which are on horseback. The effect is very good; and I thought, as I looked around that hall, that, were I monarch, this should be my chamber of repose. When the moonlight streams through the window upon these trophies of the past,

giving motion as well as form to the lifeless images, gleaming from the armour, and dying in the silken folds of the banners, and flung from blade to blade of heroes who slumber in the dust, the scene must be perfect, and quite worthy of the spot, and of the memories proper to this haunted capital. In fact, it is a hall that should be visited only at the moonlight hour; *that* moonlight would also hide a token which Russia should bury from sight.

Amongst the trophies here displayed, I recognised the banner of the gallant and heroic Poles; and I stood long before it, wrapped in mingled emotions of indignation and pity. That any nation should be proud of a triumph so ignoble, did indeed seem sufficiently wonderful; but that the memory of it should be preserved and exhibited in *that* capital, which shares with Poland a kindred glory, argued a want of generous feeling scarcely credible in a great nation. Can Russia, the mistress of an army of a million soldiers, and a territory a hundred times larger than the hapless land of the Pole, find it in her conscience, in her pride, to boast of having, in concert with two powerful states, trampled that gallant nation in the dust? Or does she remember how nearly the Poles had shaken off the grasp of their gigantic tyrant? How, without treasure, without counsel, without material, their few but spirited legions bearded successfully the overwhelming myriads of Russia, and failed only from intestine divisions, of the most signal and brilliant triumph? Is it *this* memory which makes her exult in exhibiting the ill-fated banner? To have fought against overwhelming numbers is always honourable, even though the event should have been a defeat; but to triumph, with ten in your ranks to

every one of the enemy's, is an acknowledgment of inferiority.

The Poles, who form the *élite* of the Russian army, what are their thoughts, when they see their glorious banner at the feet of a weak monarch ?* Are they of fear ? Did they betray this weakness, when they so lately rode down the Russian ranks ? Did they then measure bulk with bulk ? Or did they not rather cast freedom, that invaluable ore, into the balance against lawless force ; accepting death itself as a makeweight, rather than forego the strife. Oh ! believe me, Russia, the Pole who enters this treasury and sees there his banner, dishonoured by the hand of violence, will think of a bleeding country, will think of his trampled rights, will think of his ancient sceptre, will think of his father's sword. He will not think of fear, but of revenge. He will not think of trophies lost, but of deathless honour won. He will not think of the hard names *you* can couple with his bondage ; but of the eyes of Beauty that glisten at his exploits, in a hundred foreign climes ; the hearts of worth and valour that beat the quicker, when the name of Pole is breathed. He will not remember that the beacon fire is smothered ; but how often from its ashes it has sprung a phœnix into life. He will remember Byron's prophecy to the Greeks, when their cause seemed lost and hopeless as his own.

> . . . . Freedom's contest once begun,
> Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
> Tho' often foil'd, is ever won.

But it is not only the brave Pole, who will kindle

* At the foot of the picture of Alexander I.

at the sight of his trampled banner. For every Englishman, every American, will involuntarily burst forth in those thrilling stanzas,* familiar to every child of freedom; graven on the memory and the heart.

Bury, then, this banner amongst the sacred dust of the Mighty. Hide from all eyes a silken rag, that verily hath profited thee nothing! Let the noble Pole himself inter it in silence, or with solemn music, on one of those fields, so glorious to himself, where his heroes take their rest. This silent homage to a gallant foe, whose interests you should incorporate with your own; shall go farther to heal dissension, and soothe violated pride, than fifty more contests with this handful of the Valiant, the result of which you cannot foresee.

The remaining halls are filled with costly treasures, that cannot be enumerated. Gold and silver, agate and crystal vases; silver tables, jewelled goblets, rich and rare and jewelled arms; silver and gold plate of every imaginable variety; jewellery that has adorned empresses and kings; the greater part connected with historical records. The whole, most worthy of an imperial treasury. By far the most costly, curious, and kingly articles, are saddles, harness, and horse-trappings, covered with jewels set in gold. The turquoise is the stone most generally employed: but rubies, emeralds, and diamonds also appear. The elegance and sumptuousness of this harness baffle all description. It is the gift of several Turkish sovereigns, to Emperors and Empresses of Russia.

A large collection of blades of different countries

† Warsaw's last champion from her heights surveyed, &c.
Campbell.

and ages, was not in sufficient order to be seen to advantage. The setting of many was rich and gorgeous. The farthest hall is occupied almost exclusively with emblems of royalty. Thrones and crowns, and maces of government. We are reminded, that we have not yet quitted Asia, and inclined to ask, what would be the display at St. James's, were all the thrones and crowns of the thousand Rajahs who are either subjects or tributaries to our Queen, congregated there.

If my reader expects of me a minute description of jewels and gems, he will be disappointed. I can admire such things when really beautiful ; and these I have never seen equalled. But the impression is always transitory; and I could describe with much more zeal and eloquence, a certain pair of most lovely eyes, that lighted up the imperial treasures with a glory that, sooth to say, blinded me for the mere material objects before me. The rubies, the pearls, the sapphires, and brilliants, what are they, but mere dust, of which nature forms the outer shrine of the still lovelier spirit of woman ? Russia has cause to be proud of her daughters, whilst their beauty eclipses the treasures of the Kremlin.

The mass of rich articles here displayed, is beyond all example. The number of spacious halls is five. Their added length is about three hundred feet. Glazed cabinets are ranged around these, in which the treasures are exposed to view. These occupy the entire circuit of the five halls, and the least valuable article there, is a gem or a curiosity : the most part, of the precious metals. The eye becomes cloyed, and fatigued with the repetition of such rarities. We begin to look upon jewels, as dust ; and upon pure

gold, as dross. Indeed, no one should attempt in one day to explore more than a single hall. The gold of this collection, exclusive of that in the thrones and crowns, weighs 109 lbs., and the silver 8,040 lbs., but this is a most mean estimate of metal, worked with art and elegance, and forming the setting of precious stones.

The mere hasty inspection of this splendid collection cost me many hours. Baron Bodè, the governor of the Kremlin, joined me whilst engaged there. He spoke English with great ease and fluency, and showed me those polite attentions, which the really well-nurtured delight to offer, to the stranger and the guest.

I climbed the tower of Ivan, and looked down upon the panorama of Moscow. The scene is the most singular in the world. The vast *coup d'œil* of this magnificent city, is uninterrupted by any of those obstructions, which, in England, are found in vapour and coal smoke. The air is clear as crystal, and every object is seen in all the brilliance of its tints, and in all the sharpness of its outline. Beyond the immediate mass of the city, wood and verdant herbage relieve the white walls of the dwellings; or rather enter with them into the happiest of contrasts. At a still greater distance, trifling hills, well-wooded, break the flatness of the surrounding plain, forming beautiful sites for country villas. But the city itself is offensive to the eye of a painter; and to the eye of a mere mortal, presents the strangest and most perplexing aspect. It is not a *city* spread beneath him, but a bleaching-ground, where garments of every variety of shape and colour lie basking in the sun. He thinks at first that the good people of

Moscow plant their gardens on their house-tops, and that all the bright green, pink, flaming yellow, and red-hot red, that he sees in that unnatural situation, are parterres of peas, marigolds, crocuses, and peonies : whilst ever and anon, a church shoots up, through the gaudy carpet, its mass of deformity ; looking like some over-grown scare-crow, or figure of Silenus or Priapus ; red-nosed, yellow-gilled, and green-coated. In the midst of all these discordant and unpoetic colours and shapes, in which we seek beauty in vain ; the eye delights to rest from its labour, on the simple and severe and antique outline of the towers and ramparts of the Chinese city ; and from them is drawn nearer, by the sacred walls of the Kremlin, where at length it detects a single church, that can be perused without dismay.

I drove around the Kremlin, which I was never weary of contemplating. From the south-east, the view is very grand. The vast pile of Gothic, surmounted by gilded domes and towers and spires; whilst the modern architecture of the interior is concealed by the walls. It is a most princely structure, and in some respects the world has not its equal. But the presence, within it, of Grecian fabrics, is a species of false taste, that appears incredible, even as we witness it. It is, as if we should build a Corinthian portico to our own Abbey of Westminster. The position of this imposing mass, in the very heart of the capital, and washed by the waters of the Moskva, is so happy, that I lamented the neglect of it in recent times. Every building within, should have been purely Gothic. The pile that might then have been commenced above the roofs of the highest houses, would have towered to the skies, and might

have formed a most glorious pinnacle, to that antique and severely simple base ; a base lofty, but not so lofty as to distort, by the foreshortening of perspective, the proportions of the superincumbent structure. At the foot of the Kremlin, on the west, are some pleasant gardens.

CHAPTER XL.

Intolerance—A Russian Church—Pictures—Reliques—Treasures—Deities—Moscow—Departure by Diligence—Roads, &c.—Peasantry—Physiognomy—Novgorod—Floating Breakwater—Approach to St. Petersburgh—Arrival—Call on the British Minister Plenipotentiary.

THE ensuing day, the aide-de-camp of the commander of the Kremlin, to whose obliging attentions I had been already so much indebted, called to escort me to the churches. My ideas become confused when I recollect this round of visitation; I scarcely know where or how to begin. Summud Khaun, the Afghaun servant, accompanied me, for I had not recollected that Christian churches are sometimes as intolerant as the heathen, and will not suffer anyone to explore their solemnities excepting those whom it can no longer greatly profit; inasmuch as their opinions are confirmed. I found that he was treated as if another than the Almighty hand had created—another than Adam had begotten him; as if, in short, brick walls, raised by the filthy hand of man, could be desecrated by the intrusion of a living temple—the workmanship of the living God. I confess I felt for the moment degraded in my relationship to the human race, deformed and dishonoured by such foul uncharitableness; at the same time, I felt curious to inquire in what respects the religion before

me transcended that of my faithful follower, who bows his knee to a Spiritual Being, without form or similitude, the Maker of heaven and earth, the Rewarder of good, the Avenger of evil. The reader shall be the judge. Russia herself shall give the answer, for I delight not in such controversy.

My memory will scarcely enable me to delineate any particular cathedral minutely. I must, therefore, content myself with a general account of the figure and contents of such edifices.

We entered by a low portal, a series of cloisters, enclosing the main structure. These were painted from roof to floor with a variety of figures, the most remarkable of which were full lengths of the three several persons of the Trinity. These pictures, however, were but dim lights in comparison with those to come; and our guide crossed himself indeed, but carelessly, as we bow to an ex-king, or a minister whose party is out of place—a bow, that, literally translated, runs thus, "If ever you get your head above water, remember how civil I was to you when down."

After having been introduced to this group, we entered the main structure. This was lofty, and would have been spacious, but for the unhappy figure of the Greek cross, on which a superstition similar to our own, requires that all Greek churches be modelled. This cuts up the area into a variety of mean corners and compartments, and prevents the possibility of a fine effect from even the most magnificent dimensions. Every atom of the walls within is hung with paintings of saints and angels, in gilded or jewelled frames. Sepulchres and shrines of kings, and holy men, in a great variety of preservation, line the base of the

walls. The lid of the most beautiful of these shrines being uplifted, presented to view the back half of an old skull, retaining the scalp and hair, excepting where either, or both, had melted away under the kisses of favoured devotees. One of the gentlemen accompanying me was invited by the priest, as the highest possible mark of favour, to take a kiss. It was evident to me, that a pair of ruby lips would have suited his fancy much better ; and he certainly was better fitted to the task of gathering the honey dew from such roses and carnations, than the mould from a salted scalp. To refuse, however, would have brought upon him a charge of profanity, so he knuckled down, in full uniform, and stole a balmy kiss. On returning to my side he whispered, "We must humour prejudice." Poor Summud Khaun stroked his beard, told five beads at a time, and muttered in a tone between astonishment and horror, "Lah hôl !" equivalent to Dominie Samson's "*Pro*-digious !" Had the young officer been kissing Summud's own wife, under his very nose, he could not have been more thunderstruck.

The most sacred of the recesses contained a shrine of silver, under a canopy supported upon columns overlaid with that precious metal; and in the adjoining apartment were hoarded the treasures of the Cathedral, consisting of altar-cloths, worked in pearls by the hands of empresses, and archduchesses; jewels presented by emperors, princes, and grandees; chalices, etc., of silver and of gold. The wealth thus accumulated was often considerable; probably a single well-endowed church might be worth, in gold and jewellery, 20,000*l*. When Moscow was entered by the French army, all these goods were carried to Nijni Novgorod,

and thus preserved from the hand of the spoiler. The priests could not speak either French or Latin, so that I could not converse with them. They were very polite, and at pains to exhibit and explain everything. Amongst other curiosities was a picture of the Virgin Mary, by the Evangelist Luke, who, it is to be hoped, was a better physician than painter. The complexion was nearly black; and I was informed by my guide that such works of art are considered holy, in proportion as the complexion approaches that of Negroes.

The interior of the Russian churches is very highly decorated, as may be gathered from what I have already said. It is a very common practice, to cover with gilt, silver, or copper, the whole of the picture of a saint, excepting the face. The toy thus produced, although it has no pictorial effect, is sometimes pretty. Another deforming custom, is that of encircling with a flying hoop, the heads of saints and deities, lest any ignorant, but devout pilgrim, knuckle down to Cleopatra or Jezebel, instead of to the Virgin Mary.

In another of the churches I was desired to remark, that every cupola contained, in regular gradation, according to the supposed rank of his Godhead, the full lengths of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. The pious must excuse the mention at full length of names. It is superstition and not piety, to grudge the utterance of error, in order to its eradication; and the religion of that man is of little value, who dares not bring it to the test of reason, and of common sense; or who thinks that the Deity can receive offence from anything but the evil disposition of the heart. In this church, curtains were raised at each several doorway, in order that I might

gaze upon the sacred paintings; and ever and anon, my companion stepped forward, and kotowed before some holy relic or picture; whilst old Summud Khaun, with his turban in one hand and his eye-brows half-way up his bald pate, uttered "Lah hôl!" and told his beads, determining more than ever, not to run the slightest risk of being brought to such a pass, by sipping the essence of the unclean beast.

But it is time to quit the churches, which indeed had little attraction for me, excepting as developing in broad strong lines, one of the mysteries of the human heart. Nothing, that I have seen amongst the Hindoos or Boodhists descends lower upon the scale of reason than this; and yet, over all, the divine spirit of Jesus has shed a softening radiance, that gives to the practical morality of the Russians an infinite pre-eminence over the purer worship of the Muhummudan world; even as the gold tarnished and defaced, holds a higher rank than the burnished brass. The intolerance that has crept like a toad or a viper into almost every sect calling itself Christian, belongs to man's perverted nature, and not to the holy precepts which that religion instils. But the religion of him of Mecca *preaches* intolerance, the most unpardonable of crimes, in the sight of a God of love.

The streets of Moscow are neat, clean, and orderly. It contains not a building, excepting the Kremlin and the defences of the Kittye Gorod, worthy of notice in an architectural point of view. But the houses are generally handsome, and the offensive colours of their roofs are not so obtrusive in perambulating the streets.

Perroffski's desire that I should not miss him at St. Petersburgh, which he expected immediately to

quit; whilst it had prevented my following the more interesting road by Kāsān and Nijni Novgorod, so it now caused me to hurry away from Moscow. Hitherto I had travelled post. I now took places in the diligence. I have no road-book, but the entire distance I travelled from Orenburgh to Petersburgh is, I believe, about fifteen hundred miles, following the sinuosities of the road; of which, the portion between the two capitals, is about four hundred and nine miles. This has its share of forest and steppe through which is drawn an excellent high-road, carefully repaired, and straight as an arrow. The variations of level are not considerable, and there is nothing grand between Orenburgh and the new capital. I learned, previous to quitting Moscow, that the Emperor had done justice to the noble Perroffski; assuring him that he did not hold a brave soldier accountable for the caprice of the season.

I was still unable, from the state of my wound, to make notes of the journey, and I cannot remember anything very remarkable between Moscow and Petersburgh. The villages were much as before; but small towns increased as we neared the capital. These were generally neat, built for the most part with wood, often roofed with sheet-iron, always exhibiting an abundance of glass, of which there are extensive fabrics and great facilities of manufacture, in Russia. The women were always to be seen sitting, in the evening, outside their houses; but there was still a poor show of the male sex.

It was a great delight to me to see European faces once more, and especially those of children. I did not, however, observe one seriously pretty woman amongst the peasantry, during my residence in

Russia; and I am sure it was for no want of curiosity. They are all exactly alike, grey-eyed, yellow-haired, and pink-faced.

A gentleman one day at dinner asked my opinion of Russian women. I handed him a dish of pink strawberries, of which each, excepting in size, was a facsimile of the other. The Russians, in return, declare that our women are blowsy and fit for the kitchen only; an Englishman's verdict would not pass for much. But if any would understand what constitutes a Russian beauty, let him take the following description: "La fille appellée Oulitta était d'une grande beauté: probablement replète et blanche et rouge de figure, ainsi que le veulent les Russes."*

The principal towns are Tver and Novgorod. The latter is not the celebrated place of the fair, which is called by distinction Nijni Novgorod, or the Lower New City, to distinguish it from its namesake. The site of Novgorod is remarkable, upon the lake Ilmen. I observed a curious breakwater, which might be introduced elsewhere, I think, with much effect, and particularly on the Madras coast. It consists of a chain of buoys anchored fast, yielding to every impression of the waves, yet breaking their violence in no trifling degree. There is no limit to the effect of this contrivance, properly constructed, and it seems to be the only thing capable of resisting the destructive power of such a sea as rages off Madras. This city, formerly the most flourishing in the empire, was utterly desolated by John the Terrible, in A.D. 1570, upon suspicion of intrigue with Poland. This monster came himself to preside over the slaughter of about 10,000 victims of his vengeance. It has never

* Schnitzler.

recovered this blow, and the rise of other cities around it, has carried away the commerce that might have set it up.

I was rather surprised, at being ushered by a forest of cedar and birch, to the presence of the new capital. The country undulated very slightly, and became flatter as we approached the city. Then, were seen gentlemen's houses, deeply shadowed in trees, and often most happily situated in spots of romantic beauty, such as we do not expect to find in the neighbourhood of a metropolis. These increased in number, until their seclusion was lost in contiguity; but still they were prettily perched upon green banks of declivities, well sheltered with trees; and at length we found the diligence arrested at the barrier of Petersburgh, whilst passports were examined and compared. This gateway is of cast-iron, and by no means inelegant.

On entering, the road for some distance traversed a very thinly peopled area, of which the only remarkable objects were a few ugly churches. The houses then increased in number and consequence; but we had not penetrated to the handsomer portion of the capital, when the diligence stopped at its hotel, where I put up for the present, until I should secure a more suitable position.

My first object was to wait upon Her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary, Mr. Bloomfield, and I sent for one of the handsome carriages which are to be seen in the streets, awaiting the pleasure of the public. I was delighted with the neatness and genteel aspect, so to speak, of the streets. All was new, all clean, open, well-built; the houses stuccoed, the squares spacious, the public buildings quite worthy

of a great empire; the sparkling waters of the deep and blue Nieva, the handsome buildings which line the quay, the clear, sunny heaven, and air untainted by vapour, are all delightful to the stranger who enters St. Petersburgh; and who has not yet time to analyse each separate feature.

Mr. Bloomfield was at home, and received me with much courtesy. I remained to dine with him, and found that Her Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs had sent instructions that I should proceed to London. This was most joyful intelligence, which I had scarcely dared to hope for, after seventeen years' absence. I shifted my quarters to Coulon's hotel, one of the best in St. Petersburgh, and tolerably central.

A day or two after my arrival, I obtained an interview with the Foreign Minister, Count Nesselrode, to whom I delivered the Khaun Huzurut's letter and presents for the Emperor; and the offer of the former to search out and send back to Russia, all Russians detained in Khaurism against their will, on condition that the Emperor should release the merchants of Khiva, whom the Russian authorities had detained: and I explained the willingness of the Khaun, to allow a Russian Agent to search his empire for Russians in captivity.

Count Nesselrode was polite. He promised to make my mission known to the Emperor, and in due time to inform me of the result. As he understands English thoroughly, he allowed me to speak in English, himself using French. He is said to be of Jewish extraction. A small and at first sight insignificant man: but nevertheless the sagest of the Emperor's ministers. Extreme caution marked his

every word and gesture. He inquired whether I thought the Khaun Huzurut to be sincere in his offer to release unreservedly every Russian subject; and to take stringent measures to prevent the capture of others. I assured him, there could not be a doubt of his sincerity: and mentioned his earnestness, in making me write down the words of his offer in his presence. He wished to give back the presents I had brought for the Emperor from the Khaun: but I pleaded Eastern usage, and the affront which their rejection would imply: and eventually it was arranged that they should remain in the British Embassy until the release of the Russians enslaved in Khaurism.

CHAPTER XLI.

City of Petersburgh—Cathedrals of St. Isaac and Kāsān—Paintings by Wouvermann.—Want of Busy Life—Reason of this—An Advantage rather than the contrary—Peculiarity of her System—Danger from Affectation of Foreign Airs—Her Nationality is her Strength—Necessity of Watching and Moulding her rapid Development—Beauty of her National Music—Danger attending premature Revolutions—A Despotism necessary at present to hold Russia together.

THE city of Petersburgh has been too often described, to detain the reader with many remarks upon its beauties or defects. Nature has supplied it with its noblest feature, the River Nieva; a stream of twice the breadth and of four times the volume of the Thames; which, having deposited its sediment in Lake Ladoga, issues therefrom in crystalline purity: and breaking, as it nears the city, into three branches, forms a variety of islands, generally well-wooded, and occupied by pleasant country villas of the nobles and gentry.

Advantage has been taken of this to build on the quay the palaces and chief public monuments, which thus seen together, and in company with the noble river, afford the traveller the happiest possible promise of the capital they adorn. The city itself, built from its first origin upon a ground plan, is regular, neat and decent; if it wants grandeur, it is also free from the slums and squalid courts of filth and disease,

which disgrace all other capitals of Europe. The principal street, the Neefski, is more than a mile in length, but of moderate breadth. The churches have generally little beauty; but the cathedral of St. Isaac, with its monolithic columns of polished granite, is an exception, as is also the cathedral of Kāsān, with its colonnade of like character: of smaller dimensions but of greater beauty. Luxury is in this building carried almost to extravagance, but not beyond the bounds of sumptuous elegance.

The palaces contain galleries of paintings; and especially a very choice collection of Wouvermann's. I had no idea, until I viewed this collection, of the transcendent powers of this artist, in his own department of painting. We gaze upon his canvas, and scarcely believe the figures to be inanimate. We join the bridle of the fair Falconer beneath her sunny sky. Our heart laughs with the merry huntsman, or we catch the frenzy of the warrior, as we see him dashing to the fight. Excepting these, and a very lovely St. Cecilia, by Carlo Dolce, I did not notice any paintings that much impressed me. A copy in black marble of the Laocoon, in the Palace of Potempkin, appeared to me of great merit: but Murray's Handbook will be a safer guide to anyone curious about the galleries of Petersburgh.

One thing, however, will strike the traveller, who has visited other capitals of Europe. He sees around him a beautiful city, and knows it to be the chief city of one of the largest empires on earth. But he perceives not the throb of life, requisite to send vigour through a system so extended. The people saunter through the streets at their ease. They seem to enjoy a perpetual holiday. He does not see them stride

along with the energy which the value of time should impart, wrapt in profound commercial speculations, and like goodly barques, throwing back from their bows the opposing current of life. He sees not the streets thronged to suffocation with carts, carriages, and passengers. The scene is that of an English watering-place. The short interval of summer, when work is possible, is absorbed in trifling cares. There is evidently still room in the land for its population. They can eat, drink and live to-day, without the penalty of starvation on the morrow. That despotism which sits like an incubus upon the breast of commerce, has at least prevented the unnatural and soul-absorbing strife of great elements in a little cause. They are not slaves to the increase of capital. I say not that they have less love than their neighbours for the yellow metal : but only that the thirst has not been excited into frenzy by those motives and incentives which are to be found in an over-peopled commercial state: where so much mental energy must be exerted to earn even the necessaries of life ; that the soul too often becomes the slave of a routine of occupation, reluctantly and grudgingly commenced.

Such a condition is yet unknown in Russia. The country is exempt from the evils of this unnatural stimulus, as it is destitute of the advantages which are its remote consequence. The whole system of organization must indeed be changed, ere Russia can become a great commercial nation : or ere the boiler of this fifty million-power engine can be subjected to a pressure sufficient to give vigour and life to the stupendous machinery dependent upon it.

Were I a Russian I should not desire such a change, any more than I should desire the continuance

of that ignorance and slavery, which, whatever may be said to the contrary, are undoubted evils. I think that Russia possesses in the peculiarity of her system, her position, and the temper of her people, the elements of a condition, happier than that possessed by some freer and more wealthy States. The danger to which at present she is obnoxious proceeds from her too great affectation of European airs. Russia is anxious to forget her own glory, as the first of Asiatic States: she has abandoned her sacred citadel Moscow, the stronghold of her renown, to build herself a capital in Europe; and she despises in public her own musical and expressive tongue. Her melodies, which are some of the finest in the world, are scarcely known even by name to her high-born daughters. Her poetry, rich in idea, in thought, in expression, is read only by a few enthusiasts. Her national costume, so graceful and so dignified, is cast aside for the smirk finery of Paris. Her stately national dance has given place to the quadrille and waltz. Everything, in short, that was peculiar to her, has been carefully extirpated. Everything national, that gave dignity to the degree of polish, attained by a great and most interesting nation, has been carefully rooted out; and Russia has preferred (oh! how unlike a Cæsar!) a middle grade upon the scale of Europe to the queendom of the Asiatic world.

Let me not be supposed blind to the necessity which led that great and nervous genius, to open to his land an entry into the senate of Europe, and give her voice weight amongst the councils of the civilized world. The advantages of that masterly movement are too evident, to be overlooked by even the dullest

eye. But the work, which his great mind effected in a day, requires to be watched over for ages, and regulated in its consequences by kindred genius; otherwise it may prove, eventually, as pernicious, as at first it was fruitful of good.

By the seat Russia has taken amongst the potentates of Europe; *by* the gates of commerce she has thrown open in the Baltic sea; *by* the knowledge which has flowed in upon a mind, quick to apprehend, and skilful to imitate; Russia has been the gainer to a degree quite unprecedented in the annals of the world. These advantages, no doubt, are on the increase. But they have not reached her pure of alloy. They have invested her with power and consequence. They have revealed to her the secret of her mental possessions. They have uprooted some abuses, and are working at the foundation of others: but if they destroy that which is the strength and glory of a people; if they sap her nationality, and dissolve that bond of union of fifty millions of people in a single interest, for which she *has* been remarkable, and by which she *might* be glorious; then have they been to her, as the acid to the iron, as mercury to the pure gold, as the wind from her sea of ice to the granite rock of her columns; as the sun, and this image is more accurate, to her memorable palace of ice: for a moment they have lighted her with rainbow hues, to melt her adamantine firmness into water, that shall be dissipated in the dust, and shall vanish from the eyes of the nations.

Where this nationality is rooted in the character of a people; where, I mean, it proceeds from mental characteristics, it will brave (without suffering), a very intimate intercourse of that people with neigh-

bouring States. But this is not the case with Russia. Her weakness is want of self-esteem. She has a disposition to think more of the opinion of others than of her own self-estimate; and this weakness is acted upon powerfully by her position, for so long a time on the confines of civilization. Every foreign voice has with her the authority of a long-established name. She asks not *what* is said, but *who* has said it: and a Russian Socrates would be utterly neglected, for the counsels of a French dancing-master. It is this peculiarity which gives such extreme importance to the preservation in Russia of those peculiarities of costume, of manners, and customs, by which she was once so strongly distinguished from the nations of Europe. Other nations may part with these without losing a jot of nationality. But Russia cannot. They are rallying points, necessary from the constitution of her mind and her position in the scale of civilization. A century hence they may become of less vital moment: for she will then be accustomed to the sound of her own voice, in the literary and political world, and will have penetrated, by comparison, into the weakness of those claims upon her deference, which other voices command. Then also, we trust, she will have discovered the beauty and the poetry of good old customs, practised by our fathers' fathers; and will retain, from pride, that which at present she would reject, from shame and diffidence.

Oh! it is not only from political motives, that a son of Russia should set his soul to the task of preserving her nationality. Few young States have ever boasted the elemental riches of Russia. From her hundred peoples, scattered over a hundred climes is poured an ever-varying soul of song; now deep, now plaintive,

now passionate, now tender; anon, gushing forth into the liveliest humour, intelligible to a stranger to whom the words are unknown. Amongst those peoples, and married to those melodies, are odes and ballads and romances, each characteristic, like the music, of its particular origin; all joining together to form a national series. The fisher of the Caspian, the sailor of the Euxine, the tented Tartar, the Cossaq of the Don, the Volga, the Oorahl; the peasant of a thousand districts, from the Danube to the golden mountains;* the tender of the reindeer, and the driver of the camel; each has his several part, the result of his particular clime and habits, in the magnificent oratorio of this mighty land. Each lay, as it pleads separately its separate cause, brings before the eye, with the vivid colouring of fancy, the solitary tent, the snow-girt cottage, the blue dancing waves of the Caspian, the swift hurrying gusts of the Euxine, the reindeer's light step, or the camel's bell. All associations breathing of poetry. All inspirations of the spirit of song. Each capable of lending its separate aid, to build the most powerful of the triumphs of sound. Where is the Russian would sacrifice this national treasure to the stolen music of foreign lands, which his fathers have not kindled to: which his warriors have not rejoiced in; which bears him from the past no sacred memories of his country, his race, his glory? Spurn such an one from among your children, Russia! Trust confidently in your own resources. With such has Nature amply provided you. She requires you to assert your own originality, and to rise by the exercise of your own strength.

It seems to me that Russia, in her intercourse with

* The Oorahlian—the richest of the world in gold.

Europe, should be guided by considerations of her very peculiar constitution and circumstances. That so widely spread an empire should hold together under a free constitution, seems impossible. Whenever prosperity shall have produced surplus capital, and surplus capital shall have improved communication, and improved communication shall have carried, with the tide of knowledge, its inseparable adjunct, power; this enormous empire must split into a northern and a southern kingdom; and every foot of territory Russia adds to her south-western frontier, is tending to hasten the dismemberment. Whether such a crisis would be well purchased by the increase of freedom and power to the subject, is not the question; but it cannot be an object of desire to the existing Government, and a patriot might regard with some regret, any prospect of seeing his country dissolved, even by beneficial causes. He would, at any rate, ask whether it be not possible to preserve its integrity a little longer, without the exclusion of improvement; and he would seek to defer that dismemberment, until the advantages to be gained were ripe to the hand. Nothing, perhaps, tends so greatly to throw back a kingdom, as a premature revolution; a revolution, for which the state of the public mind is not sufficiently advanced. Which is brought about by a single class of society, and felt only by them to be necessary to their country. Yet such revolutions do happen; and where the knowledge poured into a land lights upon one class alone, they seem inevitable.

Now what is the state of Russia? She has one almost free man. It is her sovereign. After him comes, not an aristocracy, but an army. An army, officered by accomplished men, who are as far in ad-

vance of their countrymen, as if born two centuries later. After this immense body of military, are civilians in Government employ; and next are those, who are bred to either profession. This is the aristocracy of Russia. Every well-born man seeks employment in this, and most are educated accordingly. The consequence of this is, that upon the gentry of Russia, light and civilization have not dawned, but burst with sudden and dazzling effulgence. This light, this civilization, has not reached them by that gradual diffusion which distributes to each his share, according to station; it has fallen like a meteor, selecting the heads of a single class, as sole objects of its illuminating influence. Beneath them is a peasantry, one of the finest in the world, but the most ignorant and most superstitious.

Now, what is the hold possessed by the Imperial power, over this singular aristocracy? Have they (I speak of the majority) dignity in the State to lose? Have they lands and possessions to forfeit? Is there, in short, any danger to them in the prospect of revolution, beyond that which every soldier is accustomed to confront with indifference? Have they not, on the contrary, everything to gain? Where minds are thrown into violent strife, who are so likely, as the most accomplished, to gain the mastery? We have seen, time out of mind, the power of the heads of this body, I mean the Ministers, in the affairs of the empire. We have seen them raise up and pull down despots. We have seen them preserve that undeviating system of fraudulent encroachment in their foreign policy, which cannot possibly be attributed to the caprice of successive despotic monarchs. *Then*, they were single-handed. They were individuals,

and not heads of a powerful body, who have since been born in a day. It was not, therefore, their object to look after the rights of any class of the community: nor had any class, such hold upon them, as could influence them to this end. They thought only of personal security or aggrandisement; or if they were patriotic, wisely retained that form of government under which alone, for many years, their country can prosper. But should they once more come upon the stage, it will be no longer as individuals, but as representatives of men as well born and highly educated as themselves. These men will scarcely be content under any change, that does not advance *them*. What will be their object? An aristocratic government. Not a government that shall raise others to their own level: but that shall give themselves additional consequence.

Such a revolution should be dreaded by all who love Russia; and who should seek to raise up the heads of the degraded people. Any revolution that shall happen ere the people can have or even desire to have a voice, must be injurious to the nation. It is a singular circumstance in the condition of Russia, that although she possesses no effective aristocracy, as a balance to the power of her monarch, yet she labours under one of the worst evils of an aristocracy, viz., feudal bondage. Her chance of remedy from this, is in the continuance of her despotic monarchy. The monarch requires a balance to the rising power of his ephemeral aristocracy, and he can find it only in adding to the knowledge and freedom of his peasantry, and rescuing them, so far as he may, from their condition, as mere tools in the hands of the other party. This, we believe, is even now in operation:

but it is a task of delicacy and of time: and we fear, that although their freedom is contemplated, their enlightenment is rather dreaded than encouraged, upon the old system, which leads despotic governments to dread the influx of knowledge.

Russia is in a state to admit of much more, with advantage to her present system. Nay, we have shown that she requires it, in order to the preservation of that system. Were her peasantry elevated to their proper grade in a monarchy, she might hold together yet many years; daily advancing in power and prosperity. The country is so wide, that there is little temptation to congregate in cities, those hothouses of faction and independence. Every man may still select any quantity of land for his plough; and the wide steppe feeds his flocks and herds. He has neither temptation nor opportunity of discussing politics; nor will have, until the steppe is .peopled, and the surplus population collected into towns for manufactures. The censorship of the press, is a check to the influx of inflammatory literature, which assuredly in the present constitution of society were a curse to Russia; and all that the peasantry can receive may be of a healthful character, tending to nourish, not to force, the mind; and preparing them to take their place in the Commonwealth, when by the inevitable process of improvement, a constitution shall be framed.

CHAPTER XLII.

Further Considerations of the Position of Russia—Of her principal Capital—In a Military Point of View—What would be the Effect of a Return to Moscow.

OF the extreme benefit to Russia, gained by the removal of her capital into Europe, not a doubt can be maintained. She *was* barbarous, she became civilized. She was weak, and became strong. She was unknown, and she became renowned. But whether she is wise in retaining that position, is a question quite worthy of discussion.

In order to do it justice, we must bear in mind the peculiar constitution of this vast empire; the great feature of which is the extreme disparity in population, wealth, importance, power, between different portions of a country under a single head. From the Oorahl mountains to the sea of Tartary, all, in fact, that belongs, according to Russian nomenclature, to Asia, is waste, desolate steppe, thinly sprinkled with population, yielding perhaps little or no revenue; but easily governed, and therefore tending little by its weight at the extremity of an overgrown empire, to rend it asunder. Even from the Oorahl mountains, as we return westward, we find a scanty population, until we reach the stream of the majestic Volga. Par-xcepting, therefore, the mineral treasures of the

Oorahl mountains, the government gains by its possessions east of that river, little more than exemption from troublesome neighbours. A population of four and a half millions can scarcely yield revenue sufficient to defray the expenses of governing a tract larger than the whole of Europe; and which, if it ever become worth possession, must lapse from the imperial crown.

But, as we approach Europe, the land increases in value and in the number of inhabitants. It is more rich, more enlightened and less easily ruled. And whereas, on the east and north, Russia is defended by a sea of ice, and on the south by the vast steppes of China and Tartary; so, on this frontier, she comes in contact with several powerful states, with whom she has often warred without advantage. In fixing a capital, therefore, for this mighty empire, the western portion is inevitably selected; and as on the north she is accessible to the powerful marines of England, France, and America, and has here the principal gates of her commercial intercourse with Europe, it is expedient that the seat of government be not very remote from the shores of the Baltic. The only question is, whether it should be upon the sea-coast, at the very extremity of so extended an empire; or whether some inland position would not be securer and more beneficial to the realm.

In a military point of view, the capital of Russia, or of any but the sovereign of the seas, in a spot accessible to an armed marine, is a blunder. The strength of Russia is in the boundless extent of her dominions; the thickness, so to speak, of her shell. She is a tortoise, who can be molested, only when of her own accord she protrudes some vital part. By

protruding her head into the Gulf of Finland, she forfeits her impenetrability, and places herself at the mercy of every more powerful naval state.*

If, indeed, she could ever hope to command upon the ocean, the risk might be worthy of the chance. But Russia was not destined by Heaven to be a great naval power. It is not the genius of her people. They have not the enterprise, the decision, the promptitude, necessary for naval exploits. They would not run, they would make a good stand-up fight, when put to it; but they had much rather leave it alone, and they are wise. It is not their province, nor ever can be. Russia, indeed, as she increases in wealth, may be unwise enough to increase her marine. To the thirty sail of the line, which hover about St. Petersburgh, she may add thirty more; and set them afloat, like lemons in a large punch-bowl, to flounder from side to side of the Baltic six months in the year, and be fast frozen the remaining six months, like so many geese in a caldron of pitch; stretching out their canvas to thaw, when the sun shines, and musing upon the mystery of sails and helms; and now and then, her Emperor may condescend to stretch forth the imperial ladle, and stir up the old Baltic into such a naval review, as shall frighten three parts of Europe into a dyspepsia. All this undoubtedly has its use, as well as its beauty, or the wisdom of the

* The reader must not suppose I am unmindful of the existence of the forts Kronstadt and Kronschlott, and of the well-equipped squadron of thirty sail of the line, standing in the path. I have seen both, and despise neither. Nay, I think there is quite sufficient difficulty and hazard to pitch the spirit of any admiral entrusted with the enterprise to that key of heroism which is necessary for the accomplishment of great deeds. (Since this was written the torpedo has humbled the power of navies.)

Russian Cabinet would not suffer it. But, we humbly opine, that the glory of the Russian navy will end where it commenced, in keeping undisputed possession of the frozen punch-bowl. And, therefore, we cannot conceive that the chance of naval greatness is sufficient to justify her forfeiture of defensive advantages.*

Now, whether, in order to the prosperity of her commerce, it be essential to Russia that the seat of government be upon the sea-shore, seems to me a question easily disposed of, inasmuch as commerce is shy of sovereign authority. It thrives best out of sight of courtiers; and is not advantaged by any increased residence of these at its ports. It requires only protection, and is in itself equal to all other contingencies. It is very true, that when the capital of a country is a sea-port, it will in most cases engross the greater share of the traffic of the country; because it is more easy for foreign merchants to dispose of their merchandise there than at a port distant from the capital; but it does not follow, that the traffic of the country is increased by this advantage of its capital.

Now, it is worth while considering, what would be the effect of making Moscow the actual capital. Several considerations are self-evident. The seat of government would be nearly in the heart of its most important dominions, and about 500 miles, or thirty-five days' march for troops, nearer than at present, to its southern districts. Russia would be impreg-

* We have seen since the publication of this in 1843, that on going to war with England and France in 1854, Russia's use of her magnificent fleets was to sink them to the bottom of the sea, lest they should be captured. She would not even venture a blow with them.

nable. The presence of the Imperial Court in the heart of the most noble of the Russian population, would give a demand for luxuries to an extent at present unknown. This would increase traffic. Instead of the commerce of Russia with Europe being that of her northern frontier alone, the flood of commerce would rush to and from her very heart. Instead of the Imperial person being known only to his northern subjects, it would now be familiar to the old families of Moscow, and to the gallant Cossaqs of the three rivers. The valuable land bordering the Oorahl, would be brought five hundred miles nearer to Russia. So would the ports of the Caspian and the Euxine. The south-west frontier would no longer be beyond the eye of timely observation, or the reach of timely succour.

Let us inquire what would be the moral effect of this change. Would it check the progress of civilization? We think not. At least that it need not. But, instead of Russia coming into Europe, it would bring Europe into Russia. Instead of Russia condescending to the petty airs and graces of Europe, she might retain her own old habits and peculiarities, and add to them only what is really valuable. She might maintain at Moscow her dignity as Queen of Asia, which is forfeit at St. Petersburgh. The intercourse of strangers would be that of guests with a host, not of tutors with pupils. Russia, seated upon her ancient throne, would feel that she could confer at least as much honour as she could receive. The voice of Europe would be of less consequence to her; for she would be within reach of that of her own multitudinous nations, and no longer be an obscure fragment of Europe, but the sun of her own hemisphere.

The Emperor, from being uncle, would become father of his people. He would dwell amongst them. They would look to him for succour from their petty tyrants. Their national reverence and affection for their Tsars would be cultivated and strengthened. From that point, from the magnificent beacon summit of the Kremlin, he could distribute to them the knowledge necessary to their happiness. He could prevent its monopoly by the class most formidable to his own power, and to the happiness of his peasants; and Moscow, the magnificent, the poetic, the renowned—she whom her peoples reverence as a mother, and respect as a saint—would become the wonder also of other nations.

Oh! think of that Kremlin as the site of Gothic palaces and towers, rising mass upon mass through the cloudless sky. The Tartar pyramid, the Russian cupola, the slender spire and crenelled battlements of the pointed order, all mingling and harmonising to one mighty effect. What an eyrie for the Northern Eagle! What a watch-tower for the father of many nations! What a landmark for the whole earth!

Difficulties there may be: objections may be started; but we think we could establish our rock in the sea of speculation, even Moscow, as the Beacon of Nations, half Oriental, half European, with all the vigorous knowledge of this and all the poetic adornment of the other. No longer with one foot afloat and the other ashore; no longer mistaking a slop-basin for the ocean; but stretching her sceptre calmly over her own mighty element, and leaving the world of waters to the Genii of the Deep.

Other travellers, whose opportunities have been greater, have minutely described Russian society and

Russian manners. Upon one point I have found no difference of opinion, viz. that the Russian loves the stranger and delights in courtesy and kindness to guests. And, so far as my opportunities of observation extended, I should say that, whilst in other lands vicissitudes of urbanity and boorishness have place, the Russian seems to be constitutionally kind, and nationally hospitable. The difference that most struck me between Russian and English life, was that amusement in Russia seemed to be the business rather than the recreation of existence. But even here I may be judging harshly and ungenerously, and mistaking the pains taken to divert and interest the stranger for the general economy of life.

At table, French is always spoken in Russia; a very pleasant arrangement for strangers, and useful to diplomatists, but reprehensible as a general practice, owing to its tendency to separate the more instructed from the equally noble and worthy residents of remote districts, and to cause them to regard their own national tongue as barbarous, and eventually to include in the charge their nation and country. Accordingly, whenever a Russian finds himself in a crowd of his countrymen he speaks French, which is as much as to say, "I am a man of consequence, I am no barbarian Rooski. If I am not a foreigner, I am the next best thing to it; I speak a foreign tongue." What steps are taken to render the use of French unnecessary I know not; but the case is very urgent. The enlightened community must have knowledge. They will not be kept centuries behind the rest of Europe in this; and, unless premia be offered for good translations of the literature of other lands (the demand not being yet sufficient to pay the translators), French

must and will supplant the beautiful language of Russia amongst the educated, and thus tend still more to degrade the unhappy peasantry of the empire.

Of the purity of morals in Russia, I am not qualified to offer an opinion. Among the peasantry crime would seem to be rare; and the ancient feudal privilege of landholders over the brides of their serfs seems to be dying out, though not yet extinct. The example of Catherine the Second could scarcely have failed to taint the morals of the higher classes, to which Alexander's pernicious habits lent aid. But the present Imperial family* seems to be exerting a salutary influence. As an individual I saw nothing to censure. And the privilege a Briton enjoys of being held innocent till his guilt be proved, he is bound to extend to those, who having welcomed him into their households, have given him abundant proof of virtue, none of laxity of manners.

In offering a sketch of Russian character, I must warn the reader that my data are far from perfect, and that I believe there exists a very striking difference between the Russian and the Cossaq. The average stature of the Russian is much below our middle height; but he is well-limbed and athletic, capable of supporting much toil, and inured to hardship and privation. His complexion is fair. The general colour of his hair is yellow, and he wears it cropped straight around his eyebrows.

Russians of what is termed the old religion do not shave the beard, but regard its mutilation as sacrilege. The Cossaqs belong to this branch of the population. The northern Russians, when they shave the beard,

* Written in 1843, when Nicholas reigned.

spare the moustachio. The Russian face is a roundish oval. The cheek-bones are high, the forehead steep and well-developed. The features are irregular, but not large. The lips are thin; the eye is small, grey, and rather deep-set. The expression is that of good-nature, shrewdness, and caution. The gait of the Russian is slovenly. His manners, however gentlemanly, are seldom dignified. His extreme good-nature is in the way, and when, as in the army, he has got the better of this, his manner may be pert and rude, but wants dignity. There are, of course, striking exceptions to this rule.

The Russian character is made up of elements that do not commonly meet together to form a national development. He is clever, humorous, quick, has an excellent memory, and a peculiar facility in the acquisition of languages; my friend Schickhardus assures me that it proceeds from the extreme difficulty of his own. A man, he says, accustomed all his life to swallow 13-inch shells, would make nothing of a 3-pound shot, which nevertheless would puzzle most gullets. He who can coolly ask, between two mouthfuls of dry biscuit, Miss Tchernicheff Tcherniavsky, of Meschtchansky, to take a glass of *port* wine, in words as long and limpid as the proper names; and without the slightest blueness of visage, or swelling of jugular and temple arteries — turn upon Count Scheremetieff, and ask him to walk to the Pretchistenka, or Souschtchevskaia, or Serpoukhovskia, or, if he prefers it, to the Vesdvijenskoi, or Nieskouschini, or Kroutitski—can encounter but little difficulty with the language of other lands.

The Russian has generally an ear for music and for poetry. But I am inclined to think this is com-

monest in Lower Russia. His accentuation of English is better than that of any other foreigner; and his own tongue, in his own mouth, is nervous and harmonious.

The strongest characteristics of the Russian, are principles of little power; good-nature, intelligence, and extreme caution; and there is, perhaps, no nation on earth in which the family resemblance is so strong; a circumstance that, by ensuring unanimity of counsel, in many consecutive administrations, has tended, more than any other, to the extension of the empire. The good-nature of the Russian is tempered by selfishness. He has more vanity than pride, more passive than active courage; he does not fear danger, but seldom finds, upon weighing it with glory, that the latter has sufficient substance to turn the scale; thus, although he will not fly, he does not see the fun of advancing; a circumstance, of which an energetic enemy will take full advantage. He is peculiarly fitted for intrigue, both by disposition and capacity; but his policy is always founded upon the principle of winning without a stake. He is patient to an uncommon degree, never loses temper, nor relinquishes his point. He is, therefore, though often disconcerted, eventually the winner. His love of acquisition is never slumbering. He does not always reflect what is to be done with his gains, but would think more of a million, won from a neighbour, than of ten millions made upon his own estate. He is vain, not proud of his country; I mean, when not spoiled by foreign manners. Indulgent to his family. As a friend, I do not know that he is capable of great sacrifices; but he is vindictive, as an enemy. The power of his character is found in its consistency. No warmth of

fancy, no heat of temper, no discouragement of circumstance, ever shakes him from the even tenour of his design. Time does for him *surely*, that which fortune and daring precariously effect for others.

Placed, with these singular qualifications, in the very midst of a world of States, for the most part weaker and more divided than her own, every faculty of Russia has been exerted to extend the limits of an already unwieldy empire; and thus we see, that without incurring any risk of damage to herself, she has, since the year 1774, gained from

*Tartary,	about	270,000	square miles.
Persia	,,	70,000	,,
Turkey	,,	150,000	,,
Poland	,,	202,000	,,
Sweden	,,	80,700	,,
Total	. .	.772,700	,,

of which about 438,700 belonged to the States of Europe, and form, perhaps, at present, the most valuable portion of the Russian empire, increasing her population from fifteen to fifty-eight millions. Has this contented Russia? It has been a mere whetstone to her appetite. In 1827, she would have swallowed up Persia, but for the interference of Great Britain; and in 1840, upon pretence of a trifling expedition to release a few slaves, she had actually made a snatch at the remainder of Tartary, a little morsel of about 870,000 square miles, which would have brought her southern frontier to the Hindoo Koosh.† She is, in fact, like some mighty tree in a

* Since 1860 she has plundered Toorkestan (Tartary) of about 500,000 more square miles.

† This and more she has since accomplished.

tropic clime. Silently and imperceptibly, every hour her bulk increases; not by fits and starts, but by a steady, and never-slumbering extension, that must either ruin herself or swallow up the whole earth. The nations of Europe, meanwhile, are lying, like some fat, lubberly ox, to whose spoils the fox has taken a liking. "What are you at there?" says the ox, lifting up his slow head.

"Only scratching a flea out of your tail," replies foxey; and the ox lays down his head, and begins to doze. Suddenly he jumps up in an agony. "What the shambles are you at, you scoundrel?"

"Don't you see, I've just pulled off a large tick; see how the lubber bleeds?"

"I do believe," says the ox, "you've bit my tail through."

"Bit your tail through!" says foxey, lifting up his fore paws and the whites of his eyes. "Did anyone ever hear the like. To think I'd be such an ungrateful wretch," wiping his eyes with his tail, and sobbing. The ox looks, first at his tail, then at the fox, and then again at his tail. The tail is dangling by a filament, if he can believe his eyes; but the same eyes show him the fox's passion of despair at his uncharitableness. There *must* be some mistake. He takes a lick at the bleeding stump. Surely he *had* a tail when he lay down to rest. He determines to chew a quid of hay over the matter, and not to decide rashly. He chews, and falls asleep. He wakes with an excruciating pain in the ear. He opens one eye. He sees the fox gnawing at the ear with all his might. *Now* there *can* be no mistake. He waits his opportunity. Makes a desperate kick, misses the fox, and gives himself a black eye. This is too bad. He

jumps up in a fury, and runs full butt after the fox. The fox in an instant is in earth, and utterly intangible. The ox swears he will dig him out with his horns. He begins to turn up the earth. "What are you at?" says the fox. "You 'll soon see," says the ox, turning on. "'Tis a troublesome business," says foxey, "shall I help you?" The ox, half suffocated with anger and dust, begins to pant. "I 'll save you all that trouble," says the fox, "if you 'll listen to me; only give me your word of honour (I suppose you can keep it) that you 'll not touch me till you 've heard me, and I 'll come out to you." The ox considers. He remembers old cases, in which the fox, after stealing his goods, had stolen also his judgment; at the same time, he is too magnanimous to condemn him unheard, too fat to complete the ejectment, too lazy not to be glad of a plea for forbearance, and altogether too much tickled at once, and piqued, on the score of honour; so he gives his word, and out comes the fox, sits close to his nose, wheedles him into the belief, that he was born with but one ear. Lulls him asleep with flattery, and commences upon the other. I cannot conclude without an apology to the ox tribe for so injurious a comparison.

There is but one State of Europe, whose interference in her ambitious projects costs Russia a care. And that State is the very ox of oxen. In the struggle of factions for power, which for ever weakens the political efficiency of that State, Russia dexterously finds her opportunity.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Review of the Imperial Guard at Krasno Celo—Infantry—Cavalry—Artillery—The Emperor's Handling of his Troops—Advance of 50,000 in Close Column—National Anthem—Use of this Display.

I HAD not been long in St. Petersburgh ere I received a letter from the aide-de-camp general, Count Benkendorff, inviting me, in the name of His Imperial Majesty, to a review of the Guard at Krasno Celo, a village about thirty miles from the capital. As the review was to commence at an early hour of the morning, I repaired to Krasno Celo the preceding day, and found there quarters, with every necessary of food, etc., prepared for guests by the Imperial order.

The following morning we found carriages of a variety of descriptions awaiting us, and were informed that horses were saddled for our use on the review ground. On reaching this we alighted, and had not stood many minutes, when His Imperial Majesty galloped up to me, touched his hat before I could raise my hand to mine, and finding out who I was, for he had not waited for Count Benkendorff to present me, welcomed me to his capital. My large epaulettes and plume had led His Imperial Majesty, probably, to suppose me an officer of higher rank : for there were several gentlemen present who were entitled to precedence. These were presented in turn. The address

of the Emperor is princely, but at the same time soldierly. He is perhaps in person the finest, and certainly the most dignified man in his dominions. His height is above six feet. He is stout, but not to a fault. Bears himself like a king. His features are regular, handsome, noble. He rode a beautiful black charger, of strength sufficient for his weight, and was by far the finest spectacle of the review; if we except the princesses his daughters, who were present as spectators the following day.

We were now instructed to mount, and by the hospitable attention of the noble Perroffski, I found myself supplied with one of the handsomest and most spirited animals in the field. We found the Imperial Guard, if I recollect rightly, in line of continuous close columns of battalions, the cavalry on the right. Upwards of fifty thousand men were here under arms. I minutely scrutinized the appearance and equipment of the infantry. They appeared to me small men, although they are picked from the army: but what was much better than height to a military eye, was the seeming uniformity of stature, the active and athletic figures, never encumbered with flesh, and never deficient in muscle, promising great physical endurance. Their equipment was perfect. No display; but everything neat, simple, soldierly, made for the field and not for the park. Their national colour, as is well known, is green. It forms a good, dark, imposing mass; to the eye of a painter, far finer than our scarlet.

The cavalry I did not examine at that moment, but may as well describe it here. The men are not large. The number on the field was about fifteen thousand. And so far as I can recollect, the regulars

were cuirassiers, lancers, dragoons, hussars, and mounted grenadiers; the latter being a corps of swift-footed, yet heavy infantry: an arm of which great things might be made by a skilful tactician.

The cuirassiers have crested steel helmets, of peculiarly ugly figure, and cuirasses of steel, bright, black, or overlaid with brass. They are from the celebrated fabric of Zlataoost in Siberia, and formed of cast-steel, interlaminated with pure iron: a mixture which is supposed to combine toughness and hardness in the greatest possible degree.

The horses of the Russian Imperial Guard are excellent. Their average size seemed to me less than that of our British cavalry. The proportion of cuirassiers is very great. Some regular corps of Cossaq lancers were in the field. I thought these the *élite* of the cavalry. There were also some squadrons of irregular Circassian and Cossaq horse, in their several costumes.

The artillery of the Guard, divided into two branches, artillery of position and field artillery, is equally well mounted as the cavalry. I had no one near me of whom to make inquiries about this arm. Several batteries were of twenty-four pounder howitzers, an ordnance much affected by the Russians.

The Emperor commanded, at this review, in person. The second in command was the Archduke Michael, his younger brother, who bears a strong family resemblance to the Emperor. The Emperor himself was dressed like a General Officer, and was distinguishable only by his advantages of person and bearing. Many distinguished officers were on the ground. Count Benkendorff, Prince Tchernicheff,

still a fine and handsome man, who, it may be remembered, was despatched to Napoleon's Court, to make love, and penetrate, by means of it, State secrets; a service in which he was eminently successful, and surely the most agreeable by which honours were ever won. The ground, which is undulating and grassy, was admirably suited to display the manœuvres, and to give full effect to so magnificent an exhibition. Unfortunately such scenes will not bear description. I will therefore content myself with saying, that the Emperor handled his little command with his wonted skill. That the manœuvres were calculated, not only to display science, but to exhibit that animation and vivacity, in which the eye of the painter delights. That the fifty thousand there under arms, were by a series of well-timed orders kept in constant action, tending ever to one effect. That the sun, playing upon the arms and plumes and banners of this large and concentrated mass, stretching over every variety of level, gave a glory to the scene, which cannot be described. That, so rapid were the manœuvres, that although that day, a space of three or four square miles was covered by them, it was often difficult for a spectator to avoid the charges of cavalry and advance of the artillery; and that several times, the full speed of my beautiful horse was in requisition.

The Russian soldier is said to be cool and collected in action. He certainly is at a review. The inequality of ground presented admirable *coup d'œils*, and increased in a surprising degree, the picturesque effect. Masses of cuirassiers and lancers, charging up heights, and disappearing behind them. Others cresting ridges, or sweeping at speed through the valley,

whilst the infantry grouped into squares was pouring out its fire around, or advancing in line with levelled bayonets. The artillery thundering from height and hollow. The whole gleaming and glistening with innumerable scintillations from arms and armour. It was such a sight, as seldom falls to the eye, even of a soldier; and the dust being laid by a recent fall of rain, there was nothing to disturb the view.

It continued three successive days, one of which was in part occupied by artillery practice.

On the third day, the review was graced by the presence of two of the Imperial princesses, who occupied watch-towers, or rather artificial mounds constructed as such upon the ground. Being a stranger, I did not venture so near as I felt inclined to approach; and could only, therefore, perceive that their charms of person have not been exaggerated, an impression confirmed by subsequent observation.

The closing scene of the review deserves particular mention. After that the fifty thousand had marched in review order of open columns past the Emperor,—a movement which is generally the most interesting of all in these exhibitions, as serving to display in motion each several item of the force,—and after that the Emperor had embraced his brother, the Archduke Michael, in front of the army, and honoured another general officer by grasping his hand (a favour which, were I Emperor, I should reserve as the reward of victory), the troops were massed into one close column, and advanced in this form in measured time, chanting their national anthem. The effect was truly magnificent. The fall of fifty thousand pair of feet,

the chime of fifty thousand manly voices; the electric sparkle of fifty thousand bayonets and sabres, closely ranged together; the dark, deep mass of life still rolling on, without confusion, like some tide of lava from the crater of Etna, so irresistible, so overwhelming,—nothing that I have ever seen or heard of, short of actual conflict was half so sublime as this. The Emperor, surrounded by his staff, rode in front. The beautiful young Archduchess, in an open chariot, drawn by two superb white horses, took up a position ever in advance of the progressing torrent; and I joined the other spectators, to form a *cortège* around them. Their presence completed the spell. The presence of high-born beauty and grace on a field consecrated to the stern genius of battle, like some note of music rising by the power of its sweetness above the clangour of the trumpet, and enhancing the stormy joy of each martial sound.

We made our parting salute to his Imperial Majesty, and were dismissed. I rode home, meditating on what I had seen. And was that magnificent cavalry the very same which a handful of gallant Poles had so lately trampled in the dust, without reckoning their multitude? Was that firm, highly-disciplined, and perfectly-equipped infantry a portion of the phalanx through which the savage of the Circassian mountains yearly cleaves his way, knife in hand? They were, indeed, the very same. Nay, the Russians boast that their troops of the Line are superior, in all but appearance, to the Guard. This reflection gave rise to some speculation, which was rather fomented by a visit to our Minister Plenipotentiary, Mr. Bloomfield. There I found Prince Soctholon. He was evidently on a mission, the object of which

was to persuade Mr. Bloomfield that Russia, without weakening her garrisons, can muster for the field four hundred thousand better troops than those whose manœuvres we had witnessed.

All this display, then, is no whim of a military monarch; it has its use as well as its beauty. If thirty thousand veterans are held at bay for ten years by a few undisciplined savages, in a remote district, out of sight of the civilized world; yet, at the capital, the eyes of Europe are dazzled by the most formidable displays of martial might. The powers of Europe think of the thirty sail of the line, always ready to take aboard the 50,000 of the Guard, and pass them into an enemy's country; without inquiring how the thirty sail of the line are ever to get out of their old soup tureen; and whilst they are staring and funking at an army which Russia has not the slightest intention of bringing into action, if she can help it; Russia is quietly and imperceptibly sapping her way into the heart of neighbouring States. Her army is the caparisoned elephant, which a sportsman causes to be led fifty paces behind him, when he would get within shot of a shy Florican. The bird's eye is filled with the image of the monster which cannot harm her, and overlooks the more deadly gunner.

Was it with her army that she last year* made a snatch at a territory of 870,000 square miles, the possession of which would have brought her fifteen hundred miles nearer our Indian frontier? Yes, with such an army as the weakest State in Europe could have furnished; with such an army as Europe regarded with sovereign indifference, as destined for

* Written in 1840.

some petty enterprise. Was it with her army that she despoiled Persia, plundered Poland, seized Courland, Georgia, Immeretia, Mingrelia, Finland ? The army, indeed, was not without its use ; it was flourished in the face of the victim, as the pistol of the highwayman, whether loaded or unloaded, in the face of the traveller, whilst the fingers of the former are fumbling for the purse. It is not to be supposed that nations, living in constant apprehension of a Russian invasion, will very vigorously oppose any of the schemes of gradual encroachment by which Russia is devouring distant provinces. Yet, if they would open their minds to conviction, they must be assured that such weakness is only deferring for a little while their own downfall ; that every accession of strength to an empire that has risen, is rising, and will rise by the secret or open destruction of its neighbours, is so many years deducted from the span of their own existence, so much taken from the chance of their own escape.

It was whilst I was lost in admiration of the beautiful display at Krasno Celo, that an ambassador of one of the European States joined my bridle. "This is a magnificent army," he observed.

"Very magnificent."

"It would be still finer," he said, "if it had legs."

This observation gave rise to many reflections. It was true and obvious ; but the use made of it may be various. It may either lead neighbouring States to despise the military resources of Russia, or it may serve as a key to the policy which has enabled her already to swallow up one-third of Europe, and great part of the barrier between herself and India.

What may be the views of the several Cabinets of

Europe upon the subject, it is not for me to hazard an opinion. But the world in general is divided into two parties; those who live in dread of a Russian invasion, and those who disregard her growing power, because she is not yet, as an open foe, formidable to the balance of Europe.* Now both these positions are false. Russia is a young State; neither her fangs nor her claws are grown. If they were, she would not display them. Yet young as she is, she has outwitted all her seniors, has, within the last sixty years, cribbed a third of their possessions, quadrupled her population, trebled her revenue, begotten her navy, marched seven hundred miles upon Paris, five hundred upon Constantinople, six hundred and thirty upon Stockholm, and one thousand upon India.† Such a power can be despised only by those who have not intellect to comprehend achievements so wonderful.

Many of those who are awake to her formidable aspect, on finding that she keeps up an army of a million of soldiers, and a fleet of some forty sail of the line, look for the employment of these mighty resources, in some overt invasion of neighbouring European States. But this never has been, and is not the policy of Russia. She is far too sagacious for that. She plays not for empty glory, but for gain. She knows that the knocking together of heads leads always to bruises, but seldom to anything more profitable. She asks France, what she has gained by the victories of Napoleon. England, what have profited her Cressy, Poictiers, or the glory of her Marlborough.

* This was written in 1840.

† Written in 1840. She has now marched 2,500 miles upon India, A.D. 1873.

Sweden, for the fruits of Charles's heroism. Prussia and Austria, the result of their murderous wars. She has not the slightest desire to see a confederacy formed against her. She is, perhaps, aware that her rising power is well enough known, to render such a confederacy general. That, though intangible as a military power, either France or England could close the chief doors of her commerce, ruin her revenue, and awaken discontent throughout the land. She knows that she has built her throne over a slumbering volcano; that her very army, officered by foreigners, is a compound of sulphur and nitre. That the credit of any considerable State could occasion a revolt amongst those nations who abhor her yoke, and languish to be free. That she has a national debt, and no national credit.

Knowing all these things as well as we can tell her, Russia had much rather make peace and treaties with her neighbours; cherish and protect them by her presence; put down for them the revolts she has stirred up, and like a generous cuckoo, leave them each a couple of her eggs, as pledges of disinterested friendship.

Now, it is because Russia will not engage rashly in war, that Europe ought to dread her. It is because, keeping her hands ever free, her eye ever open, her wits ever on the alert; never dazzled by airy castles, never tempted to any considerable hazard, never discouraged by any number of checks, she bides her time, she sows her seed of discord, she watches the year, the day, the hour, the sign, the conjunction: springs not, until failure is impossible, nor whilst the capture of the weak may embroil her with the strong. It is because this system is inseparable from her

counsels, grafted into the very genius of her nation, and favoured by her national gifts, and local phenomena; because, by it she has already grasped a third of the dominions of Europe, and part of Tartary and Persia; and it is because it is a system which pre-engages success—it is therefore that Russia is an object of just apprehension.*

War is a game of chance. The weak have their occasional triumphs. Accidents, incalculable by human prudence, disconcert military movements, and turn victory into defeat. Were Russia once to be tempted to such folly, half our just apprehensions were annihilated. It is because she will neither provoke nor give plea for war, that she is so truly formidable. She is in Europe, as a young forest tree within a conservatory. Every leaf is tranquil; she seems hushed in slumber and innocence. No eye can conjecture the exact day or hour when her limbs will rend the fragile roof; but the skilful gardener knows that to save the building, he must timely lop the boughs away,—must meet with the knife every pro-

* This, which was written in 1841, I will not alter, because it is virtually true, although Russia has since overreached herself, and involved herself in hostilities which she had not the remotest intention to provoke. The invasion by Russia of the Turkish empire arose in the strong assurance she had received from all her foreign agents that England would wink at the atrocity; that France, from internal discords, was powerless to oppose it; that Austria, from gratitude, would acquiesce, and Prussia from fear. And it is certain that had Lord Palmerston been Minister for Foreign Affairs at the time, the invasion would have been deferred to a more convenient moment. The high-spirited Emperor, accustomed to look upon himself as a god, had become too far involved to retreat, before he perceived the vigorous opposition awaiting him from Great Britain. It was then utterly impossible to recede. The counsels of Nesselrode, the sagest of the Russian Ministers, seem to have been ever opposed to this deviation from the cautious policy heretofore pursued by the Government.

truded shoot, or root out the young giant from its cage.

Ere quitting Krasno Celo, I visited, one evening, the lines of the Imperial Guard, at sunset. They are encamped upon a trifling elevation, and are all drawn up in front of their lines, at this hour, for a species of vesper service. The Emperor and the two Archduchesses were present. His commanding person, which had so well become the review-ground, was still seen to advantage between the fairy and graceful figures of his daughters. The Archduchess Olga, still unmarried, was absent with the Empress in Germany ; I did not, therefore, see her. But her beauty is stamped upon every mind in Russia. She is represented, as too lovely for the earth, a creature, whom in gazing on, one expects to see wing her flight, to her native sky.

Fifty thousand men were paraded in line, in front of their respective positions, awaiting the signal of sunset, which is a rocket. The instant that had gained its highest elevation in the heavens, every band of every regiment of this large force broke simultaneously the dead silence that had prevailed: playing in a subdued tone, variously diminished by distance, the vesper hymn. Of all solemnities I have ever witnessed, this is the most affecting and imposing. The music itself swelling and falling in its own modulation, and fitfully affected by the breeze of evening: now bursting into bold measures of melody, now subdued, until the most distant notes found audience ; now mingling and melting in unison, now clashing in partial contrasts not amounting to discord; but, ever solemn, dreamy as the hour; was almost more than the excited nerves could bear.

Fifty thousand warriors stood listening to that sound. It was the acknowledgment of fifty thousand soldiers, that they owed their being to the Almighty hand. The Emperor of many nations stood bare-headed in front, to represent the awe and reverence of fifty million of his subjects, for the Giver of every blessing.

With the decaying light of the sun, those notes, as ethereal, as sublime, decayed and melted into profound silence. All felt, as standing in the immediate presence of the All-Holy and Supreme.

At Krasno Celo we breakfasted in our own apartments; but dined at a public table, where were assembled all the officers of the Imperial staff and all the guests of the review, which included all foreign ambassadors. Here, as everywhere, the unslumbering courtesy of my noble foe, Perroffski, provided for my comfort. On one occasion, when one of my over-blunt answers vexed him, he accused me of not understanding his character. I replied, that it was the character, of all others in Russia, which I did most thoroughly comprehend. One that combined love for his country with courtesy to a guest : and nobility of conduct toward one whom circumstances might have justified him in regarding as an enemy, and from whom he well knew he could win gratitude alone.

I received an invitation to another review of the Imperial Guards : but certain considerations led me to decline it. I had been about twenty days at Petersburgh, when I received instructions to repair to London. Previous to my departure, I was gratified by the reappearance of my friend Tchikatchief, who had just returned from a visit to Astrakhan.

Again on the day of my departure he called to renew his professions of sympathy and proffers of service, and finally to see me to the small vessel in which I was to be carried to the great steamer. This is genuine hospitality, and is deeply impressed upon my heart.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Russia's Past History and Future Prospects—Key to Russia's insane Policy of Extension at the Expense of her People's Welfare.—The Answer of Russia to those who object to the Danger of her Policy of Universal Conquest—Her singular Facilities for the same.

PREVIOUS to recording my departure from Petersburgh, I would add a few words* to those already written upon the past history and future prospects of the Russian Empire, a theme of engrossing interest to all Europe.

Others of the Sister States have been gradually matured in power, as in civilization. They are fragments of that massive iron sceptre, beneath which the world had for ages groaned. Their metal had been purified beneath the hammers of the Cyclops, ere moulded into their several spheres. And thus have they sustained the shock of ages with but little alteration of figure or of bulk, despite the convulsions that have hurled them together, the victories they have boasted, or defeats they have sustained.

Forming together a complete system, balanced in all its parts; the centrifugal force of ambition nullified by the centripetal of jealousy: to Europe the history of a thousand years has been but as a cycle

* This chapter did not appear in the first edition. It was written at the commencement of the Crimean War, for the second edition.

to the planetary orbs. The close has found their eccentricities corrected, their orbits unshaken, their balance restored. A single planet, alas! has been lost to the Sisterhood, who might by timely sympathy have been saved as a barrier against the foe of all.

But Russia has no such common history among the States of Europe. *Her* origin and her course are those of some malignant comet. Her orbit is beyond the bounds of our system: extending to regions unvisited of science, to limits lost amid the wastes of another hemisphere, to the trackless steppes of Tartary, to the lifeless waters of the frozen Main. And her future destiny, like her present grandeur, defies the calculations applicable to the States of Europe.

We of the Old World, who mark her portentous aspect, are naturally disposed to dictate to her the future by the measure of our own experience of the past. We see her already mistress of a limitless and ill-compacted empire, yet spreading to the overflow of the nations adjacent, who, one by one, are swallowed up and absorbed in the ever-widening deluge. We, who with difficulty hold in order and subjection our petty plots of ocean-rescued soil, see this Queen of Nations yearly adding to her overgrown domains tracts more extensive than the realms we govern, and beyond question better peopled and cultured than her own. Her immediate neighbours behold this progression in abject terror, which precludes all thought of vigorous resistance. And they who view it from afar confidently prophecy, from the experience of past ages, her immediate or ultimate ruin.

Why a mighty empire, overburthened with territory but comparatively poor in revenue, whose sparse

population is in the lowest stage of civilization, whose lands, of high capability, are for the most part waste, whose subjects require instruction alone in order to compete in manufacture with the first on earth, yet whose revenue is still raised upon the sale of raw products, to be manufactured by other nations: why such a nation should deem it wiser to increase by robbery and murder her too-extended territory, rather than apply her vast energies to the improvement and civilization of her overgrown possessions: why, wanting population, she should decimate what she has by unprovoked war: and why, wanting revenue, she should waste what she wrings from her wretched subjects in acquiring lands she cannot till: these are mysteries so apparently irreconcileable with the reputed sagacity—nay, with the very sanity—of the Russian Cabinet, that a few pages may be profitably employed in their solution.

Russia, on the accession of Peter the Great, was one wide and desolate steppe, bounded, indeed, on two sides by the ocean, but oceans that afforded no channel to commerce, no outlet to communion with the world beyond: the frozen ocean of the Arctic Pole and the scarcely fluid ocean of Eastern Tartary. Her position was the most hopeless possible. She had, in comparison with her extent, almost no population, no revenue, no manufactures, no commerce, and she seemed precluded by her location from ever improving her condition.

The first move of her great liberator was toward the ocean: not so much to the Asiatic Euxine, then the exclusive property of Turkey, as toward a more immediate inlet into Europe, the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic Sea. Having carved for his country this

air-hole in the vast avalanche in which she was buried, Peter gave his country her first lesson in that lore, which ever since she has successfully practised. He laid the foundation of her fortune, her existence as a State of Europe, in conquest; and by conquest she has advanced herself from absolute insignificance to a power and an attitude calculated to awaken distrust and jealousy among the most potent of the States of Europe.

The conquests of Peter, though all-important to his country, were in respect of area but a small portion of the foreign acquisitions of Russia. Those of his successors comprise the most valuable of her territory, being a belt of land averaging about three hundred miles in breadth, and stretching from the Arctic Ocean, south by east, into the kingdom of Persia, a distance of 2,800 miles. They are her most valuable possessions, because nearest to the centre of civilization, and enjoying, for the most part, a better climate, a denser population, a more cultured soil. They are, above all, valuable to her as having been, time out of mind, the western walls of her frozen prison, but now her means of contact with the world she has recently invaded.

Can it, then, be wondered that Russia, who owes to plunder her very existence as a State of Europe, should cling fondly to the art which gave her being? Is it wonderful if, in this thirst for foreign conquest, her Emperor, her Cabinet, her nobles, be found of one common mind? Hers have been no barren conquests, bought with lavish blood and treasure, to yield but the fruitless foliage of the laurel; but rather the inroads of the Northern Wolf into the fold of the peaceful peasant. No risk, no danger, small glory;

but fatness for leanness, and for the agonies of famine a heart merry with the good things of the earth.

Other States may have found in foreign conquest only embarrassment and distraction to their civil polity; but the conquests of Russia have been conserved with comparative ease; the tracts she has won are adjacent to her frontier: they are severed from it by no natural barrier: the most important, Poland, is conterminous with the heart of Russia, and is further guarded in allegiance to her by the vigilance of her fellow robbers, Austria and Prussia. Hitherto she has not been sensible of the danger incurred by other European States, in grasping at the possessions of neighbours; and her empire is already so extended that the addition to it of a few hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory does not startle her as an idea involving peril.

Other States of Europe, when they become objects of jealousy to the majority, are exposed to attack on more than a single point of the compass. But Russia is so much more capable of injuring her neighbours, than they are of molesting her, that it is only when aroused to the struggle for existence, that either Austria or Prussia will take a step to resist her encroachments. By the rest of Europe she is tangible in two quarters only: the coast of the Baltic and the Crimea. On both she has lavished her skill and resource to render them impregnable. And if we suppose them to be carried by a potent enemy, after much military toil, Russia, though sorely discouraged, is not necessarily subdued. She falls back from her cultivated possessions to those boundless wastes, where she alone can find subsistence, and whither no army can follow her for good. If she submit, it is to

gain time, by making treaties, to be broken on the first safe opportunity. Apprehension of this, of being left to deal single-handed with their giant foe, so guarded by Nature against attack, prevents Austria and Prussia from any hearty share in the war against her.

Since then, it is hopeless to expect hearty co-operation from Austria and Prussia, we have to choose, whether at much risk and enormous expense, to attack the two assailable horns of the enemy, or to starve her out by the most rigid blockade of her seaports. The worst effect of the former process, is that it rouses the spirit of the Russian nation against ourselves. It gives colour to all the false proclamations of the Autocrat, that he is acting in self-defence, and that we are the aggressors. A simple blockade and the protection of the Turkish frontier might well create a revolution throughout Russia, whose existence depends upon the freedom of her outlets, and whose exports are far too bulky for land carriage.

I had said, in 1841, that it was contrary to Russian policy to invade overtly any European State.* Since

* Since this was written in 1854, Russia has again invaded Turkey without provocation; but not until, by means of her consular staff, the honoured guests of the Sooltan, she had treacherously undermined the empire, and had been hounded on to a war of extermination by a demagogue of that country, which was bound by every argument of honour and self-interest to protect her from an unjust invasion. The possession of the port of Batoum, in the Black sea, which places at her mercy all the Asiatic possessions of Turkey and all Persia to the Indian Ocean, was, during the war, deliberately ceded to Russia by our Foreign Minister, although the author of that war, Ignatief, had already declared that, should Russia gain nothing but that port by the war, she would be reimbursed her blood and treasure. Thus two terrible wars, the latter more execrable than any atrocity recorded in history, were due to the weakness of British Ministers, and the insane hatred of a British demagogue.

then has occurred, in 1854, the Russian invasion of Turkey, which might seem to contradict the justness of this opinion. But, in fact, the views upon which Russia avoids challenging war with the States of Europe are the dread of provoking a combination against her of the Sister States, and a conviction that war waged against any but the helpless is a blunder. The natural guardian of Turkey during the last half century is England, whose interests are inseparable from hers. Nicholas thought he had secured the British Minister of the day, to desert our faithful ally the Turk, and did not discover that the indignation of the nation at such baseness was irresistible, until his foot was too far advanced for honourable retreat. As for any effectual resistance to his magnificent army from the Turk, he laughed the idea to scorn; and his legions marched with gay hearts, prepared to annex Constantinople to the empire, almost without a blow.

It is well known that the most sagacious member of the Russian Cabinet, Count Nesselrode, was strongly opposed to the advance of the Russian army. He saw that events were not yet ripe for such a harvest. That it was a deviation from the code of policy which had hitherto ensured success to almost all the enterprizes of Russia. But the Emperor was wilful. He had all his life been drilling his magnificent Guard, until his marked success over an invisible foe encouraged belief in his invincibility. Many years had he waited impatiently the opportunity to annex Constantinople. As for the Turk resisting his arms, the idea seemed an absurdity. But France and England remained in amity, together and with the rest of Europe. Old age approached, the tyrant of tyrants

was at hand; and Nicholas had still no fame to bequeath to posterity, but that of having been the handsomest man in the empire and a smart officer at a review. He had the choice of anticipating the ripening of events or of leaving to a successor the glory of establishing a third capital upon the Bosphorus.

What a despot ardently desires to undertake he will find many a slave ready to pronounce safe and practicable. A sager man than Nicholas might have been deceived by the signs of the times and by the vehement assurances of Menschikoff. He ordered the advance upon Constantinople, to find, when too late, that England had not yet been mesmerized into obliviousness of her sane and traditionary policy, her self-respect and self-interest; and that he had overstepped the cautious policy which had guided his Cabinet securely in days bygone. Thus the present aggression of Russia* is no disproof of her policy to avoid overt invasion of the Sister States; for, all the penalties ordinarily incurred by such a step seemed here remote and improbable; and the campaign promised to be less a war than a triumph. And, undoubtedly, the valour of the Turk would, at that time, have availed him little, unsupported in a prolonged war against the discipline and resources of Russia.

The enormous advantages to Russia of such an acquisition as European Turkey are too obvious to need comment. Austria and Prussia would become mere provinces of her empire, so long as that empire could hold together. Nor could France, unless gifted with another Napoleon, long resist her supremacy. For not only would her wealth be enormously

* Written during the Crimean war.

augmented, but from the brave and hardy population of Turkey she might add to her army 500,000 troops superior to her own, and increase her fleet to an extent without limits.

But although this acquisition be of paramount importance to Russia, we should not forget that her hand is ever stretched to grasp those* wide tracts of Asia, which sever her from India and from the Persian Gulf. The failure of her attempt in 1839–40 upon Khaurism (Khiva) is attributable chiefly to the premature development of the expedition. General Perroffski, the Governor of Orenburgh, had promised the Emperor possession in seven years, *i.e.* in 1842. He required that period to make allies among the tribes of wild Kuzzauks dwelling upon the steppe, nine hundred miles in width, from north to south, which severs Orenburgh from the culturable portion of Khaurism. Of this period five years only had elapsed, when our arrival at Cabul with a British army was announced, and the presence of a British Envoy at Heraut.

Nicholas argued that in a few months we should have formed upon that frontier such alliances and combinations as would either prevent the advance of her arms, or embroil him, in case of their advance, with the British Government. He sent Perroffski orders to hurry forward the expedition. Perroffski, unprovided with camels sufficient to supply his army with water upon that arid steppe, commenced his march in winter, that he might have the benefit of snow, to slake their thirst ; if, indeed, that extreme haste was not dictated by the Cabinet to anticipate

* Russia has since seized these, by an advance of 1,500 miles upon India.

our movements in that quarter. The winter was unusually severe, and the expedition failed. I am far from asserting its possibility during an ordinary winter. The steppe, although so far south as 43° to 51°, is at that season connected with the North Pole by an uninterrupted sheet of snow. Even at Khiva, which is upon the southern skirt of this snowy waste, people are every year frozen to death.

It may appear to many unaccountable that Russia should have preferred the direct advance from Orenburgh upon Khiva, over a high steppe 900 miles wide, to the route by Nuov Alexandroff on the Caspian, where the steppe is but 350 miles wide. The reasons given to me for this by the Russians were want of transports upon the Caspian, and that depots cannot be established upon that coast, owing to the mortality arising from scurvy, a disease to which the diet of the Russian makes him very liable.

That Russia, amid all her speculations, should never have considered the arguments opposed to a policy of universal conquest is scarcely credible. Had she herself overlooked them, hundreds of foreign tongues have cast them in her teeth. It may be well, therefore, to consider what might be her own plea for an unlimited extent of territory.

"My advance upon Cabul and the Gulf of Persia brings me into contact with no nation whose inroads or jealousies I shall need to dread. The mountain walls of China on the east, the Asiatic provinces of Turkey will touch me on the west: provinces that sooner or later must be my own. My peaceful assertions, my philanthropic professions, will seduce to my banner all the sentimental and religious factions of Great Britain; and will arm with invincible argu-

ments the peace party, always existing in a mercantile nation, ready to betray their country for the lucre of gain. The timid will worship, in accordance with their fears, the Power than can threaten their Indian empire. Fortified by so large a section of your nation, the Party in Opposition will be too much for any Ministry that, alive to its peril, may meditate war with us. And my fleets once equipped in the Indian Ocean: it will be all too late to say me 'Nay.' I am the young and growing State: England is the old and the decaying.

"I have already added to my empire 1,200,000 square miles of territory and a population of thirty-five millions. Has it weakened an overgrown frame? Has it weakened my treasury, my army, my navy, my commerce, the perfect subordination of all parts of the empire, or the awe which I inspire in the States of Europe?

"Yet these additions are, in proportion to the estate to which they were added, far more considerable than Persia will be to my existing empire. The conquests which, according to the theory of my antagonists, were to decree my fall, have raised me from the lowest grade in Europe to mate with the highest of the Sister States. If other nations have fallen by a grasping ambition, it is because they wanted the position or the genius to make good their acquisitions. We have precisely the genius and the position for such an end. Our empire is unassailable. We quarrel not with the strong upon questions of honour. We can afford to wait a century for the redress of a grievance. That redress is no doubtful victory on the battle-field, no exchange of shots, with equal risk of harm to the aggrieved as to the aggressor,

but a deliberate, plump, and lusty slice of our adversary's wealth, the reward of our calm, quiet, never-slumbering prosecution of our own interests, and of his disadvantage. We take not a step by military violence, which can be effected by pretence of protection or alliance. The world can no more help the growth of our empire than it can help the gradual encroachments of the ocean upon its various continents and isles. Here it may erect a dam and there a pier, and save for a moment some miserable fraction of a kingdom; or, like Xerxes, it may lash with chains the surging billows that laugh to scorn its idle and impotent displeasure.

"Of Persia, we have already devoured an area of 75,000 square miles, with a population of three millions. These are now accustomed to consider themselves Russian, and will, a few years hence, be more firmly of that mind, and then we will take a million or two more. Our march upon the Persian Gulf will be delayed or hastened as the pulse of the times may dictate. It is as certain as any decree of Fate. You cannot oppose it in Asia, and you will not in Europe. Your divided counsels have not a chance against our unanimity. What voice in the Councils of Great Britain have they who, from knowledge of Eastern politics and geography, are alive to the tremendous consequences of our establishment upon the Persian Gulf, or of our mastery of Turkey?

"As to danger from extension, we laugh it to scorn. The ancient philosopher wanted only a sufficient fulcrum in order to lift the world. That fulcrum we, and we alone, possess in the unassailable character of our empire. Nature on three sides has rendered us intangible. She has given us in Austria

and Prussia buffers against Western Europe. And we have rendered the few assailable points, besides, too hazardous of attack to be attempted by sensible men. Thus empanoplied by nature, art, and the subservience of our neigbours ; with fingers touching on all sides the possessions of weaker States; we have nought to do but to abide our time, and help ourselves, slice by slice, to neighbouring territory. When Europe is watchful, we make free with Asia. And when obstructed in Asia, we make free with Europe. The lands gained are like the successive layers taken up by a snowball. They do not encumber with their weight, but rather increase our motive power by enlarging our axis.

"Our system is calculated for an unlimited extent of territory. The absolute will of a monarch who, without cause assigned, can raise up, pull down, or destroy at pleasure, is felt as forcibly on the borders of Persia as in the very streets of Petersburgh. The members of Government, civil and military, monopolize the mental culture of the empire. The Government has thus in its employ the mental powers of the people. Revolutions, therefore, are difficult. The addition to our empire of such a kingdom as Turkey or Persia would not affect the economy of our system. The springs and wheels of Government would work precisely as they have worked the last hundred years. The accession would make us, beyond doubt, the first power on earth ; and that, a still rising and ever-increasing power, before whom all others must gradually decay. You suppose that your interference arrested, in 1827, our absorption of Persia: but the fact is, that we never appropriate at one grasp more than we can securely dispose of. Had we then taken

Persia we could not have kept it without vast difficulty, or perhaps a war with Great Britain. When we take it in earnest, it will be an easy prey, and England will have of her own troubles as much as her hands can hold. But we have not forgotten her presumption in stepping in between us and our prey. We treasure up the remembrance as a debt to be discharged hereafter.

"Other States have, every twenty years or so, a new legislator, who warps their true policy to suit his own whims, or those of his wife or mistress or poodle. The spirit of Peter, which created Russia, will rule for ever over her counsels. The Ministers may be changed a thousand times, but her policy will never alter or falter. Our Emperors, however wilful, dare not deviate from it materially, for there is one point in which all Russians living are agreed; it is the craving for foreign acquisition, to be won less by arms than by fraud and trickery. It is thus that in the physical world the grandest and most durable operations are effected. Time is the most potent of the levers of Nature. Ours is the only State on earth whose genius is fitted to act for centuries upon one consistent plan: to wield, in short, this magnificent lever. Ours, therefore, is the only empire to which no limit can be assigned upon the chart of the world."

There is much that is plausible in these arguments, and sufficient to account for the unslumbering extension of Russia. But we trust that the reader acquits us of acquiescing in the soundness of these views. It may be well that we should know from them with how dangerous an adversary we have to contend, and how much wisdom, watchfulness, and

promptitude are necessary for the purpose. But although Russia may greatly extend her limits in our despite, it is almost certain that the addition to her empire of either Turkey or Persia would very soon rend it asunder. As yet foreign conquests have not disturbed the consistency of the fabric, because all the dense and solid substance is wrapped around her heart. The feeble and loose texture of her distant provinces renders them perfectly manageable. But Constantinople would become a third capital. The weight of a province, more rich and populous than the heart of the empire, and in direct contact with the civilized world, from which that heart is excluded, and separated from that heart by so many hundreds of miles, would inevitably rend the empire asunder, though not until irreparable mischief should have been inflicted upon Europe by the annexation.

CHAPTER LXV.

Farewell to Petersburgh and to my friend Mr. Tchikatchief —Summud Khaun's Opinion of Steamers.—Arrival at Hull —An Exile's Preference for his Native Land.

TAKING leave of my first Russian friend, Mr. Tchikatchief, and of my kind and gentlemanly companion Pekoffski, to whose unwearied attention I am so much indebted, I embarked, as I have said, in a small vessel, with Summud Khaun, and was speedily conveyed to the fine steamer in which I was to thread the Gulf of Finland, and which lay at anchor below the bar of the river.

The passage to Travemund was prosperous; the sea was smooth. Summud Khaun walked the deck, and I acted as his interpreter. Everyone showed him attention. The Austrian ambassador lighted for him his pipe. He declared that all vessels excepting steamers were blunders. On landing at Travemunde a large crowd collected to see him, and begged of him arrows, of which he had a quiver full. And in travelling by land from thence to Lubeck, and from Lubeck to Hamburgh, the population of the country were all agog at his appearance. We amused ourselves with watching the faces of the boors as he loomed in sight, squatting upon my baggage, which accompanied us in an open car. The first expression was that of

wonder slightly mingled with fear, which gradually softened into mirth, and then degenerated into laughter. Each village and hamlet poured forth its inhabitants to gaze, wonder, and laugh, and Summud Khaun knew not whether to consider himself an owl or a phœnix.

The horses of this district trot about three knots an hour. The postilion sits his horse like a dragoon, with whip carried as a broad-sword; no persuasion can induce them to accelerate this Dead March.

We reached Hamburgh in the course of time, and found it one of the nicest towns in the world, having pleasant suburbs, a fine open square, good hotels, a never-failing throng of gay figures, and many pretty female faces. I went aboard a steamer for Hull, starting under evil auspices, for we found two ships just wrecked at Cuxhaven, and the wind was on the increase, and soon rose to a gale upon our larboard beam. The German Sea is particularly beautiful when agitated. Its waves are fierce and savage. It boils up like a cauldron. Our steamer, handled by an able seaman, weathered the gale without losing her course, and we reached Hull in good time.

From Hull I proceeded by train to London, my first experience of this mode of conveyance, and from London I took Summud Khaun to Alton, where my family were residing. The approach to Alton from Sandhurst is through a country beautifully diversified with hill and wood, stream and meadow, and the parks and houses of the gentry. Summud Khaun was much struck.

"The English," he said, "are a wonderful nation. If they can make such a paradise of *their* country, what would they not make of mine?"

I was amused at the preference he gave to a confusion of naked rocks and stony, arid plains over the beautiful country around him. But an exile's feelings are the same, whether he be banished a desert or an Eden.

"There is one thing," added he, "in which your country equals mine. You have no unclean animals as they have in Russia."

We were just traversing a common in Hampshire, and the words were yet on his lips, when, turning round, he perceived that we were in the midst of a drove of swine. He was confounded, and cut short his eulogy of England with "Lah hôl! This is the very mine of the Unclean One."

The kind and excellent family who accommodated him with house-room at Alton were at much pains to make him comfortable, not forgetting to secure him from the approach of the unclean ones of their farm. He speaks ever with affectionate respect of the lady of the house. The term "Bae" (pronounced "Boy") is the title given in Toorkestan to the wealthy. Wishing to be very civil to his landlord, he always addressed him as "Gunner Boy," which, probably, Mr. Gunner thought rather patronising.

CHAPTER XLVI.

An Exile's Return — The Thames — St. Paul's—Summud Khaun's Impressions—London and its Tide of Life—Summud Khaun—Thames Tunnel—Cab Horses—British Justice.

IT is a strange thing to re-traverse scenes familiar to early remembrance, that have become new, by long absence from them—that have continued unaltered, or nearly so, whilst our mind has been expanding, our ideas have been multiplying, our taste maturing. Objects start up before us, that have an established and time-honoured place in our estimation—that have served us as standards of beauty or of excellence. We have measured by them the products of many lands. We have said to each object of interest or curiosity in turn, "Ah! thou art beautiful," or "thou deficient," according as it agreed with the model of our early remembrance; and suddenly that model confronts us. It stands before us in all the sharpness of its well-remembered outline, in all the vividness of its detail. Feature by feature, we gather up the impression. Reason acknowledges that this is the die which struck it. Yet it fits not into place. Its dimensions are so shrunk, its proportions so dwindled, its hues so material, we are ashamed to acknowledge what we dare not disavow. We find, in short, that we are living at the same moment two separate existences—the actual and the ideal; the one before

our eyes, the other within our heart. We are bewildered and confused ; we walk as in a trance ; we have suddenly recovered our long-lost identity, and we know not how to dispose of it.

It is certain, that in this state of feeling we are much more disposed to find fault than to admire. Rather, we are over-jealous of the beauty and the value of objects which we have long treasured in our thoughts, until we have learned to identify our own fame with theirs. And, therefore, if any of them appear in undiminished splendour, we may accept it as a genuine triumph.

How fresh in my remembrance is the impression made in olden times by the Thames, as I descended the stairs at Greenwich. That river, the largest I had ever beheld, ruffled by the wind into waves, that dashed restlessly against the granite steps. That chill of the air, or rather, perhaps, of the blood, produced in cold climates by the aspect of large bodies of water. Those vessels, which, in spite of the disparaging terms applied to them of brig and collier, were to me the mightiest of moving things; and those rude, rough, surly, hoarse-voiced figures that crowded up the stairs, as if Neptune had just landed a crew of Tritons. Where were all these now? I looked for them in vain. Steam had annihilated the race of Tritons, and experience had caused the glorious river to shrink into insignificance. In place of it there appeared—what? O ask not? be content to learn what it resembled. A fat scum, from the cauldron of a soap-boiler, slipping greasily along, between the fatter mud beneath and the scarce less fat atmosphere above. And into this kennel, the metropolis has with one accord risen to thrust all the refuse of its buildings

and population ; mustering in the most conspicuous of situations, a beggarly profusion of vile hovels ; so that the squalor of the metropolis may be gathered at a glance. Often, when speculating, at a distance from home, upon the possibility of uniting all the conveniences of traffic with many of the adornments proper to the capital of a mighty empire ; I have imagined a road, raised upon columns and arches of cast-iron, along the borders of the Thames, above the present quay, so that all the business of commerce might be carried on below; whilst the people were provided with an esplanade, which should not only afford them a promenade and a channel of communication ; but hide beneath its vault, all the mean and disagreeable objects that at present litter the strand. But I confess, that the sight of the Thames now satisfied me of the wisdom, by which its vicinity has been shunned by all possessing liberty of choice.

I approached St. Paul's with some misgiving. I had, in former days thought more of its grandeur, than of its architectural merits. The faint and miserable glimpses obtainable of this monument had not enabled me to study it with attention. When I now reached the top of Ludgate Hill, and stood confronted with the façade, I was for a long time lost in admiration. I visited and revisited it. But the impression was not deadened by the frequency of my visits. I summoned back to remembrance all the monuments I had ever seen: but none would bear the comparison for an instant. I have since visited many cities, but I have met with nothing so sublimely beautiful as the façade of St. Paul's. I was not prepared for such admiration. I had never heard its architecture vaunted. I believe that it is scarcely

known what a treasure London possesses, buried beneath a confused heap of miserable shops and dwellings. The very obscurity of the atmosphere seemed to me, as I gazed up to the columns, piled tier upon tier, in all their graceful proportions, to the skies, to lend an additional impression of sublimity to the view. I did not regret that it had blackened the freestone of the building. No freshness of hue is necessary to a structure so perfect in the harmony of its effect. But the mist which cuts the dome, and is pierced even by the towers of the façade, reminded the eye of the gigantic dimensions of a monument, whose beauty alone we were disposed to remember.

What a glorious monument is this—lost—buried—forgotten. The name of its great architect scarcely known beyond the limits of his native soil; whilst the blunder of Michael Angelo has filled the world with *his* fame. St. Paul's is beautiful, in so far as Sir Christopher Wren confided in the resources of his own genius. It is deficient, only in as far as he took hints from the Cathedral of St. Peter's. The peculiar form of dome adopted by Michael Angelo, is the least impressive of all, and certainly not the most beautiful.* It hovers, in fact, between the spire and the dome: has none of the bold swell of the latter, and wants the sublimity and delicacy of the former.

Who ever visited this noble Cathedral without indignation at the want of taste of a nation, that can suffer it to lie obscured by the rubbish of the capital? Millions are yearly spent in the visits of the English

* The dome of St. Peters is nevertheless of more graceful outline than that of St. Pauls; but the façade of St. Peters is below mediocrity, and a semicircular colonnade upon an acclivity is an absolute absurdity.

to foreign climes, for the study of architectural monuments; whilst within their gates, the wonder of the world is rusting, dishonoured, unnoted, and unknown. This is the more shameful and lamentable, because a comparatively small demolition of the surrounding buildings, would disinter this glorious temple.

I took Summud Khaun to visit this, and several of our principal churches. It may be easily imagined, that his astonishment and admiration were excessive. But when he learned that the chandeliers of St. Paul's were not of solid gold, but merely brass, he was disappointed. "At the theatre," he said, "I saw the most magnificent chandeliers of cut glass: and in the house of the Almighty, you hang dull, tawdry urns of brass."

"Very true," I replied. "The theatre is built for the use of man, who is delighted with vain show and splendour. The ornaments of the temple of the Most High are justice, mercy, purity of intention, and humility. With such offerings we seek to furnish our churches."

I made him observe, here and elsewhere, that the statues were not admitted into the aisle set apart for Divine worship: and explained, that in allowing them place in our sacred edifices, we designed them as mementoes to the Living of departed spirits, who had adorned their nation and the human race by their virtues and great deeds. That, to be admitted after death to this solemn and noble legion, was the highest reward to which an Englishman could aspire. I explained to him the history of each hero, statesman, or author; and why, in making religion the spring of every virtue and the load-star of every talent, we deemed the temple dedicated to Divine worship the

suitable shrine of such illustrious models of human genius, valour and worth. I was careful not to admit him into any church, chargeable with the bad taste of images or pictures, in the aisle where service is performed. I had no wish that, as the only Afghaun who had ever visited England, he should give his nation the idea that we worship idols.

The whispering gallery at St. Paul's was the highest point to which I could persuade his caution to accompany me; and his petticoats were sadly in his way as he ascended. The sculpture at Westminster Abbey impressed and astonished him more than the architecture. "What is your secret," he inquired, "of liquefying marble?" He would scarcely believe that the flowing drapery, the breathing figures, chiselled there, were produced without some chemical process for melting the stone. Indeed, until he had repeatedly fingered the statues, he persisted in affirming them to be of wax.

But, undoubtedly, the most astonishing thing to himself, as to all strangers, was the teeming population of the metropolis. That mighty tide of Being, so deep, so measureless, so strong, that rolls ceaselessly through the vast arteries of the queen of many nations, with a throb, with a rush, with a hoarse voice of power, that overwhelms the fancy, as it dazzles the eye, and elevates or appals the spirit. The crush of vehicles, the throng of passengers, the meeting together of thousand thousands, without tumult, and without disorder. The million separate purposes, respecting each the other, yet tending to its own individual accomplishment. This it is, that renders London the most wonderful of cities. This it is, that makes all other cities afterwards visited, whatever

their wealth, grandeur, or power, appear, in comparison, uninhabited wastes. Night came down, but it brought no cessation in the waves of that living flood. Still it heaved restlessly, resistlessly, inexhaustibly, without ebb, without diminution of volume or of might. Night came down, but not rest. The shadows fell, the vapours settled. The stars strove to look down upon the British Isles. The sceptre of silence and repose was stretched over the creation of the Most High: but the Atlantic hurled its billows upon the British coast, and the headlong current of being rolled, eddying through the British capital. Lights, more in number than the visible stars of the firmament, renewed the dominion of day; and toil usurped the privileges of rest. To a nation that has subdued the elements to vassalage; that orders the fire, the waves, the wind, the thunder, the very light, at pleasure, to slave and toil for its aggrandisement; to such a nation it is a trivial thing to set at nought the demands of Nature: to say to Repose, "Thou art a stranger," to Necessity, "Thou art my bondsman."

As for myself, I was never weary of contemplating this magnificent display of energy and power. Monuments may be piled to the skies, luxury may lavish the wealth of the Indies in decoration and display; but to him who is accustomed to search below the surface, none of these things so affect the imagination as a consideration of the life-springs of this stupendous capital. We ask ourselves whence it derives such an inexhaustible profusion of being; what vasty deep is the reservoir? We see, along a distance equal to about forty miles, a double row of shops and warehouses, the contents of the least of which are worth

a prince's ransom. We ask, who are the consumers of this amazing store of merchandize. "The universal world," is the reply, and we are satisfied.

We visit the Thames with all its docks, groaning beneath fleets of merchantmen. We know, that England has a hundred harbours, equally stored; and that her vessels in each of the thousand ports of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, exceed in number those of all other foreign States. The consideration overwhelms the mind. "England," said a foreigner to me, "if we calculate only her European subjects, is the most populous of nations; for she can produce more than any other nation in the world. One of her artificers does the work perhaps of fifty of another country; he is therefore worth fifty, in the estimate."

He might have added, that the population of a million, compressed within the limits of a few miles, is equal, for efficiency, to many millions scattered over a wider space.

Into this deep and powerful tide of life, I delighted to cast myself, and float down as a leaf upon some river-stream; admiring the while its depth, and strength and fulness. My heart exulted in the power there manifested. I felt, that it was my own, even as I myself formed a particle of it. I looked upon the forms, meeting and passing me. The world can produce none such; at least the Old World cannot. In size, in strength, in healthfulness of look, in vigour of motion, and in apparel, I have seen no population to compare with that of London. Summud Khaun was equally struck; and after having visited Russia, Hamburg, France, Italy, and Greece, declared that the English were the Suddozyes (kingly tribe) of

Europe, and that London was the lamp (Shum) of cities. I objected to the climate. "The climate," he replied, "what need you know of that? When you go abroad, you just step from one glazed house into a second, which carries you at speed to a third. You never see nor feel the climate." He was right. In his own country, cloaks innumerable are necessary to the sedentary, as well as to the locomotive. In England, I never found the want of a waistcoat, beneath my military surtout.

I took him with me, in a boat down the Thames, to visit the Tunnel. Ere we descended, I made him observe the clump of merchant vessels, under which the passage runs. We proceeded to the shield, and I explained the process by which this arduous task had been effected, and wrote his name with my own, in the book. I asked him what he thought of the Tunnel. He replied, "It is the very father of Necromancy." I gave him one of the descriptive papers. This a fair lady's-maid, at one of the hotels in France, attempted to capture; but nothing could persuade him to part with it. "No!" he said, "as it is, with the help of every witness, all I see will be of little use to me. If I tell my countrymen, they will call me a liar; and if I presume to inform my king, he will cut off my head."

It may be supposed, that the bridges of the Thames greatly astonished him. They are indeed noble objects, which never disappoint. But the iron bridge, spanning the river with its three arches, naturally excited his chief admiration; for in his own land, the fusion of iron is unknown, and the price of that metal is very high. But I was amused, when he gravely compared the Hurrie Rood at Heraut, a mountain

stream, which can be forded during eight months of the year, to the Thames at London. It is an instance of partiality, by no means singular. I heard the English at Petersburgh assert, that the Nieva, where broadest, is not equal to the Thames. A Frenchman at Paris, compared the ditch there to our river ; and a Russian prince, whom I met at Calcutta, thought the Hooglie, which is about half a mile, or 2,655 feet in breadth, less than the Nieva, which averages perhaps the half of that.

As we drove one night through the street, visiting several curious exhibitions, and he was expressing his astonishment at the mass of buildings, the endless variety of rich merchandise, the crowds of vehicles, and of foot passengers ; and the gas lights, which banished night for ever from the city ; I bade him remark, that all this was the effect of justice. That in this land, the peasant's cottage is a fortress, which even the king cannot, for any personal object, violate. That property and life being here secure, and the value of good faith known, men are not obliged to bury their wealth in the earth, but bring it forth for display, and for commerce. That men, despised and persecuted in other lands, flock hither, bearing with them their riches and their credit. That the credit of the English throughout the world is so great, that an individual of our merchants was preferred by one of the States of Europe, to a powerful King of Spain ; and by entering the money market against him, and taking up all the cash available, arrested the Spanish fleet of invasion, at a moment when we had no sufficient squadron to meet it. "Justice, Summud Khaun, is a good thing. You have seen the effect of its want at

Heraut and Khiva; you see here its wonderful power."

"Yes," replied Summud, "Justice is an excellent thing." We were at that moment passing a cab-stand. The night was piercingly cold, the wind high, and snow upon the ground. The cab-horses, utterly destitute of covering or clothing, stood shivering in the night blast, the picture of misery. It did not escape Summud, who like many of his countrymen is particularly careful of his horse. "Justice," he repeated, "is an excellent thing. Is that a part of it?" pointing to the cab-horse.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Summud Khauniana—Fowl Murders—Summud Khaun's Popularity—Brutal Treatment—Visits the Wax Works—Industrious Fleas—Pastrycook—In Love—Boiled by Mistake—Polytechnic Gallery—St. Pancras Church—Midsummer Night's Dream—Haunts of my Childhood.

AS Summud Khaun is the first of his race who ever had visited Europe, and as the Afghauns in respect of the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, are almost in a state of nature, I think it may be interesting to dedicate a chapter to his impressions of England and the English. Summud Khaun's mind, though unacquainted with European arts, was far from being uncultivated. He had a considerable fund of information in matters relating to Central Asia, and had been much about the person of Shauh Kaumraun, of Heraut; had travelled in Persia, and visited Cabul. His memory was stored with quotations from Persian poets, which he aptly introduced in conversation; and he was a shrewd observer, whom nothing escaped. Unfortunately, he had seen but one European country, when he visited London; so that his comparative estimates were formed after his departure, and much interesting remark was lost.

There is no respect in which the Afghaun so

strongly betrays his Israelitish descent, as in his inveterate prejudices. Persians and Turks who visit England, fall easily into our habits, enjoy themselves as Europeans, see all that is to be seen, and on their return, wipe out a volume of peccadilloes by a pilgrimage to Mecca or Medina. But Summud Khaun could not be brought to abate one jot or tittle of his Muhummedan prejudices. His dress alone, was sufficiently remarkable, and prevented him from seeing anything, unprotected by me. Indeed, as he never condescended to learn a word of any European language, he could not, of course, be trusted to walk alone, nor could he even call for anything he required. He was, therefore, twice as helpless as an infant; for an infant will take the food provided for it; but Summud Khaun had objections to almost everything I could procure him. By the strictest scrutiny he discovered, that the English do not ordinarily milk their sows; and, therefore, when in a liberal mood would drink milk, and even eat eggs. But, living at first in a farm-house, and poking his nose into every corner, it occurred to him to inquire, whether the English kill their fowls in an orthodox manner; and he soon caught a cook-maid strangling the animal (as he called it), that is, drawing its neck, previous to cutting its throat. His horror was beyond all expression; because he had for some time confined himself to the flesh of fowls, on the supposition, that pork cannot be disguised to resemble it; and he now perceived that he had eaten the flesh of animals whose soul had escaped the wrong way. He took this much to heart, told a double number of beads, hooked on an extra prayer, and set his teeth firmly against the flesh of fish, fowl, and quadruped. I was,

therefore, obliged to ransack the country for fruit, and the pastrycooks' shops for confectionery and biscuits for him.

The want, however, of flesh meat began, after a while, to be felt; but I was absent in London, and there was not a creature in the place, to whom he could make himself understood. After exhausting all his eloquence in vain upon the cook and housemaid, he got an egg, and began dropping it from one hand to another, to the great amazement of the poor girls, who thought it might be some hocus-pocus of conjuration, and who, after staring for a while with large round eyes, took to their heels and summoned the mistress of the house. She for a long time was equally at a loss, to understand, whether he was performing some religious ceremony, or only mad; but at length the truth, ridiculous as it was, broke upon one of the party; a book of natural history was produced, a hen was found, and Summud grinned, and nodded his assent.

Accordingly, a fat fowl was procured him, from a neighbouring farm-house. But the cook-maid soon came to say that Mr. Summud Khaun was in a great taking, had rejected the fowl, and was running about, cackling, stamping, and shaking his wings. This mystery also, after much investigation, was unravelled; he wanted a live fowl, and a living fowl was procured him. But the astonishment of cook and housemaid was this time mingled with horror. Both came running into the drawing-room, pale and gasping for breath. All that could for some time be got from them was, "O ma'am! Mr. Summud Khaun!'

"Well, what of Mr. Summud Khaun?"

"O ma'am! O ma'am!"

It may be easily supposed, that some alarm was excited, by all this mysterious horror. The idea of Summud hanging suspended to the kitchen rafters by the garter of the pretty housemaid, of whom he was evidently enamoured, suggested itself; and a variety of horrible surmises succeeded. It proved, however, that the girls were only excessively horrified at the cruelty Summud was perpetrating upon the fowl. He had torn out its tongue, they said; cut its throat, without drawing, in the most unchristian-like manner, and then talked all kinds of strange words to it, in its death agonies, mocking it with sounds that resembled the gabbling of a turkey-cock. On my return from London, I found that Summud Khaun was regarded as an ogre, at the least; horror, disgust, and indignation were coupled with his name. He had dropped several eggs through his hands since, but without the slightest effect; and I was entreated never to place another live fowl in his power. I called him to me, and begged an explanation, for I knew that he was not naturally cruel. In reply he assured me that he had exercised no cruelty. That he could not think of eating fowls, whose souls were either in their bodies, or had gone to Jehannum, and that we ate none others. He had, therefore, begged a live fowl, and had made it lawful ere he ate it.

"But the maids say, you used great cruelty to it, tearing out its tongue, and prolonging unnecessarily its pain, and mocking its agonies."

"Lah hôl!" replied poor Summud; "I did only what is prescribed by the Word of God. I turned its head towards Mecca, held its tongue out of its mouth, that the soul might escape comfortably by that road,

and uttered the usual Arabic prayer, 'Bismillah oo ruhmān oo ruheem (In the name of God the compassionate, the merciful).'"

I, of course, explained all this; but I perceived that nothing could erase the horror excited by the report of the servant-maids; and as I was anxious that Summud should be as comfortable as circumstances would allow, I tried to persuade him to change his diet, from fowls to beef or mutton. But the difficulties were numerous. Having seen us strangle our fowls, he was persuaded that we draw the necks of our sheep; as for beef, it is too coarse a food for an Afghaun; he never had eaten, and never would eat it. I assured him that he was quite mistaken; that we killed our sheep by cutting their throats; and I sent him next day with an attendant to the butcher's to see the sheep killed. I felt assured that this would annihilate his scruples. But I was mistaken. The butcher had not only, he said, neglected to turn their heads toward Mecca, but instead of drawing the knife across the throat, had drilled a dirty little hole in the jugular, not half large enough to let the soul out; and he would be dished if he ate such meat as that!

I was angry at this obstinacy. Reminded him of his promise to conform, as far as possible, to our usages; a promise that alone prevailed over my reluctance to bring him with me. I represented all the trouble, annoyance, and expense which his perverseness occasioned. It was all of no use. My anger produced tears, but no abatement of his resolution. He replied, "Leave me to myself. I don't want to interrupt your happiness. I will eat bread and drink water. I want no more. I will give up

even that to please you; but I cannot peril my soul, even for your sake."

If I pressed him further, he begged me just to cast him off, and take no further care about him. It was enough for him to see me happy. This rendered anger impossible; and as his health was suffering from the unnatural diet to which he was subjected, I thought the only way was to purchase him a live sheep whenever he required meat. I accordingly sent him to the butcher's where he selected the fattest, and he returned home with it delighted, took it into the public road before the house in which he lodged, and cut its throat there in the direction of Mecca, making it as holy as he possibly could with prayer. Imagine the horror of the good people of the neighbourhood, who will eat as many sheep as you please; but think any man but the butcher a cannibal, who shall presume to kill one. The scandal was very great. The murder of the fowl was a private transaction; but this was done in the very teeth of the public. I was now at my wits' end; and I know not how I should have supplied his wants, had not the butcher volunteered to let him kill a sheep in the shambles when he needed meat, and take any portion of it that he might require. This arrangement answered very well in the country; he killed his sheep, and carried half of it home, whenever it suited him; but in London, I could effect no such arrangement for him; for, although his board was paid for, he would touch nothing set before him, and I was obliged to forage amongst the fruiterers' and pastrycooks' shops, for fruits, jams, pastry, and raspberry vinegar; the latter being his favourite tipple.

In order that he might ingratiate himself with those

about him, I kept his unfathomable pockets well supplied with confectionery. He was, in consequence, very popular with all the children of the country town, who followed him in flocks whenever he went abroad, and were, indeed, his only companions. One of the children of the person with whom, eventually, I lodged him, agreed in age with his youngest boy, left at Heraut, and became a great pet. Indeed, the poor boy's health was ruined by the quantity of sweetmeats he received from Summud Khaun. The good people of the house had a great regard for him; and in spite of the murder of fowl and sheep, parties were made to visit him; and with the true delicacy of the English, that the visit might not be taken as addressed to a monster, fruits and preserves were brought as little offerings to a guest.

Previous to this, however, and on his first arrival at Alton, an unfortunate occurrence happened, which gave me infinite concern. I was absent in London, and the family were at Church. A trooper of dragoons, and a labourer, both rather drunk, came prowling about the premises to get a view of the Turk, as they called him. Summud was seated in the garden under an apple tree, thinking himself quite secure on British ground, and in the house of his master. The men approached the low hedge, and after for some time staring at him, began to throw stones and to abuse him; at length, the trooper dared the labourer to pull the Turk's beard. The labourer leapt over the hedge, seized poor Summud's beard, and gave it several tugs; an insult, that is to be washed out only with blood. Summud ran in for his sabre, and returning, chased the labourer through the road, and would probably have killed could he have

caught him: but the fellow, in an agony of terror, was more than a match in the race for Summud, encumbered as was the latter with cloaks and huge unmentionables, so that the poor Afghaun returned to the house almost broken-hearted; insulted and dishonoured, under the very roof of his master. I could not, of course, overlook such a disgraceful outrage; an act of brutality which we had not witnessed amongst Toorks, Kuzzauks, or Tartars. I lodged a complaint with the Magistrate: the offender was apprehended, tried, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. When Summud, who was in court during the proceedings, learned the sentence, he interceded for the man, assuring the Magistrate that he quite forgave him. But the Magistrate very properly replied, that the act was one in which the character of the nation was at stake; and that he could not remove the penalty.

This circumstance greatly distressed me. I found, that in spite of our boasted civility, the stranger in England is liable to acts of brutality, which would not be credited in barbarous countries. I was no longer easy in leaving the house for a few days, and obliged to agree with the man with whom he lodged, that Summud should never show himself abroad unattended by one of the family. Even this precaution was ineffectual to prevent much uneasiness to my family, for the people of the neighbourhood collected in crowds around the house and grounds to gaze upon him; and it was impossible to feel assured that some drunken fellow amongst them might not repeat the outrage. Summud Khaun was the only Afghaun that had ever visited Europe; and it was miserable to think that such an impression of our barbarity and

inhospitality should be made upon a nation by his report.

Every evening at sunset, Summud Khaun was to be seen upon the green turf of the grass plot in front of the house, bowing and kneeling, and prostrating himself in the direction of Mecca, by assistance of a compass, which I had purchased for him. Dressed in my green furred cloak, which had reverted to him, with his long beard and turbaned brow, he was the most picturesque of figures, and one that had surely not often been seen in that quiet country place. He himself enjoyed his importance in spite of its inconvenience. "But," said he one day, "it is desperately dull work; I cannot speak a word of the language of your country. And as for venturing to walk abroad, I am an owl, Sir, a very owl; every sparrow in the neighbourhood follows me, and gabbles at me, and I am glad enough to get back to my corner of obscurity."

This boorish propensity of the English utterly prevented all freedom to the luckless guest. In London it was not quite so bad; but his ignorance of the language made it necessary that he should never move without my protection; and his helplessness prevented me from assigning him the place of a servant in the vehicle. I took him to see the wax-works, a sight really worthy of attention. He was much struck, and particularly with the figure of Mary, Queen of Scots, which he pointed out to me. I accompanied Summud to visit the industrious fleas. The exhibition is a miserable failure. The idea of making fleas work, however, greatly amused him.

"I saw," he said, "on first arriving, a dog harnessed in a cart. I afterwards saw two goats thus disposed

of. I thought this very wonderful; but never conjectured that you made use of fleas as draught cattle. What will Shauh Kaumraun say to this, if I venture to repeat it?"

On returning from any of these exhibitions, I invariably led him to the pastrycook's; a place of resort sufficiently astonishing to the inhabitants of any half-civilized land. The cleanliness, elegance and comfort of the arrangements, struck him; and the beauty of some of the young women who attended, made him fancy himself in the land of Peris. The confectionery also, he acknowledged to be passing good; and when he had seen several other countries of Europe, he confessed that, barring our monstrous habit of eating *raw* butter upon our bread, our filthy addiction to the flesh of the Unclean One, our coarse delight in beef, and horrible preference of flesh from which the soul had never satisfactorily departed; we were, next to himself, the cleanest feeders in the world.

His love was the cause of much embarrassment in our quiet household. The housemaid was a very pretty girl, but a great goose; and Summud's advances frightened her out of her wits. One day, he had drawn a carving-knife, which, since the assault recorded, he always wore dagger-fashion in his girdle; and I suppose would have threatened to stab himself. But the mere sight of the knife quite upset the kitchen. The two girls ran screaming to report to their mistress that Mr. Summud Khaun had drawn his dagger upon them; and, added the housemaid, "I 'm sure, ma'am, he 's after something dangerous, for he grins at me quite spiteful, ma'am, and one day cut off a bit of my hair, ma'am. And I don't know

what he 's going to do with it, ma'am. And he takes out the saucepan into the garden, ma'am ; and Mary and me 's obliged to chase him, ma'am, to get it back, ma'am ; and I 'm sure, ma'am, I don't like Mr. Summud's doings, ma'am, at all."

In short, the misunderstandings increased to such a degree, that I thought it better that he should not spend the day in the house as heretofore. When next I took him to London, I carried him one night to a vapour bath near St. James's Street, expecting, from the Muhummudan name of the owner, to find there someone of his own persuasion, who could talk Persian to him. But the owner, a Moosulmaun from India, was absent, and not a creature in the house could understand him. I therefore acted as interpreter, and having arranged everything, left him, and sauntered for an hour through the streets, which were half a foot deep in melting snow. I had paid half a guinea for his treat, and hoped he would be pleased. When, however, I met him, I found him in perfect misery, venting his indignation in Persian and Pushtoo, alternately, with an occasional mixture of an Arabic, Toorkish, or English word. The poor people of the house were more astonished than edified. As soon as he could make himself intelligible to me, I found that he had been made to sit upon a cane-bottomed chair ; that a curtain was drawn around him, and that at a signal, a large volume of boiling steam rushed up between his legs like an eruption of Etna, frightening him within an inch of his life, woefully scalding his sitting apparatus, and speedily increasing to a degree that almost stifled him. In vain he called out to have the curtain opened. The attendant only drew it the closer, being persuaded

that a black man likes it hot. He roared, he bellowed; but this only raised fresh demands for atmospheric air. At length, undressed as he was, he bolted through the curtain, upsetting and frightening the servant, declaring, in excellent Pushtoo, that he had never asked to be boiled; and then vainly endeavouring to persuade the man to scrub him, to dye his beard, and to polish the soles of his feet with pumice stone. In short, it was a complete failure, like every other attempt I had made for his comfort.

At the polytechnic exhibition he saw many marvels. The looms were perhaps those which most interested him, because he could best understand them. The new process for raising water by means of an endless tape, astonished me as much as it surprised him. When he saw me about to enter the diving-bell, he entreated me not to be so rash; and when I invited him to accompany me, declared he thought he should be more usefully employed in praying for me on dry land. The pride of saying he was the only Afghaun who had ever descended in a diving-bell, could not prevail over his extreme caution.

Having discovered a handsome church (St. Pancras), free from images, I took him, at his desire, to see our worship. The organ, which he now heard for the first time in his life, astonished him; but I fear he must have formed a mean opinion of our devotion; for many faces were counter-marched to stare at him. The clergyman met us after service, when I was translating to Summud the Decalogue, and offered us attention. I had warned him that he need not follow the motions of the congregation, but might sit still if he pleased; he replied, "It is the

temple of God, and I will comply." He was struck with the charity children, and I informed him that the object of religion with us, was to cultivate every virtue, and that the sermon he had just heard, was an exhortation to charity, mercy, and justice.

But the exhibition that gave him the most intense delight, was Covent Garden Theatre. I took him there twice to see the " Midsummer Night's Dream." The theatre itself, with all its galleries, its beautiful faces, and brilliant lights, was a sufficient marvel; but, when the performance commenced, the enchantment was complete: the scenery so exquisitely delineated; the figures, beautiful in themselves, and apparelled as only Peris appear; the beautiful singing; the dancing, from which I myself could not, for an instant, withdraw the eye; the winged things floating in the air, or rising through the earth, all bewildered and delighted him; and he still declares, that of all the wonderful and delightful things possessed by the English, their Play of Fairies is the most marvellous. The machinery of fairies we have ourselves borrowed from Asia; and it was easily comprehended by him. When Puck springs into the air, and flies across the stage, he was at first startled, and bewildered; but he soon recovered, and remarked, " You do that by means of wires." Bully Bottom's metamorphosis he readily comprehended. The sagacious looks of the ass, and the motions of its ear, when the Fairy Queen is whispering her love secrets, were all duly appreciated. The piece closes by the sudden apparition of fairies on earth, and fluttering in mid air, bearing each a torch in her hand. In short, fairy-land itself is outdone; and I will venture to say, that Summud's most exaggerated notion of the glories of Peristaun,

never came up to this elegant exhibition. When I explained to him, that the house, the scenery, and decorations were all the property, not of the king, but of private individuals, his astonishment was extreme. Unfortunately, Astley's Theatre was closed, so that he lost that exhibition entirely, and I was too much a stranger in London to do its lions justice.

In spite of the disgraceful outrage above recorded, Summud Khaun did not quit England until he had learned to love the nation; and I perceived, that every step we took in Europe confirmed his opinion of the superior worth and kindness of the English; and I must, as a stranger and a traveller, add my testimony, that in spite of occasional acts of boorishness and brutality, that would shame savages, I have met no people so generally courteous, kind-hearted, and estimable, as my own countrymen.

In one of the brief intervals of relaxation allowed me during my stay in England, I ran down to visit the haunts of my childhood, and the place of my birth. Twenty years had passed over the spot, and many alterations had taken place. But the general features remained as before. *They* remained as before—but the eye which beheld, and the mind which considered them, how strangely were they changed. I walked as a somnambulist. All I saw around me appeared shadows of my own fancy, one of those vivid dreams which had so often transported me fifteen thousand miles in an instant to this very spot, to the presence of these objects, to the thoughts and memories which they now awakened.

The features, I have said, remained as before; but my eye had become an inverted telescope, everything was dwindled to Lilliputian dimensions. The tower-

ing walls, which had been my models when reading of Babylon and Nineveh, had suddenly sunk to the most miserable dimensions. The mansions I had regarded as palaces in former days, appeared in the contrast but cages fit for sparrows.

The trees, behind which the sun of my childhood had set, where the heaven descended to such visible contact with the earth that I scorned the superstition which removed it to an immeasurable distance ; these I now beheld no longer as giants, but as dwarfs.

I passed the sepulchral mound, shaded with pine trees, where sleep the warriors of other days. It had seen unmoved the passage of centuries, and of course was not altered by the years of my remembrance. I passed also the bounds which once it was high treason to transgress. That play-ground with all its heroes: the strong, the fleet, the agile, the tough. It seemed to me peopled once more with candidates for fame in the mysteries of bat, hoop, football, and marbles. Where were they all dispersed whilst I had been playing a bout of long bowls in Eastern lands ?

And the glorious ginger-bread shop, and the glorious fat-faced Mrs. Abraham, who had presided over it, issuing her parliamentary edicts, and rejoicing our young hearts, as she emptied our young pockets. She could not be mortal ; she had a look of enduring beneficence, that was not made for decay. She had settled herself upon this earth of ours, so cosily, so broadly, so comfortably; she had enlarged her foundation like some mighty pyramid. It seemed impossible that time or the elements should shake her, whilst cocoa-nuts should continue to be given to mortals, and damsons and bullaces be rained below. I sought out her throne. I was astonished at the bareness of

the deep window, formerly lined with delights. I entered; I missed that most fragrant of fragrances, which formerly issued from this stronghold of delight, addressing itself equally to the brain, the fancy, and the stomach, promising such bliss as only the school-boy can enjoy, whose appetite, sharpened by the birch, is appeased upon cheese-cakes and strawberries. A sickness of the heart came over me; but I persisted. I penetrated the well-known precincts. I looked for the ample form of the Queen of Queen-cakes. Could that indeed be she, dwindled, like her empire, to the dimensions of a shrivelled walnut-kernel, even as her shop was dwindled to its shell? I stood thunder-struck, staring at the anatomy before me. She saw that I was of the ghost tribe, who will not speak until spoken to; and, with a curtsey, asked my will. This completely awakened me. Mrs. Abraham would as soon have thought of waltzing as of curtseying; indeed, the motion to a lady of her dimensions had been final, unless she had had a sixty-horse power in the knee-pan. Imagine the curtsey of the great Egyptian pyramid. The result of my inquiry was, that Mrs. Abraham, the immortal Queen of Lollipops, was—dead. Her niece had attempted to keep up the shop, but, for want of the substance of the old lady, it had dwindled away; so that now I could scarcely procure a pear and a sheet of parliament, to remind me of my immortal entry into pinafores.

I pursued my ramble, greatly shocked and dispirited. The death of a hundred new acquaintances does not so painfully remind us of our mortality as the disappearance of one of these landmarks of our history, these rallying points of our memory, who had long ceased to be regarded as actors in the pageant of

existence, and had become, as it were, parts of the machinery of the stage. I pursued my course toward the house that had shielded me in infancy. The plot of grass in front was all the worse for age, which had shrivelled its dimensions. I stepped over the chains, under which I used to creep. I was at the gate of my father's house, a stranger, and disowned. The heavy horse-chesnut trees gloomed over me. But where was their giant size? I remember when it was a feat to shy a pebble over them; and now I dare not declare how miserable they appeared to an eye accustomed to the mountainous masses of foliage of tropical climes. But I stood upon haunted and sacred ground. My hand trembled as I opened the gate; my knees gave way as I surmounted the step, and stood at my father's door. There I paused, to recover my scattered thoughts; to persuade myself by internal evidence that I was not in a trance; to indulge awhile in comparison of the scene as I had left it with the scene as it stood before me and around.

Not a tree, not a plant, or a shrub had grown in that area, but its image was fresh in my remembrance. One by one I summoned them before me; many came, sufficient to identify the spot; but many, how many, like the hands that planted and the eyes that watched them, were no more! Of those which remained, time had dimmed the beauty, even as experience had curbed the dimensions. The white blossomed acacia, the pride of that plot of turf, beneath which we so often made our summer seat, whose yellow leaves, as they fell around us, we collected, to assist in our sports, and whose image had become a type of my early joys, it was still there; but a change had passed over it; its luxuriant foliage had been

lopped by decay; its trunk was shattered and minished, and an ivy presumed to wind its arms around it, and to mingle its dank, night-haunted leaves and fibres with the tresses of this daughter of the sun. That sun now cast its garish beams upon the lawn, over which the acacia had once spread her fairy arms, as a mediator between her lord and the spot of her love. The sun-beams that spread through her emerald foliage and snowy blossoms, how sweetly, how lightly, how playfully had they fallen, robbed of all their fire, their glare transmuted into glory!

But all this was nothing to the silence of that court where forms had flitted incessantly past, and the light-hearted mirth of children had rung, until the walls were alive with the echo. Now, although there was no other symptom of desertion, which, indeed, had harmonized far better with my emotions, yet there was no life. It seemed as if all this ruin had been brought about in a day; that the hearts of the loved ones had grown suddenly still, and a blight had fallen upon the trees and shrubs, leaving the mansion unaltered in its freshness, although humbled in the pride of its dimensions.

The whole of that day I consumed in tracking the footprints of other years. It was a most melancholy, thrilling, fascinating employ. The greater part of the emotions too sacred to be recorded, too deep to be even shadowed by words. Changes had taken place, which aroused my indignation; parts of my father's ground had been sold to speculators in brick and mortar. I vainly sought the paling, which had been broken by the charge of a bull upon my red jacket: a college stood upon the spot. One circumstance perplexed me. It was, that I found the objects

formerly regarded with admiration, had been minute particles of that which now appeared so beautiful as a whole ; they were little circles, suited to the insect eyes that surveyed them, and now scarcely visible as subjects of separate review.

The eye, so long accustomed to the wide, boundless steppe, to the aspect of mountains losing their summits in the clouds, required now the aid of the microscope to discern the Lilliputian landscape which once had been in itself a world.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Return to Calcutta—Summud Khauniana—Fate of Saleh Muhummud—Murder of Stoddart and Conolly—Concluding Remarks.

AT the expiration of my allotted term, I bade farewell, once more, to my native land, and proceeded to Calcutta, *viâ* Paris, Genoa, Rome, Naples, Malta, Athens, Alexandria, and Bombay.

Previous to quitting England, on so long a land journey, I sought to provide in some way for the passage of Summud Khaun, who, I foresaw, must be, not only a ruinous expense to me, but a subject of infinite anxiety and vexation. I could have shipped him on board a sailing vessel for Bombay or Calcutta for about 50*l.* : but I felt assured he would perish on the voyage of sea-sickness and misery; for, as he was still as ignorant of any European language, or even the Hindustani dialect, as ever, his position on board a vessel, without my protection and company, would have been insupportable. At the same time, his conveyance and that of his baggage were no joke. He could not occupy the place of a lackey on the roof or basket of a carriage : and his baggage consisted of one large heavy trunk, and three sacks of sundries : for I wished him to have some remembrances of the countries he had visited. I finally decided upon his accompanying me on a journey, from which he derived more pain than interest or profit.

I took him at Paris, Genoa, and Rome, to see all that I supposed would interest him. The interior of St. Peter's, it may be believed, was the chief of these. The display of rich marbles, handsome sculpture, and gilt ornaments, dazzled and bewildered him, as much as the idolatry practised there shocked him: and the indelicacy of some of the ladies filled him with horror, which the manners of the servants' hall at the hotel tended to confirm. At Paris, that which most impressed him was the extent and excellence of the cuisine at Meurice's hotel. He spoke in glowing terms of the magic he there witnessed, and declared that the French are kings of the kitchen.

At Naples, the squalor and apparent want of the population touched his heart. One day I heard an immense hubbub outside the hotel, and presently the landlord ran in breathless to beg me to prevent my Eastern gentleman from assembling at his door all the mob of Naples, by tossing handfuls of money amongst them. I sent for Summud, and asked him if the charge was true. He replied, that it being Friday, he had distributed the usual alms, amounting to a handful or two of copper coins: that in an instant the whole population of the city seemed to have collected for the scramble, and that he had never seen so many beggars. The whole of that, and the three ensuing days, the house was beset with crowds, waiting for the appearing of his turban. It seemed, he said, to be a nation of beggars.

I took him with me to the summit of Vesuvius. He was filled with amazement and awe. As we gazed down into the fiery pit, from which ever rises a huge column of sulphurous smoke, I explained to him that this had been deemed in

former days the entrance to hell. I was extremely anxious to descend to the bottom of the crater. When Summud observed me, he roared, in the most earnest manner, his entreaty that I would return. I turned round, and invited him to follow. But the idea of walking deliberately and of choice into the jaws of Jehannum, was no part of his bargain as a follower. He stood his ground, declared that I should have full need of all his prayers, and that he would remain there and pray for me. The wind was adverse to my attempt, blowing the smoke upon the only footpath, and rendering it utterly impracticable. Indeed, as we skirted the crater, it came up in such suffocating volumes that we were once almost stifled; and Summud, instead of running, sat down in the midst of it to cough, so that I was obliged to drag him on by force.

I had explained to him that from this and a neighbouring fiery mountain we procured our sulphur; and I now showed him that mineral strewing the summit of the volcano. "No wonder," he observed, "that your gunpowder is so deadly, when you gather it at the gate of hell."

I described to him the terrors of an eruption. The heavens swallowed up in red vapour, raining ashes, and hailing rocky fragments. The flames rushing up, through this lurid canopy, and torrents of liquid lava gushing over the crater, and sweeping everything before them to the sea. "The ocean himself," I said, "flies from this fiery deluge."

"Fly," he said, "his *father* would fly."

"This mountain," he observed, "must have sinned, that the Almighty should consume it with fire. But see how merciful is God. He has placed the sea at

its foot, to prevent the further spread of this mischief. Had this mountain been in Heraut, it had set the whole country on fire, for we have no water wherewith to quench it."

I would not destroy his view of the mercy of the All-merciful, by showing him that water is one of the fiery principles which burst forth from Vesuvius ; or rather *that*, by the agency of which, the pent fire is let loose from its thraldom. I have heard Christians reason as wisely upon the providence of the Most High.

On reaching Malta, he came to me to inquire whether there were any pigs in the island ; I had seen none, and asked his reason.

"This is an English town, Sir, isn't it?"

"Yes! it is."

"Then I 'll drink some milk here. I 've had none, during the last fortnight."

"I ordered that you should be supplied; why did you not complain to me?"

"I was supplied ; but would not touch it."

"Why? I hope you are not taking up that old silly whim about pig's milk?"

"It is no whim, Sir ; I saw, with my own eyes, a little girl, of the hotel at Naples, milk the Unclean One's mother for breakfast. Lah-hôl-wa-la-kowwut-illa-billahi."

This was the first time I had ever heard of tea made with sow's milk, and I could scarcely credit the relation. His account, however, was too circumstantial to admit of doubt ; indeed he contrived to get peeps behind the curtains, of doings, of which I should never have dreamed. On board the French steamer I had purchased him a second-class place

amongst gentlemen; but sad complaints of him were brought me, and on going to the cuddy I found him excluded from the circle, and eating alone. I was angry, but on inquiring, found that he had insisted upon thrusting his hands into the dishes, in spite of all that could be said in good French to deter him; and that, when they pressed wine upon him, he had drawn his dagger, and frightened the cuddy boy into a fit, muttering all the while horrible sounds, being the Arabic line above quoted. The consequence was, that all the servants took a dislike to him, and rendered him very uncomfortable. One day, I found that he had nothing before him but sea-eggs: "things without a father," as he called them.

The account he gave, of the abominations used by the cook of the steamer, in the production of the exquisite dishes served at table, was very horrible. I felt grateful for the schooling I had had in a Kuzzauk tent. I fancy his impression of French politeness was not favourable. One day, in travelling toward Marseilles, I occupied the front part of the diligence, and he had a seat in the rear. When we had proceeded some distance, it being night, I fancied I heard my name called in Persian, and looked out of the window in amaze. I again heard the sound, and thrusting my head out, found that it proceeded from Summud Khaun, who was calling upon me for help. I stopped the diligence, leapt out, and ran to his assistance. He was blubbering and roaring alternately, and it was long ere I could ascertain the cause. At length, I found that he accused the man in front of him of spitting in his face, and pulling his beard. I opened the door, climbed the steps, and insisted upon an explanation. The offender, a soldier of the Guards,

was much too drunk to render any; but his comrade, and the other passengers, replied for him, that he was very sick from drunkenness, and that he might have spluttered a little over my Turk; that my Turk had seized him by the throat in the most unchristian-like manner, and that he had pulled my Turk's beard in retaliation.* I explained this to Summud, but he would not be pacified. He could not fetter his conscience by winking at the crime of drunkenness, and, after having been stopped again by a fresh *fracas*, I was obliged to bribe the man who sat next me, to change places with Summud, who declared he would leap out under the wheels, rather than sit where he was.

In the steamer from Malta to Athens, were a poor man and his wife, with whom Summud shared all his little luxuries. The woman had a young pup, which was one of the Feringee mysteries that perplexed poor Summud. "What *can* she pet that unclean animal for?" he inquired.

"Why," I said, "women must have something to lavish their affections upon; and if Heaven has denied them children, they often adopt cats, dogs, or parrots. It is one of the mysteries of the human heart."

Some days subsequent to this, he came and said, "Do you know, Sir, what the woman keeps that

* "It is very hard," said Summud Khaun, "that I should be so baited by drunken men; I 'm sure I 've done my duty toward them. I killed two of them at Heraut, and was very nearly hanged in consequence. They blasphemed God and the Prophet. I rebuked them. They continued their blasphemy, and I rode up and split their skulls with my battle-axe. The friends of the second had me imprisoned. I was many weeks in quod; but fortunately there had been witnesses of the deed, who testified that I had only done the duty of a good Moosulmaun."

puppy dog for? You told me, it was to fondle, and I thought that sufficiently horrible; but after awhile, it struck me that I saw no provision made for the food of this imp of uncleanness, and I determined to watch; so one night, whilst I lay awake, I heard the thing screaming for food, until at last it woke the woman. Now, I said, we shall see. And what do you think I saw? The woman gave this son of defilement the breast. Lah-hôl-wa-la-kowwut-illa-billahi! What will Shauh Kaumraun say, when I tell him I have seen a people, whose daughters milk the mother of the Unclean One, and are themselves milked by the sons of defilement? Lah hôl! Jobah!"

At Athens, I bargained that he should live at the table of the hotel-keeper. A day or two afterwards, mine host came to beg I would tell Summud not to carry loaded pistols always in his belt, for not only were the women in a fluster about it, but the police might some day be upon him; as no one may bear arms in Greece, without special licence. I warned him accordingly: but he replied, that he had good reason for the precaution, and when urged further, shrugged up his shoulders, and was silent.

The next day, the master of the hotel waited upon me and said, he had done his utmost to make my Turk comfortable: but to no purpose. He sat down to dinner armed to the teeth, and when he, the hotel-keeper, drank his health, after the English fashion, the Turk drew his dagger, and threatened to cut all their throats. I sent for Summud, and inquired into this. He replied, that the hotel-keeper had offered him wine. That he had declined it. That it was pressed upon him, and he had replied in excellent Persian, that it was forbidden, and that if they loved

him they would forbear. That on their urging it again, he had drawn his knife, and declared they had better cut his throat than press him. That he had made signs to this effect, and they had all taken to their heels.

I begged mine host not to press him to do what was forbidden to him.

He declared he had not pressed him. He had merely drunk his health.

"He lies," said Summud, "he did press me. He said, 'Goot, very goot you,' and patted his breast, as much as to say, it will make you fat and hearty. He thinks I don't know what Goot means."

"Lah! Sir," said the poor hotel-keeper, "I only said, 'Your good health,' and put my hand upon my heart. It is all the English I know, Sir, and I thought the Turk had been in England, and was up to it."

He was much interested with the localities of Egypt, familiar to him in the Muhummudan traditions; and the Red Sea had even more charms for him, as he passed the spot where Moses cleft the waters, saw Sinai and Horeb in the distance, and passed within a few miles of Mecca. On arriving at Bombay, I procured him a passage to Kurrachee, and gave him letters and all the cash I could spare, to carry him to his native land. I heard of his safe arrival at Candahar,* and of that of my other servants. I parted from him with regret, for we had seen and suffered much together. He is by far the most travelled Afghaun in the world; but was, unfortunately, so little dis-

* I was long ignorant of his fate. But have heard that he followed the British force from Candahar, and enjoyed a small pension at Peshawur, where he died some years subsequently.

posed to turn his advantages to good account, that I fear he scarcely remembers the names of half a dozen of the cities through which he passed, although to fix them in his memory, I made him, at each, a present of some trifle. By the time he reached Candahar, he had prayed facing each point of the compass, having encircled Mecca. People were often curious to know what countryman he was. If I said, "An Afghaun," they would stare with open mouths, evidently supposing it was some species of buffalo. I therefore generally said, "He is a kind of Persian." This satisfied them, and they thought Xerxes must have been a queer-looking fellow. But it did not satisfy poor Summud, for the Persians are all heretics. He, therefore, one day said, "Call me an Arab, Sir."

"If you like it, I will, Summud, but they know of Arabs, in this country, only as horses, and you will be mistaken for a wild Yahoo (galloway), to a certainty."

In England, the country clowns after staring, first at his petticoats, and then at his beard, became quite muddled, and spoke of him in the neuter gender, to avoid mistakes.

In the fate of Saleh Muhummud, the reader will probably take interest. This gallant man reached Heraut in safety, and was received there with the warmest applause, and rewarded handsomely for his spirited services. He afterwards served under Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Conolly on his mission to Khiva. The following extract from a letter, dated Cabul, 12th July, 1841, will show further particulars. "Saleh Muhummud arrived at Cabul about three weeks ago. You may fancy how delighted I was to see him. He brought a packet from Lieutenant-

Colonel Conolly by the direct route, through the Huzzaruh country. He returned by the same route, after remaining seven or eight days. He received in presents of shawls, pistols, and money, about £100; your brother gave him a handsome watch. The land which I bought him at Heraut, has been confiscated by Yar Muhummud Khaun, the Vuzeer. I brought away his father, uncle, brothers, and cousins, all of whom the Vuzeer wished to torture."

So much was known of him when the first edition of these volumes was printed in Calcutta, in 1841. On Saleh Muhummud's return from Cabul to Khiva, with despatches for Lieut.-Colonel Conolly, he found that that officer had gone to Kokaun, and from thence to Bokhara, where he hoped to liberate Colonel Stoddart. Thither, *i.e.*, to Bokhara, Conolly summoned Saleh Muhummud, who accordingly left Khiva, in spite of the anxious dissuasion of the Khaun Huzurut, who assured him that evil would befall him from the monster ruling there. On entering the Bokhara territory, he was arrested, stripped of his property, and carried prisoner to the Ummeer. For the Ummeer, on learning of the Cabul outbreak, had closely imprisoned both Stoddart and Conolly in the citadel. Saleh Muhummud was imprisoned in another quarter of the same building, for fifty-two days. He was then taken, with one Ulla Dād (a messenger from Shah Shooja, attendant upon Conolly), and with him thrust into a dry well, in the jail of the city. Here he remained four months, in a condition truly horrible.

He was then, with some others, taken out and set at liberty. One of these, Yoosuph Roomie, was taken to the Tukht, a platform in the sand outside the fort, the ordinary place of execution. There he and

two robbers were thrown, and their throats were cut. A young son of the jailor, Meer Syud Shereef, ran in to Stoddart and Conolly saying, "They have killed Yoosuph Roomie and two others with him." Conolly said, "Those two others must have been Saleh Muhummud and Ulla Dād." This being denied, he privately sent to Saleh Muhummud, desiring some sign that he still lived. Saleh replied that at Khiva, he, Colonel Conolly, had said, that the earth revolves upon its axis; to which Saleh had answered, "How can that be? We should all be sent up to the skies." Hearing this, Colonel Conolly was assured of Saleh's existence, and begged him not to quit Bokhara.

About seven days after Saleh's release, Conolly and Stoddart were removed from the citadel, and stripped of their garments. A written paper was found upon Colonel Stoddart. He was summoned before the Ummeer, who asked him how, and from whom he had received that paper. He refused to tell. He was thrown upon his back, and beaten upon the soles of his feet, until the flesh peeled off. But he remained constant. He was then carried to the prison in the city, and was that night murdered secretly in a ruined house of that enclosure; his throat being cut, and the head taken off.

Conolly was then brought before the Ummeer, who offered him his life, upon condition of his undergoing circumcision. He replied boldly, "You circumcised Colonel Stoddart, and now have murdered him. What faith is there in your word? I am ready for death." The fatal sign was given. He was led away and murdered that night in the prison, but by a different executioner.

Secretly as this hellish work was performed, it was whispered throughout the city, and reached Saleh's ears. He went to one of the executioners to certify himself of the truth. The man confirmed the report, and offered, for a sum of money, to show him their heads. But Saleh had no heart to witness the sight, had he possessed the means of bribing the executioner. He was satisfied that the British officers were killed, and that he had no further business at Bokhara, where his own life was in hourly jeopardy.

He went to an officer who was friendly to him (I purposely forbear mentioning the name), and demanded a passport, without which no man can leave Bokhara. The officer replied, "Why have you clad yourself?" He answered that some charitable people had enabled him to do so. The officer inquired whether he knew that the British officers had been killed. He affected ignorance, being afraid to betray his informant. The officer said, "They have been killed, and your only chance is to move off in beggar's attire." This Saleh did; and joining a caravan, reached Khiva, where the Khaun Huzurut was most friendly, and supplied him with a horse, arms, dress, cash, and guides to Meshed.

He arrived safely, and a sum of money, as a remuneration of his losses and services, was bestowed upon him by the British Government, and he continued an exile at Meshed until the sum was nearly expended; when thinking I might be able to provide for him in India, he endeavoured to reach me, *viâ* Bulkh and Cabul. The Ummeer of Cabul would not suffer him to pass, but sent him back in winter over the snowy passes, with an order to the Governor of Heibuk to set him adrift trans-Oxus, the territory of Bokhara,

where the first person he met would either murder or enslave him. Before they had found it convenient to do this, he escaped by night, and after many perilous adventures reached Heraut, and from thence Meshed.

When recovered from his fatigues, he again started in quest of me: but now by the route of the Persian Gulf, in company with his son, a fine boy of about twelve years. They took fever on the voyage, and were landed half dead at Kurrachee. Some kind gentleman found them there apparently dying on the strand, and had them conveyed to the hospital. When recovered, they got on board a passenger boat, and came up the Indus. They arrived in the utmost distress at Mooltan, whence Saleh wrote me, through the commissioner.

I had just left Huzara, and was, as I supposed, on my way to England, whither I was summoned by family affliction. All power to serve or to provide for poor Saleh was lost. Mr. John Lawrence, however, kindly interested himself in his behalf; and in spite of many difficulties the M. N. the Governor-General in Council, on hearing the particulars of his case, settled upon him a pension of £150 per annum.

The reader who has honoured my pages with his attention, will remember my description of the hopeful, light-hearted Saleh Muhummud. I found him sadly altered. So broken in spirits, from incessant misfortune, as scarcely to retain a capacity for hope. I left him residing at Hoshiarpoor, in the Punjaub.

Of the fate of the Kuzzauk brothers, I have not yet been able to gather tidings. I fear they were not rewarded as they deserved. Hussun Mhatoor was pardoned on my intercession, and the Kuzzauk guides were probably screened by him.

The result of this mission is now matter of history, yet so little known, that it may be worth while to record it. It is narrated by my successor at Khiva, Sir Richmond Shakespeare, in a paper published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. 320, of June 1842.

The promise of the Khaun Huzurut to release all the Russian slaves in his dominions on assurance from the Emperor that he would, on their release, set free the Khivan captives, had been communicated* by me to the Court of St. Petersburgh. To have released the Russian slaves while a Russian army was in full march upon Khiva, would not have stayed the advance of that army; the release of their slaves being the object least considered by Russia in the invasion. When, however, the severity of the season had discomfited the Russian army of invasion, and obliged it to retreat upon Orenburgh, the fitting time for their release was come; and Sir R. Shakespeare took advantage of it to persuade the Khaun Huzurut to send them all, under his protection, back to Russia. This was happily accomplished. Four hundred and sixty-three hapless wretches, who had lost all hope of ever again beholding their native land, were suddenly released from the most cruel slavery; were clad, fed, and provided with means of transport, and restored to their country, and to whatever Heaven might have left them of homes.

In return, six hundred Oozbegs and Toorcumuns, whom I had seen pining in the prisons of Russia, were, in like manner, released and sent home; and Russia was left without a plea for extending her empire 1,500 miles in the direction of India.

And thus, by the opportune agency of natural

* See Appendix A.

causes, acting in concert with the prompt and ever-watchful zeal of our envoy at Heraut (the lamented and highly-gifted Major D'Arcy Todd) an expedition, which portended woe and disaster to Asia and to Europe, ended in peace and in blessing to the oppressed.

To Major Todd, therefore, the nation owes the only benefits purchased by all the blood, treasure, and national prestige expended in our first expedition to Cabul; and leading indirectly to the second Sikh war, and to the Sipahi mutiny of 1857. For he it was, who, by effecting the release of captives on either side, enabled the Emperor of Russia to free himself with honour from a painful dilemma; and who retarded by five-and-twenty years the march of Russia to the Hindoo Koosh.

In the brief period of which this record treats, the Author may be said to have reaped the experience of years. He had the advantage of viewing events, that ordinarily are widely severed, brought together into closest contrast. The one great object of his search through life he kept constantly before him; endeavouring to divest his mind of early prejudice, and by rigid analysis to separate the fine gold of truth from every base alloy. Viewing his anxieties and sufferings as the means to such an end, he did not style pain "evil." He deemed not his own individual interests worthy to interfere with that grand scheme of Providence, which has been arranged by an all-wise Intelligence for purposes and upon a plan inscrutable to human sight. Still less did he believe that the being he had received from his Maker could ever be lost from the memory of his God.

By a tissue of unlooked-for events he was carried

through all his difficulties, and his mission was crowned with success. The contrary result would not have weakened his estimate of Divine goodness, founded as it is upon no partial or confined view of the system around him: for, as he cannot but deem that period of suffering the most valuable portion of his life; so, had he failed in his enterprise, the sense of having acted to the best of his judgment would have supported him.

But the scenes through which I passed were productive of further and gratifying results. I saw human nature in a variety of phases; but the good was never eclipsed by the evil. Amongst the Oozbegs, the just, and kind, and honourable Khaun Huzurut, the generous and hospitable Mooraud Ali. Amongst the Toorcumuns, Khojeh Muhummud. Amongst the Kuzzauks, Cherkush Bae—calm, courageous, faithful, affectionate — and the wife of Ahris Mhatoor, an honour to her sex. Amongst the Russians I met goodness everywhere. Amongst the Herauties, Saleh Muhummud, one of the finest characters in the world, when I knew him, and my own poor servants, faithful to me amid a thousand perils and trials. But in my own country, and amongst my own people (let me name with reverence the name of Butterworth Bayley), I saw this goodness in its noblest dress.

END OF THE JOURNAL.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

AT page 168 of the first volume, the offer which the Khaun Huzurut himself dictated to me to be borne to the Emperor of Russia, and which he made me write out in his presence, that it might not be forgotten nor misunderstood, has been recorded.

At page 149 of this volume, I have mentioned my interviews with the Russian Foreign Minister, Count Nesselrode.

A letter from the Secretary to the Government of India to Sir William McNaghten, for Major Todd's information, communicates as follows:—

"By a confidential communication received by the Mail of 4th September 1840, it appears probable that His Majesty the Emperor of Russia will cause an answer to be sent to the letter taken by Captain Abbott to him, from the Khaun Huzurut, to this effect, viz., That if he will at once and unconditionally release all the Russian subjects now in the territory of Khiva; if he will promise not to make any more Russian subjects captive, and will not molest the Russian caravans; and if he will also send three persons to be kept as hostages at St. Petersburgh, the Emperor will abstain from any further attack on Khiva so long as these engagements shall continue to be observed."

This letter was written before it was known that Lieutenant Shakespeare had persuaded the Khaun Huzurut to fulfil his promise, made through me to the Emperor of Russia, to release all the Russian captives, without awaiting an answer to his letter to the Emperor borne by me.

APPENDIX B.

HAD we searched the Map of the World, 577 years ago, for the empire, or khaunaut of Tartary, we should have found its boundaries stretching northward to Moscow; southward to Delhi; reaching on the east the Gulf of Tartary; and on the west, the river Euphrates; a dominion larger than the present empire of Russia. If, in the present day, our eye is directed to a similar search, we find but the nucleus of that magnificent empire, in three small and comparatively powerless States; Khaurism (or Khiva), Kokaun, and Bokhara, of which the second is accounted the richest, and the first, the most warlike.

These States, which occupy a nearly square area of 900 miles on the east of the Caspian, being girt for the most part by deserts, and rude mountains, infested by predatory tribes; and being themselves in a state of barbarism, little above the condition of savages, are amongst the least known portions of our globe. Bokhara, indeed, by her traffic with Russia, has of late years in some measure disinterred herself from oblivion. But the designs Russia has long manifested upon Khaurism, have recently led to jealousies and hostilities, that have prevented the latter State from benefiting by intercourse with her more civilized neighbour. Kokaun and Bokhara do not belong to the province of the following remarks upon the geography and statistics of Khaurism.

2. BOUNDARIES OF THE KINGDOM OF KHAURISM, GENERALLY KNOWN UNDER THE TITLE OF ITS CAPITAL, KHIVA, OR KHAYWA.—The boundaries of Khaurism are, on the north the small rivers Yem, Djem or Embah*, and Irghiz, by which it is severed from the country of the Khirgheez, a tribe of Kuzzauks dependent upon Russia. On the south an irregular line from the river Attruck to Punjdeeh. On the

* Russia has since seized the whole of Khaurism.

west it is the coast of the Caspian. On the east the terminal line is ill-defined, or rather imaginary, including, by a course nearly north and south about 350 miles of the sandy desert east of Khiva; then crossing the Oxus in the latitude of Bokhara, and thence stretching S.E. through a desert of sand, to the hill country of Heraut and Caubul.

3. DIMENSIONS.—The mean length of the kingdom is about 750 miles, its mean breadth about 600. The area enclosed, 450,000 square miles.

4. ASPECT.—Few countries present so uniform an appearance: for with the exception of the short and narrow tract bordering the left bank of the Oxus, and the well-watered sands of Merv, Khaurism may be described as a wide desert plain, without rivers or springs, woods or mountains; where the plough has never turned a glebe, nor the wilderness yielded to the industry of man. This wide waste plain is not, however, such a desert as we read of in Lybia and Arabia, although from the latitude of Khiva to that of Merv, the plain is a broken and irregular surface of deep sand, for the most part destitute of grass; for even here, there springs a growth of brushwood, offering excellent fuel, and the thorny herb which the camel loves. And from the latitude of Khiva, to the northern limits of the kingdom, the soil is a firm clay stratum, resting upon shell-limestone, and covered with a low growth of wormwood and another dark brown herb.

5. The sandy surface is not cast into regular undulations, as might be expected, could its irregularities be ascribed to the action of the winds; but is broken into hillocks and pits, that defy theoretical speculation. The clay surface is sometimes quite level, but more generally swelling to form ravines, the course of which is nearly S.S.W. On approaching from Khiva the promontory of Mungh Kishlauk, the country is broken up, by some former operation of the sea, into wide level valleys, walled in by cliffs of chalk and marl, surmounted by the aforesaid shell-limestone and clay. The isthmus between Mungh Kishlauk and the Bay of Tiouk Karasoo (on which stands the Russian fort of Nuov Alexandrof) is a triple chain of mountains of red sandstone, not less than 1,500 or 2,000 feet higher than the level of the Caspian. These and the mountains of Balkaun are the only hills I could learn of in the country; but the plateau between the Caspian and Aral seas has, by my estimate, more than 1,000 feet of elevation, and the Russians speak of still higher land, lying immediately south of the Yem or Embah. There

are also one or two trifling limestone summits on the eastern banks of the river Oxus, and about forty miles north of Khiva, and it is said that gold was once found in these, although the formation promises no such product.

6. CLIMATE.—The climate of Khaurism is more various than its surface or extent would lead a stranger to anticipate. On the table-land of the isthmus of Khaurism (*i.e.* between the Caspian and Aral seas) the snow of winter lies during five months, to the depth of four or five feet, and the thermometer sinks to 40° of Reaumur. Even at Khiva, the river Oxus is hard frozen during four months, although the latitude corresponds with that of Rome; and snow lies for several months, melting in the sun's rays, but so hard congealed in the shade, as never to be compressible into masses; travellers, and those who cut wood in the wilderness, are frequently lost in snow-storms, when the snow will sometimes fall five or six feet in depth, and the air is so searching, that the warmest furs will not resist it. Water froze in the small room I occupied at Khiva at the distance of three feet from the charcoal fire; and even at mid-day, when the sun was unobscured, the vapour of my breath collected in large masses of hoar-frost and ice upon my beard and Tartar cap. Yet in summer, the heat at Khiva is almost insufferable; linen clothes can scarcely be borne; and it is impossible to sleep beneath the roof. People exposed to the sun die in consequence. These great extremes terminate about midway between Merv and Khiva. At Merv, indeed, the heat of summer is sufficiently oppressive, as every ray of the sun is multiplied by the sands of the surrounding deserts; but in winter, although snow falls, it is immediately melted by the heat of the soil. Yet Merv, although 5° farther south than Khiva, has a higher elevation above the sea's level, as the course of its river attests. The cause of the excessive cold of Khiva may be simply explained. Khiva is situated midway between the frozen wastes of Siberia and the burning deserts of Arabia and Persia. The prevalent wind, therefore, is from the N.E., and blows over an uninterrupted waste of about 100°, covered in winter with ice and snow. The intense chill of this wind must be felt to be conceived. Any portion of the human frame exposed to it is paralysed and destroyed. Of the Toorcumuns sent to oppose the Russian expedition, numbers were brought back mutilated: some had lost an arm, others a foot, others the whole cheek or the nose. The lips, and even the tongue, were in some cases destroyed. The position of Khiva in the midst of a sandy desert renders intelligible the extreme heat

of the summer months. I regret that I cannot give the variations of the thermometer; my instrument was early begged of me by the Mehtur (Vuzeer), and I was so ill-provided with presents, that I thought it prudent to comply with the demand. The spring is described as being delightful, and the desert may sometimes be passed in the summer months, as it is always less sultry than Khiva, and is occasionally overshadowed with clouds from the Caspian. Such great extremes of heat and cold are undoubtedly trying to the constitution. Yet Khiva appears to be generally salubrious, at least it is found so by the Tartars and others, whose habits of life give them sufficient exercise. Even the lazy and inert Oozbeg seems to thrive. Upon the high table-land of the isthmus the heat is never excessive, being tempered alike by the elevation of the soil, and by clouds passing between the seas.

7. Caspian Sea.—The Caspian, although it forms the western boundary of Khaurism, can scarcely be said to belong to this realm; for the Yahmoot Toorcumuns of the Balkaun who navigate it, have thrown off allegiance to the Khaun Huzurut, and the boats possessed by other tribes of this race are few and extremely small. It nevertheless seems necessary to describe this sea or lake, because its navigation is of vital importance to the interests of Khaurism.

Basin of the Caspian.—The basin of the Caspian is a shell-limestone, precisely similar to that which forms the plateau between its shores and Khiva. It is remarkable, that the whole of this immense mass, often elevated several hundreds of feet above the present level of the Caspian, contains but three shells, viz., the cockle, mussel, and spirorbis, which are the sole productions of the waters of the Caspian. It might hence be inferred, that the Caspian is at present depressed above a thousand feet below its ancient level; were not the supposition irreconcilable with the features of the neighbouring lands. Had these vast strata of shell-limestone been the deposit of the ocean, they must have contained other shells than those which they yield to research. They are therefore the deposit of the Caspian, not of the ocean, to which the Caspian could not have been united, when those shells were deposited. But the number of cycles requisite for their formation, and for so entire a change as has since happened to so wide a surface of the globe, is a consideration which leads back the mind, beyond the depth of its comprehension, in the ocean of Time.

Eastern Coast of the Caspian.—The eastern coast of the

Caspian is generally smooth and shelving. The bays and gulfs are therefore extremely shallow, which does not agree with the great height of the cliffs of the north-east shore, seldom less than 500 feet above the level of the water. The water is remarkably clear, very salt, but not bitter. The immense volume of fresh water poured into this sea by the Volga, the largest of the European rivers, abates the saltness of the northern portion; an effect further increased by the congelation of the waters during the winter months; when the Gulf of Mertvoi is frozen over, and ice of several miles breadth, extends along the coast, as far as the Bay of Balkaun, altogether suspending navigation in those regions.

Ports of the Caspian.—The ports, if such they may be termed, on the eastern coast of the Caspian, are Nuov Alexandrof, in the inlet of Karasoo (or the black water), the promontory of Mungh Kishlauk, and the Bay or Gulf of Balkaun.

The most important port on this coast is the promontory of Mungh Kishlauk, a name belonging to a considerable district south and south-west of Nuov Alexandrof. It is hither that the Russian vessels from Astrakhan used to resort, to convey to that city the Bokhara caravans. It is distant about 480 miles from Khiva. It possesses no fixed habitation, but is well peopled by Kuzzauks, who here pasture their flocks of sheep and herds of galloways and camels. It is open to navigation about a month earlier than Nuov Alexandrof, and is in every respect a preferable port; the navigation from thence to Astrakhan being easy, and frequently accomplished in a single day. The island of Koolali, a small Russian settlement, is visible from hence, and within a few hours' sail. Koolali was girdled with ice when I saw it on the 13th April 1840. The Russians, about two years ago, landed at Mungh Kishlauk, and marked out the site of a fort upon the heights, but the foundation was never laid.

Gulf of Balkaun.—The Gulf of Balkaun, taking its name from the mountains so called, is in possession of a tribe of Yahmoot Toorcumuns, who have thrown off allegiance to Khiva, and subsist by plundering the small craft of the Russians.

Bay of Kara Beeghaz.—The Bay of Kara Beeghaz lies north of that of Balkaun on the eastern coast of the Caspian. It does not appear to be much frequented as a port, and was not mentioned to me as such, when I was about to seek the Russian frontier from Khiva. Amongst other reasons may be that rush of the Caspian into this bay, which

was reported to Moravief by the Toorcumuns of the steppe, and which seems to have led to the supposition that the Caspian hence found a subterranean communication with the sea of Aral. It is difficult to account for such a rush of water from a tideless sea, if, indeed, the fact be correctly stated. Moravief passed close to the southern brink of a salt lake, called Kooli Derria-ab, sixty miles* N.E. of the Bay of Balkaun. He was told that it was ten miles in length, and communicated with the Bay of Kara Beeghaz, in which case he probably made more North latitude at the outset than the maps of his route generally show. That there should be any rush of water from the Caspian to the Aral is impossible, the Caspian being 113 feet lower than the Aral; but springs probably follow the old course of the Oxus to the Bay of Balkaun, and may have given rise to the fable of a subterranean connection between the seas.

KINDERLINSK BAY. — This bay is still further on the eastern coast of the Caspian than that of Kara Beeghaz. I heard nothing concerning it whilst in Khaurism.

The Russians monopolize the trade of the Caspian; I may add, its navigation. As the sturgeon, the salmon, and another large and delicate fish abound in this sea, the fisheries are very valuable; and, so far as I can learn, the Russians have several hundreds of decked vessels, besides small craft, some employed in fishing, and the remainder in merchandize. Owing to the wide extent of shoal water on the eastern coast, the vessels are built without keels, but with round bottoms. The water in the inlet of Karasoo is extremely shallow.

SEA OF ARAL.—Of the Sea of Aral, it is difficult to procure any particulars from a people so barbarous as the Kuzzauks, who alone are familiar with it. The following are to be regarded rather as conjectures than established facts. The water is too salt to be drunk by man or beast,† excepting at the mouths of the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes. The water

* Moravief's calculations of distances travelled by him are exactly double the actual measurement. He makes Khiva from the Balkaun Bay 674 miles, whereas it is 360, or twelve camel marches of 30 miles.

† Schuyler says that the soldiers of the Orenburg column invading Khiva drank the water of this sea on its western coast for two days without ill effects, but with rapidly increasing disgust. He himself drank it at the north-eastern corner, and found it brackish, but not strongly saline. Analysis gives it 12 parts of foreign ingredients in one thousand of water. He quotes its extreme depth at 245 feet near western coast; in the middle, 100 feet. On the east and south, he says, a man may walk into it for miles, and a strong wind from that quarter dries up much of its bed. The mean of several estimates give it 138 feet above the ocean's level. These I should be disinclined to trust, though it is probably higher than the ocean.

is shallow, but navigable by small craft. The eastern coast appears to be low, with occasional hillocks. The foot of the Ust Urt heights between the two seas gives elevation to part of the western shore.

At the mouth of the Oxus are many islands, and near the centre of the sea is one of considerable extent. Brushwood is found along the margin, but no timber is known in Khaurism, excepting where human industry has reared it in the neighbourhood of Khiva. Little, if any, wood is floated down the Oxus. The reason may be, the predatory habits of the tribes infesting its shores; but I could not learn of the existence of forests on the margin of this river, within the power of its current. The boats upon the Sea of Aral are merely small fishing craft, belonging to the Aral Oozbegs and Kara Kulpauks, dwelling on its coasts. They are few in number.

The name of this sea is Dungiz-i-Khaurism, or the sea of Khaurism. The name Aral is never applied to it by Asiatics, and belongs to a tribe of Oozbegs dwelling near that sea.

Rivers of Khaurism.—The rivers of Khaurism are the Aumoo or Oxus, the Sirr or Jaxartes, and the Awb-i-Mowr, called by us the Moorghaub.

Sirr or Jaxartes.—Of the Sirr I could learn little or nothing, during my residence at Khiva, being prohibited from intercourse with the natives. It is known only to the Kuzzauks who live on its borders, and the few merchants that pass from Bokhara to Orenburgh. Its waters are the glory and the life of the Tartar kingdom of Kokaun; but its course through Khaurism chiefly enlivens a desert of sand.

Meyendorff, who crossed it near its estuary, reckons the breadth there at 120 yards, or 360 feet, and its depth at 24 feet. But he believes the breadth to be much wider at Kokaun, because the river Komoun, one of its almost abandoned channels, carries off still much of the water, which it wastes in the sands, or deposits in insignificant lakes. If we suppose one-third to be the diminution, we shall have for the main stream of the Sirr 460 feet, the extreme depth being 24 feet. If we assume 12 feet as the mean depth, we shall have a section of 5,980 square feet, at a point where the river has some velocity of current, viz. at Kokaun.

If we now take Burnes's measurement of the Oxus, near Charjooee, viz. 650 yards, or 1,950 feet, with an average depth of 16 feet, we have a sectional surface of 31,200 feet, or more than five times that of the Sirr. If, therefore, at

these points, the currents of the two rivers be equal, then the water poured into the plain of Khiva is more than five times that contained in the channel of the Sirr.

River Aumoo or Oxus.—The river Aumoo is to Khaurism what the Sirr is to Kokaun. It enters Khaurism by a sandy desert: but flowing onward, reaches a fertile clay plain, over which its waters are distributed by numerous canals. This plain is about 200 miles in length, by about 60 of average breadth, and produces grain for the supply of the bulk of the Tartar population, as well as for export to Khorussaun. In ancient times, the course of the Aumoo, after passing Khiva, was an abrupt curve, by which it rolled its waters into the Gulf of Balkaun in the Caspian. The river valley and channel are still in existence, to attest the truth of this statement; and the Russians talk of turning the stream into its former course, should they gain possession of Khiva; a work which, besides adding to the productiveness of the kingdom, would afford the convenience of river navigation from the Caspian to Khiva.

Of the Oxus, so much has been written in Sir Alexander Burnes' interesting narrative, that I shall content myself with the details of only those facts which came under my observation, and the observations naturally resulting therefrom.

When it is gravely asserted, that a large river did, some centuries back, follow a course very different from its present, so as to disembogue its waters into a sea, now severed from it by a desert of 350 miles, strong proofs will be expected in support of the theory; especially, when in order to such a termination, the river must have turned off suddenly, at an abrupt angle, from its direct course.

If, however, in addition to the records of the past, we have before our eyes the undoubted channel, through which the river flowed to that distant sea, it is impossible longer to withhold our credence, and we have only to reconcile (as best we may), the phenomenon with the established system of nature. An earthquake is one of those universal specifics which a philosopher would adopt, only when other expedients fail him. It is true, that earthquakes are more frequent than our brief space of existence leads us to imagine, but I do not remember an instance on record of so large a river as the Oxus having by such agency been deflected from its course; and although the power of an earthquake be quite equal to such an effect, yet I would not be the first to establish a precedent of this nature without abundant proof.

The subject cannot be fairly examined without the aid of a map of Khaurism. Burnes has not examined it, but has regarded the theory as absurd, and considers the channels existing between Astrabad and Khiva to be "remains of some of the canals of the kingdom of Khaurism, being supported in this belief by the ruins near them, which have been deserted as the prosperity of that empire declined."

But this support seems very feeble, inasmuch as the ruins spoken of would be deserted just as certainly if abandoned by the river, as by the failure of the canal; and, moreover, we need appeal to none, who have ever attended to the phenomena of large rivers, for the impossibility of mistaking a deserted canal for the channel of a river such as the Oxus; which, after hollowing out for itself a valley some miles in breadth, ploughs up a furrow a hundred feet deeper than the earth's level, and wide enough for a stream of 800 feet span. This valley and furrow I have myself seen, the latter filled with melted snow. Its course bearing toward the Gulf of Balkaun, in a situation where any detour to the north was impracticable, owing to high table-land. This channel was also seen by Moravief,* lower down, and is spoken of by the people of the country as extending to the Balkaun. I conceive the fact to be so fully established by my own observation, and that of others, that I shall proceed to show how the Oxus might have abandoned its original channel, without any assistance from convulsions of Nature.

In the days of Alexander the Great, the course of the Oxus, after having been unusually straight, suddenly turned W.S.W., at nearly a right angle. What can have led to this deviation we cannot now determine. We know, however, that rivers do not always find a channel free of impediment, even when they have found the lowest level for their waters; and on the bank of the Oxus we everywhere meet with wide valleys walled in with cliffs, some of which cliffs are not above 100 yards in breadth. We also know, that every river seeks to plough for its waters the straightest possible course. That, under this attempt, its banks are constantly wearing away, and that its power to effect such a purpose is in exact propor-

* Moravief twice encountered this river channel, first at the distance of 250 miles from the Gulf of Balkaun. We have to reduce his measurements of distance travelled to one half for a correct result; and again, he met with it at Bish Tishik, the wells of which are in its bed. He estimates the actual channel at 600 feet breadth, and the cliffs which scarp it at 90 feet; and he saw northward another line of cliffs following its course, which he supposes to be an old shore of the sea, but which were, probably, the scarps of the river basin.

tion to the strength of its current, and the abruptness of the angle it would overcome. Unless, therefore, the obstacle be a rocky mass, the straightening of any river's course is an inevitable operation of nature, and its deviation from a direct to a curvilinear course is the *phenomenon*.

Now, if we cast our eye upon the map of Khaurism, we shall see that the Oxus has merely obeyed a known law of nature; it has, by the efforts of we know not how many thousand years, worn out the curb to its onward course, and pursued the impulse hurrying it naturally toward the Sea of Aral. And if we observe the other feeder of this sea, the river Sirr or Jaxartes, we shall perceive, that after emerging from the hills, its course is a slight curve, bowing to the north. We shall also observe that there are a variety of forsaken channels south of this river, and that the southernmost, under the title of Djan Derriah, meets the Oxus on the south of the Sea of Aral. Now it is a necessary law of nature that when a river forms a variety of channels at a curvature, the outermost of these be the most recent; the innermost the most ancient. If therefore the Djan Derriah be not the original course of the Oxus, it has been formed by a convulsion of nature; but if nature has not been violated, then, some centuries back, the rivers Oxus and Sirr met, or almost met, a little north of Oorgunj. If they met, it is probable, that the Sea of Aral was a mere marsh receiving a small portion of the waters of the Sirr, and that the rivers continued in a single channel their course to the Caspian. In this case, the thrust from the N.E., of the waters of the Sirr, would have sufficed (without the aid of any extraordinary obstacle) to determine the future current of the Oxus to the S.W. But we perceive, that century by century, this thrust must have declined in power, as the Sirr naturally mined for itself a straighter course farther north; and in proportion as this deflecting power abated, the struggles of the Oxus would increase, to overcome its northern barrier, and flow in a direct channel. Moreover, the path deluged by the waters of the Sirr, would afford such a channel for those of the Oxus; and accordingly, we see that after forsaking the Caspian, the latter has turned in the direction of the Sirr, deviating many degrees from a straight line.

It is not to be supposed that such changes are sudden and instantaneous; that the old channel is dried, and the new opened at once. They are generally the work of centuries. Rivers plough, every year, a deeper furrow, or fill up part of that furrow. The channel, which is partially aban-

doned, is every year more forsaken of its waters, which having found a lower level can no longer pursue their wonted course. In sandy deserts, the change is more rapid; for the partially abandoned channels are choked with sand: but in the case of the Oxus, which at its divergence occupies a firm clay bed, which it retains, I am informed, to the Gulf of Balkaun, it is probable that for more than a century, part of its waters continued to occupy their ancient course.

I have assumed that, which appeared to me the most probable, of the two alternatives. But even, if the Sirr never joined the Oxus, the gradual enfranchisement of the latter is a simple and constantly occurring process of nature; it may be added, an invariable process, where very great inequalities of level or where curbs of rocks are not the fetter. But the soil of this valley, as appears evident whenever a section is examined, is not only not rocky, but one of the most infirm as regards resistance to water. Its superficies is sometimes shell-limestone; but the stratum is seldom above two feet thick, and rests upon alternate strata of chalk and marl, of which the marl is often the basis. Marl derives from its argillaceous particles a strong attraction for water, which it imbibes thirstily, melting into the softest mud. Accordingly, the country, in the neighbourhood of these changes, is broken up, in the strangest manner, into wide level valleys, walled in with cliffs, any one of which, supposing its base not to be higher than the surrounding country, would serve as the basin to an extensive lake.

The greatest difficulty, in considering such changes, is to imagine a valley answering this description, sufficiently depressed below the channels of the Sirr and Oxus, to act as a receptacle for their waters. For these rivers having, time out of mind, ploughed the same furrow, might naturally be supposed to have penetrated the earth's surface, to a depth exceeding any neighbouring and extensive hollow. But, there is nothing unreasonable in supposing a suitable basin to exist; and we see that it does exist, and have no proof that its existence is attributable to any disorganization of nature.

Again, finding it to exist, and to be the receptacle of two rivers, we find it difficult to imagine a time when it was a mere valley. But when the waters of the Sirr flowed through their southernmost channel (the Djan Derriah) some [illegible] its course, such as a range of cliffs, of which there are so many were, pro[illegible]eighbourhood, may have cut off the Sirr from this

valley, as, there can be little doubt, they cut off the Oxus from it. For we need not observe, that rivers do not hollow out, but rather fill up their receptacles, by the sediment from their waters; so that the sea of Aral must yearly be growing shallower, in proportion as its river channels deepen: an effect, that may, some thousand years hence, force the rivers to seek a new course, or to resume their old channel to the Caspian.

The theory, which supposes the Oxus to have always poured a portion of its waters into the Sea of Aral, is utterly untenable: a river will never hesitate many years between a straight and a devious channel. The instant the Oxus found a straight course for any portion of its waters, all its power would be put forth to enlarge and deepen that course, to the neglect of the other. But if we go back to the time when both the Sirr and the Oxus were first let loose upon the plains of Tartary, and imagine the two streams meeting simultaneously at a point, a few miles south by west of the Sea of Aral, we shall perceive, that their natural tendency from that spot would be to a course west by north, from which they must be deflected by the high table-land they would meet in latitude 42°, which would determine their flow to the Gulf of Balkaun. There is, therefore, no need for convulsions of nature or prodigies, to account either for the original or the present course of the Oxus. Both are in perfect accordance with observed laws of nature; and the ancient channel exists to this day, to bid defiance to all scepticism upon the subject.

With regard to the very generally received notion, that there exists a subterranean communication from the Aral to the Caspian, it may suffice to observe, that the old channel of the Oxus to the Caspian is the lowest land of the Kara Koom, or desert of Khaurism; it is, therefore, the natural drain of all that country; and the report of travellers hearing sounds of subterranean waters at Kara Goombuz may be perfectly true. It seems, however, improbable, that the Sea of Aral should have any access to this drainage; and the waters there heard may be supplied by the snow and rain, which fall in considerable quantity between the seas. The waters of the Aral are so shallow that the evaporation from its surface, during six months, is probably greater than from any other considerable lake of which we know. A circumstance qualified by its state of congelation during four or five months yearly. Whether the evaporation from its surface, during seven months, be sufficient to dispose of the large

body of water poured during twelve months into its basin, is an interesting problem: for the solution of which, however, I have not sufficient *data*.

A rough calculation may be made of the quantity of water poured annually by the Oxus and Jaxartes into the Sea of Aral. Burnes, by an erroneous calculation, rates the average depth of the Oxus at nine feet. The data he offers, give us for the depth, by one measurement, twelve and a half feet to a breadth of 2,469 feet; by another, sixteen feet to a breadth of 1,950 feet. He calculates the flow at 6,000 feet per hour. The mean of these calculations would give us a breadth of 2,209 feet, a depth of fourteen feet, and a velocity of 6,000 feet per hour. At this rate, it would discharge hourly into the Aral 1,855,556,000 cubic feet of water; daily, 44,533,344,000 cubic feet; and yearly, 16,354,670,560,000 cubic feet.

Assuming Meyendorff's measurements of the river Sirr near its termination—viz., breadth, 360 feet; average depth, 20 feet; and allowing it a current equal to that of the Oxus, viz., of 6,000 feet per hour, we shall find that the Sirr discharges into the Sea of Aral, hourly, 43,200,000 cubic feet of water; daily, 1,036,800,000; and yearly, 378,432,000,000.

The Aral Sea, therefore, will receive yearly, from these two rivers, 16,733,102,560,000 cubic feet of water. And as the Aral is about 360 miles in average length, by about 240 miles in average breadth, the surface is an area of 86,400 square miles, or, 2,408,693,760,000 square feet. So that, were there no loss by evaporation, and absorption to the Aral, it would rise annually, from the supply of its rivers alone, about seven feet. To this we must add the melted snow and the rain from the steppe around, and falling annually into this sea. And as the tributary steppe may be roughly estimated at - - - 300,000 square miles,
and the Aral at - - - - 86,400 „ „

The Total will give - - - 386,400 „ „
or - - - - 10,772,213,760,000 square feet.

Rating the rain and snow upon this surface, that, at least, which reaches the Aral, by rivers, rills, or otherwise, at a foot upon each square foot of surface, we shall have an addition of four feet five inches more to the height of the Aral. This, added to the water from its rivers, would raise it yearly about eleven feet six inches.

The question is, whether the yearly evaporation and ab-

sorption are sufficient to carry this off. If not, the surface of the Aral must be increasing. For about four months in the year the evaporation is very small, owing to the half-frozen condition of the sea. During about two months more, it is not considerable, owing to rain and foggy weather. But for the remaining six months it must be very rapid, because the sea is so shallow as to be soon heated, and has around it on three sides an arid desert, the wind of which is excessively thirsty.

Thus Burnes's companion, Dr. Gerard, at Bokhara, a region certainly far hotter and drier than that of the Aral, found by experiment that a basin of water was wholly evaporated by exposure for forty-eight hours to sun and wind. It seems, therefore, probable, that the whole of the water received annually by the Sea of Aral, is lost annually by evaporation and absorption; and that the surface of this sea is neither spreading nor shrinking.

Burnes found by experiment that during the swell of the Oxus is held suspended in its waters 1-40 part of silt. Let us for an average,* reduce this to 1-160, and reckon the silt of the river Sirr at the same rate, and we have 32,232,201,000 cubic feet of silt poured yearly into the Aral, raising its bed yearly 0·013 of an inch; or in 1,000 years thirteen inches. The average depth of the Aral is probably not more than 80 feet. It seems, therefore, impossible that its basin should retain for ever a capacity for the waters of its affluents—the Sirr and Oxus. Undoubtedly, the necks of these rivers, near the sea, must receive a large portion of this silt, and be rising yearly with the bottom of the Aral; a circumstance which may again compel the Oxus to return to its ancient course—to the Caspian Sea.

Meyendorff was shown a hillock near the north-east corner of the Sea of Aral, which he was assured was the not very ancient limit of the coast of that sea; although at present distant sixty versts (forty miles) from it. This tradition is utterly improbable. The Aral has of late years, only, received the tribute of the Oxus. And unless the Oxus and Sirr are disappearing from the earth, it is scarcely possible, that the Sea of Aral should be shrinking. The yearly deposit of silt must raise the levels of its waters and extend their surface. If, indeed, such a flood as that of Moray should deluge the mountains in which the Sirr and Oxus rise, the level of the

* Burnes probably calculated by weight. I have reckoned silt at a specific gravity of 2,000.

Aral might be unnaturally raised, and its surface extended for a few years. But such a flood would most probably be recorded by tradition. When the Sea of Aral was a mere bay of the Euxine and Caspian conjoined, no limit to its extent is assignable. But this is a period far antecedent to historical record.

The waters of the river Oxus are pure. Its breadth opposite Khiva is about 900 yards, and is greater as it approaches the Sea of Aral; but there is a point above Khiva, where it is described as being narrowed to about 100 yards, and as being proportionately deep and rapid. It is navigated from its estuary to Bokhara and Bulkh, but during five months is frozen so firmly, that the caravans pass over the ice in security. The breaking up of the ice in the beginning of March, is heard to a long distance. The researches of Captain Wood, have proved, that the source of this river is a small lake, which he has named Victoria.

River Moorghaub, or Awb i Mowr.—The river Moorghaub or Awb i Mowr (water of Merv) rises in the mountains of Ghor, and originally joined the Aumoo in the sandy desert of Kara Koom, after having fertilized the valleys of Punj Deeh and Yoollataun, and the sandy, but productive plain of Merv. But canals and drains seem to have been early constructed, for the diffusion of its waters: so that, during the last two or three thousand years, it has never advanced farther than the plain of Merv, being there entirely consumed in irrigation. The stream of this river is deep and rapid; its breadth at Yoollataun about fifty yards. At Punj Deeh, it receives the waters of the Khooshk rivulet, when the latter is not consumed in irrigation. It then flows through a clay valley, bounded on either side by sandy heights, and gradually opening into the plain of Merv. This valley was once cultivated, but is at present abandoned.

River Yem, Djem, or Embah.—The Yem, Djem, or Embah, is a small river, whose waters are tainted by the saline productions of the sands, through which it flows. One of the streams near its source is tolerably pure, but even the bitter waters are drunk by the camels. I could not learn how high this river is navigable, but believe that boats of any burthen could be towed but a few miles up the stream.

River Irghiz.—Of the rivulet Irghiz, forming with the Yem the northern limits of Khaurism, I could learn little or nothing. Neither of these streams contributes much to the

fertility of the land, and the waters of the Irghiz are probably as bitter as those of the Yem. The Irghiz is lost in a small salt lake, in the desert between Kokaun and Khaurism.

The seas and lakes form the most prominent features of Khaurism. The mountains are few: I saw only that chain of sandstone which severs the isthmus of Bucadri, Ig-dur (I name these after Arrowsmith's Map of 1st January 1841) from the main steppe. In that map they are called the Smoking Mountains. They appeared to me to be a triple ridge of sandstone, having a course north-east, and about 1,500 feet high. Of their composition, I judged by the *débris* at their feet, some enormous cubes of which had been worn by the weather into spheres. I did not see them emit smoke, nor hear of this phenomenon. I also saw the peak of a hill or mountain, apparently on the right bank of the Oxus; and was told that formerly it yielded gold. I could not approach it to judge of its height or formation.

Moravief saw mountains at the Bay of Bulkaun. And of these I learned from Toorcumuns, that they produce the wild goat. He does not give their height, but states that one of the deserted channels of the ancient Oxus separates the greater from the lesser Bulkaun; the other river channel lying further south; both channels entering the Bay of Bulkaun. In this case, the range must be of small extent: nor does that which he details give an impression of any considerable altitude, for on surmounting the rocky margin of the bay, he sees the steppe of Khiva extended before him. He mentions lead and sulphur as the products derived from the mountains of Khaurism.

POPULATION.—The original population of Khaurism would seem to have been the Toorcumun and Kuzzauk tribes, whose descendants still form the bulk of the inhabitants. These were in subjection to a race of Persians (at present called Sart), who dwelt in the cultivated regions, when the kingdom of Persia extended to the Oxus. These have in turn yielded to the Oozbegs, the present lords of the soil. The following is a Table of the numbers of the several races at present owing allegiance to the Khaun Huzurut (or Supreme Lord) of Khiva.

	Families.	No. of Persons.
Oozbegs - - -	100,000	500,000
Kara Kulpauks - -	40,000	200,000
Kulmauks - - -	6,000	30,000

	Families.	No. of Persons.
Sarts - - - -	20,000	100,000
Toorcumuns - - -	91,700	458,500
Kuzzauks - - -	100,000	500,000
Total - -	357,700	1,788,500

The following is a more particular enumeration :—

TOORCUMUNS.

	Families.	No. of Persons.
Yahmoot - - -	12,000	60,000
Tukka - - - -	40,000	200,000
Chowdhoor - - -	12,000	60,000
Salore - - - -	6,000	30,000
Gogelaun - - -	8,000	40,000
Saroke - - - -	9,000	45,000
Yumraulie - - -	2,000	10,000
Aulylie - - - -	1,000	5,000
Kara Daughlie - -	1,000	5,000
Ersarie - - - -	700	3,500
Total families of Toorcumuns	91,700	458,500

OOZBEGS.

Oozbeg - - - -	100,000	500,000
Do. Kara Kulpauk - -	40,000	200,000
	140,000	700,000
Kuzzauks - - -	100,000	500,000
But there are in Khaurism, of slaves about - - - - - -		700,000
Of Koozulbaush, or Persian tribes, say		20,000
And it is probable that the Sarts and others may amount to - - - -		90,000
This would give a population to the State of Khaurism, of souls - -		2,468,500

which is probably near the truth.

This amount, distributed over 450,000 square miles, gives an allowance of about five-and-a-half persons to a square mile.*

* A different estimate is given by Vambéry, who visited Khiva fourteen years after me. I have confidence in mine.

The Oozbegs, Kara Kulpauks, and Kulmauks derive their origin from tribes bordering upon China. The Toorcumuns and Kuzzauks are evidently of the race which peoples a large portion of Russia, and of some other countries of Europe. They themselves deduce their descent from two brothers, the one, father of the Kuzzauks, the other of the Toorcumuns, who many thousand years ago, emigrated hither from the Don and Volga. The Kuzzauks are manifestly the Skuthoi, or Scythians, of Greek history. The Toorcumuns appear to be the Parthoi or Parthians; but it is difficult to assign any reason for these names, of which no vestige now remains amongst the people who bore them.

A small Toorcumun tribe, called Ata, dwelling on high sandy land between Khiva and the Bulkaun, is mentioned by Moravief, but as I did not hear of this tribe, I have not recorded its existence.

The native vegetable products of Khaurism are very few in number. Wormwood and the camel-thorn everywhere cover the steppe, whether the soil be sand or clay. Two or three varieties of shrub flourish in the sandy wastes. Of one of these, the stem grows to the thickness of a man's thigh, yet is so brittle as to be easily torn up by the root, and so dry as to kindle readily on the application of fire. The course of the river is marked by the presence of the tamarisk and sometimes by that of the willow: but although the poplar is very abundant in plantations, I am not sure that it is a native of the soil; and I believe that the fruit trees are all exotic. Turf is nowhere known. Grass grows in scattered tufts upon the sandy surface, but seldom in sufficient quantity to be collected. The food of all graminivorous animals, from the camel to the sheep, is the wormwood and camel-thorn.

In animal life Khaurism is much richer. The horse, indeed, can scarcely have been a native of pastures, so unsuited to his habits; and the breed possessed by the Toorcumuns is probably derived from Kokaun and Eastern Tartary; whilst that of the Kuzzauk may be from the Don and Volga. The more undoubted natives of the soil are the double-humped camel and the dromedary. The wild ass, and a small animal intermediate between the sheep and the antelope. The wild goat and wild sheep. The fox and wolf. The lion, tiger, leopard, and bear. The jerboa, and a larger animal of the same species. The wild hog and hare. The pheasant, partridge, and chuccore, or red-legged partridge. The quail, woodcock, and snipe. The wild swan, wild goose,

duck, and fowl. The raven, crow, and magpie; of the latter, large flocks haunt the wells of the sandy desert. The plover, lark, and kingfisher.

But although the horse may not be a native of the soil, the Toorcumun horse is held in such high esteem by all the nations of Asia, that some account of the several breeds may be acceptable. The Tukka and Yahmoot tribes are those, which possess the most celebrated horses. Next to these, are the Goklaun and Chowdoor tribes. The Oozbegs also have a celebrated breed, but I believe there are few of these reared in Khaurism; the best Oozbeg breed is at Shire-i-subz, in Bokhara.

The Tukka horse is of large stature, has a high and finely-arched crest, and is the handsomest and most generally esteemed of all the Toorcumun breed. But he is said to be deficient in sinew, and in this respect very inferior to the Yahmoot horse. The loss of some of my notes at the time of my captivity, prevents me from detailing the names of the several breeds belonging to the Tukka and Yahmoot Toorcumuns.

Yahmoot Horse.—The Yahmoot horse averages perhaps about 15 hands in height, is generally well formed, and remarkable for the strength of his sinews. These are very widely separated from the bone, and sometimes to a degree which, although it adds to the power, detracts from the symmetry of the limb. His head shows much blood. He is tractable and gentle, but full of fire. His powers of endurance are very great, and he will eat the driest and most unpalatable fodder, and thrive upon the wormwood of the desert. At sight of a mare or even of a gelding, Toorcumun horses become frantic. They rise upon their hind legs, and spring upon one another with a degree of fury that can be imagined only after having been once witnessed; at other times they are perfectly gentle, and being accustomed to be ridden in compact bodies very rarely kick or bite one another. They are ridden upon a single snaffle, and are of course somewhat unmanageable at speed. Mares are never ridden by Oozbegs or Toorcumuns; it is considered unseemly to ride a mare. In camp, they are tied by the pastern to a peg of iron, driven into the earth, and are fed upon barley, or jowarr and chaff. On journeys they get about ten lbs. each of barley, or eight of jowarr, and whatever fodder (it is generally very scanty) the desert may supply. They will march sixty to eighty miles a day upon this food for many days, carrying water and grain for themselves and their master, and the clothing of

both. I have seen Yahmoot horses quite equal to our best blood hunters in figure and limb, and much handsomer, being never gelt nor cropped. In winter, the Toorcumun horse is swaddled in three thick felts of sheep's and goat's wool, which are impervious to wind and rain; and is left out in the open air day and night. At night the snow is piled around him, as a further protection. In so dry a climate, this is far better for him, than the confined air of a stable; and he preserves the sleekness of his skin throughout the winter.

The Toorcumun horse might, with advantage, be introduced into our Indian stud. His great height and strength would improve the Indian breed, and he is by no means deficient in blood. A tribe of Yahmoots dwells at Punj Deeh, on the borders of Heraut; and to that station resort all the Toorcumuns, who carry horses to exchange for slaves with the Jumsheedies and other tented tribes, dependent upon Heraut. At Punj Deeh, large numbers might be purchased.

PRICE.—The price of a first-rate Yahmoot horse is about 80 Tillas of Khiva, or 520 Co.'s Rs. or £52 sterling. The price would, of course, rise with the demand. If, therefore, it be reckoned at £100, the expense of conveying the horse to our nearest stud would perhaps amount to £30 more, making a total of £130. The best Yahmoot and Tukka horses are sold at a market about twelve miles from Khiva.

TUJKUN BREED.—There is a peculiar breed called Tujkun, which from its description, I should suppose worthy of particular attention. It is bred in Cashgar, whence it is occasionally brought to Bokhara. It is said to be small of stature, but very elegantly formed, and full of courage and fire. It has large projecting eyes, and remarkably fine limbs. I could not, whilst at Khiva, procure a specimen. I was informed by several natives, who affected to have seen it, that some years ago a horse was kept at Charrjoee in Bokhara, for which an enormous sum had been paid, having upon its head two small and slightly curved horns. It was regarded with great reverence by the Oozbegs.

KUZZAUK GALLOWAY.—The Kuzzauk horse is a robust galloway, of the powers of which it is difficult to judge, as it receives no food, but the wormwood of the steppe. It is, however, very hardy, being turned loose to graze throughout the year, without any clothing, beside its own long and

shaggy hair. In the district of Mungh Kishlauk, the herds of Kuzzauk galloways are not to be numbered. They are kept for the sake of their milk, and their flesh; mare's milk, half fermented, being a favourite beverage of all the natives of Toorkestaun; and the flesh of the horse being regarded as a delicacy. The Kuzzauk galloway is also in request throughout the cultivated tract of Khiva, as a draught horse for the two-wheeled carts, with which every house is furnished; but in the desert, wheeled carriages are unknown; and it is remarkable, that they have not yet found their way into Persia or Afghaunistaun.

Kuzzauk Camel and Dromedary of Khaurism.—The camel of the Kuzzauk is the real, or two-humped camel. It is, however, of far more delicate make than that of Bokhara, and preferred, for the saddle, to the one-humped camel. It is the smallest of Asiatic camels: long in the back, very fine limbed, and covered with hair, upwards of a foot in length. The throat is supplied with a dense mane, about a foot and a half long, which gives it a very singular appearance. It is a gentle and docile creature, better fitted for draught than the dromedary, owing to the greater length of its back: but as a beast of burthen it is inferior in strength to the camel of Khiva and Bokhara, which is the finest I have anywhere seen.

The single-humped camel of Khiva, reared by the Toorcumuns and Oozbegs, is a very noble creature.

Its strength is greater than that of the Indian camel, and this appearance of power is increased by huge tufts of curled hair, which grow upon the muscles of the legs, and cover the neck. The intermediate breed is more powerful than either, and has generally, I believe, two humps. The camel will carry a burden of 600 lbs., at the rate of 30 miles a day, for almost any distance; provided that it be supplied with a sufficiency of the oil-cake, upon which alone it is fed; grain being considered too expensive. It walks under a burthen about two and one-third miles an hour.

Oxen are confined to the cultivated districts, and those bordering the Sea of Aral. They are few, and deserve no particular mention. They are used in the plough.

Wild Ass.—The wild ass wanders in herds of two or three hundred throughout the steppe, intermediate between Khiva and the Caspian. He is not the animal described in Scripture; but a much tamer creature; differing, indeed, very little in appearance from the tame variety. Those which

dwell alone amongst the mountains are fleet and wild; but when found in herds, the wild ass exhibits little speed, and when pressed, stops and bites or kicks at the rider's horse. The flesh is eaten by Tartars and Persians, and was the favourite food of the Persian hero, Roostum. I found the desert absolutely manured with the dung of these animals, and trampled by their hoofs. They feed upon the wormwood.

ANTELOPE.—There is a species of antelope in these deserts almost as numerous as the wild ass. It is smaller than a sheep, which it resembles in body, neck, and head; having the delicate limbs, the hair and horns of the antelope. The horn, however, is not opaque but white, and semi-transparent like a white cow's horn; the nostrils are directly in front, and closed by a muscle acting vertically. The nose is greatly arched, and provided with a loose integument, which can be inflated at pleasure. The head is extremely ugly. This animal, which I have never seen elsewhere, is called by the natives Kaigh.

WILD SHEEP AND GOAT.—The wild sheep is said to be found in the mountains of the Bulkaun, and not to differ from that of Afghaunistaun, which I have seen and hunted. It is a noble and beautiful creature, resembling the antelope in the form of its body and limbs, and even in the texture and colour of its fur. Its tail is unlike that of the sheep, and similar to that of the deer species. It is only in the head and horns that the sheep is recognised. It carries the head very high like a goat. The male has a profuse beard of white, extending from the chin to the chest, and upwards of a foot in length. The horns are like those of the tame sheep. It frequents craggy mountains, where it pastures in flocks always furnished with sentinels, and its vigilance is such that it is approached with the utmost difficulty. It does not, however, haunt the highest and most precipitous peaks. These pasture the wild goat, an animal differing from the wild sheep, only in having a larger horn, shaped like that of the tame goat. The flesh of these animals is equal to the finest venison. The other animals of Khaurism are too well known to require particular notice.

The domesticated sheep of Khaurism deserves some brief mention. It is as high as the English variety, but has smaller limbs and carcass. The tail is of great size, being a cleft sack of the most delicate fat, extending as far as the knees, and often weighing 12 or 14 pounds. This fat resembles

marrow in texture and taste, and takes the place of oil and butter in the domestic economy of the Kuzzauk. This sheep is found in all climates of Central Asia, and might be easily introduced into England, where its fat would be very valuable.

Cultivated Tracts.—It has already been stated that the wastes of Khaurism give place, in only two instances, to the products of human industry.

The most important of these is the tract in which Khiva, the capital, is situated; and which is a low clay plain, intersected on the east by the waters of the Oxus, and touching on the west, the skirt of a sandy desert. This plain, at present, extends only from Huzzarusp, about forty miles south of Khiva, to the Sea of Aral. But its course, in the days of Alexander, was nearly four times as long, skirting the Oxus throughout the whole of its course from Khiva to the Caspian. Its present length may be estimated at 200 British miles; its average breadth at sixty; giving an area of 12,000 square miles, which is generally profusely watered by canals from the Oxus, and richly cultivated. Even here, however, there is room for improvement, and every year brings into subjection to the plough some fresh portion of so productive a soil. The life of the Tartar shepherd has, indeed, many charms for a race who have been bred up in the midst of the desert; and its idleness seems to unfit them for the labour requisite to extort the treasures of the soil. But the change from the privations of the steppe to the luxuries of the enclosed plain; from a diet of sour curds and a robe of sheepskin, to the enjoyment of bread, rice, vegetables, the most delicious of fruit, and a raiment from the looms of India and Europe, are temptations which gradually assert their sway over even the indolence of the nomadic tribes; and as slaves form the principal wealth of these people, their own labours are long confined to the mere oversight of their establishments. Nothing, indeed, can be imagined in stronger contrast, than the nakedness of the steppe, and the riches of the cultivated lands.

Fertility of the Cultivated Tract.—The suspension of the powers of Nature by about five months of severe frost, seems to preserve and concentrate her strength for the season, when it may be exerted in the production of fruit and vegetable. Wheat, jowarr, and rice, are yielded in the greatest abundance. The melon of Khiva is perhaps the finest in the world, and the grape scarcely yields even to that of Cundahar and Heraut. Other fruits are the apple, pear, peach, apricot,

and plum; and the limitation is rather owing to the state of horticulture at Khiva than to any incapacity of the soil or climate.

The plain of Khiva is intersected by numerous canals, and divided into estates and gardens by low, neatly constructed, walls of clay. It is well wooded, and as the houses of the gentry are all constructed somewhat in imitation of castles, the effect is picturesque. During the summer and spring the canals afford wholesome water; but in the winter, these are dammed up, and the town is ill supplied from wells and ponds.

KHIVA, THE CAPITAL. — Khiva, the present capital of Khaurism, is a town about half a mile square, defended by a high mound surmounted by a wall and bastions of clay, above which a large column is visible. It contains no monument of interest, being filled with miserable mud-houses, and intersected by narrow lanes. The castle of masonry contains the state apartments of the king. But when I have mentioned that glass and chimneys are things unknown at Khiva, some idea may be formed of a regal palace there; but certainly none that will do full justice to the meanness and wretchedness of the dwelling. It is for this reason that the Khaun Huzurut still prefers sitting in his black tent; an example followed by many of the Oozbegs and Toorcumuns.

SUBURBS.—Small as is this capital city of Khaurism, the suburbs are extensive, and the villages and the gentlemen's estates form a closely connected series over the whole of the culturable land.

OORGUNJ.—Oorgunj, formerly the capital, is still the town next in consequence to Khiva, which it exceeds in size and in traffic; being situated upon the western bank of the Oxus, and visited by the Bokhara caravans, in their passage to Khiva and Mungh Kishlauk, and by those from Kokaun bound for Khiva.

HUZZARUSP.—Huzzarusp is next to this in importance, being the residence of the Inauk, or king's brother, the second person in dignity of this kingdom. It is also situated upon the Oxus, but near the southern limit of the cultivated land.

GHONGHRAUT.—Ghonghraut is perhaps the next in consequence after Huzzarusp. It is situated near the embouchure of the Oxus, and inhabited by a race of Oozbegs termed Kara Kulpauk. Of this town, I could learn only particulars relative to the unchastity of the females, who still retain the

following remarkable custom :—When a traveller enters the city, unmarried girls meet and challenge him to wrestle. The vanquished is obliged to submit to the pleasure of the conqueror. The gross licence of the Kara Kulpauk women is proverbial, and commences in early childhood.

These are the principal towns of this highly cultivated plain. The province of Merv may be described in few words.

Province of Merv or Mowr.—It is a plain about sixty miles in length by forty in breadth, of the finest sand, presenting an aspect more dreary than that of the desert itself; for not a leaf is seen throughout its extent, and the soil is too unstable to produce even a weed or a blade of grass. Nevertheless, the considerable body of water poured down by the Moorghaub, and entirely consumed in irrigation, gives fertility to the fields; and the poorer kinds of grain, as jowarr and barley, are produced in great abundance. The melon also is particularly fine, and ere the ancient city was deserted, grapes and other fruits were not unknown. But the troubles of the last sixty years caused neglect of the dam of the Moorghaub, upon which depended the very existence of this desert oasis; and Merv was for some time utterly abandoned; nor have the fostering measures pursued by the present governor restored one inhabitant to the city, although the plain is cultivated by Toorcumuns dwelling in tents.

Merv.—Merv, however, is too important a site to be long neglected, being the granary of a large portion of the hill country of Heraut, and the channel of commerce between that city and Khiva, and between Bokhara, Heraut, and Meshed.

The government of Merv is one of the most considerable offices of the State. Its seat is a small mud castle upon the western bank of the Moorghaub, at the point of the dispersion of the waters of that river, through the five principal canals. A few miserable huts form a bazaar, resorted to from very distant parts, and the most considerable mart in a circuit of several hundred miles. There are said to be about 60,000 families dwelling upon this plain, and the revenue in taxes and customs is reckoned at 30,000 Tillas, or about 200,000 Co.'s Rupees.

Yoollataun.—Yoollataun is a continuation of the plain of Merv, southward. It enjoys the waters of the Moorghaub, is tilled by nomadic Toorcumuns, and yields a revenue of about 1,000 Tillas, or 7,000 Co.'s Rupees.

PUNJ DEEH.—Punj Deeh, a valley on the Moorghaub, once highly cultivated, is now almost abandoned. Its revenue about six years ago was 500 Tillas, or about 3,500 Co.'s Rupees.

EXISTING MONUMENTS.—The existing monuments of the former empire of Toorkestaun are few, poor, and neglected. Even the tomb of the hero, Ulp Urslaun, in Merv, is almost forgotten, although a rallying point for memory, and an oft-quoted example of the instability of human grandeur, amongst the Persians, whom he subdued.*

I found a lofty brick column of inelegant construction at Old Oorgunj. It is said to have been built by Chenghiz Khaun. Amongst the ruins of that ancient capital, I found interest in tracing the pyramidal roofs of the palaces of the Mogul dynasty at Maandoo, the former capital of Malwa; which I had again met with on the tombs of some of the family of Timoorlung at Bukka, and afterwards on the tower of the Kremlin, and Kityegorod, at Moscow; thus forming a connected chain extending upwards of 3,500 miles, and yet not comprising the full extent, north and south, of the conquests of that shepherd race, whose architecture savours of their Chinese origin.

I could hear of no other monuments worthy of mention.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS.—Of the customs and manners of this nation it is not easy for me to speak satisfactorily; for during my residence at Khiva, although treated with much outward ceremony, I was, as has been seen, a close prisoner. Something, however, I saw, and something more was learned by inquiry.

THE OOZBEG.—OOZBEG COSTUME.—The Oozbeg, the present lord of the kingdom, averages about five feet seven inches in height, and is stout and heavy of make. His countenance is broad and ruddy. His eyes are long and not well opened. His complexion is almost as fair as that of Europe. He has little or no beard. The women are described by Asiatics as very beautiful. But I suspect this beauty consists of a complexion unusually fair and a rosy and delicate brow. The female figure must, I suppose, be always heavy, or at least rendered so by the costume of the country. The male attire is a shirt of cotton, loose drawers of woollen cloth, and a succession of from two to six cloaks, generally of striped silk,

* Upon the tomb of this hero and conqueror were inscribed the following words: "All ye who have seen the glory of Ulp Urslaun exalted to the heavens, come to Merv, and you will behold it buried in the dust."

or cotton chintz, wadded with raw cotton; but amongst the nobility, of broad cloth (of which dark green is preferred), lined with fur and edged with the same. The head-dress of all males, excepting the priests, who wear turbans, is a cylindric cap of black lambskin, large in proportion to the rank of the wearer.

The female attire differs from that of the male only in the head-dress, which is a white or coloured kerchief rolled up like a robe, and wound around the head in a high cylindric form. The end of this is often opened, and brought around the throat, which their notions of decency oblige them to conceal.

TARTAR COSTUME. — The Toorcumun cap is slightly conoidal. Sometimes it is a close skull-cap of black lambskin. In other respects he adopts the Oozbeg attire.

THE TOORCUMUN.—His height averages about five feet and eight inches; but he is less heavily framed than the Oozbeg, and with a countenance sometimes dark and sometimes florid, has almost always irregular features, and small, round, lively black eyes. The woman, being less exposed, is fairer than her lord, whose counterpart in form and feature she is. I have seen many pretty Toorcumun women, but a beauty must be a rarity. The style of countenance is decidedly European.

THE KUZZAUK.—The Kuzzauk is more robust than the Toorcumun, and of more clumsy build. His complexion is fairer, his cheek-bones are higher, his features are more irregular. His eyes are small, and ill-opened, and generally placed at a slight angle.

He is almost ignorant of the use of linen, and can seldom command the luxury of civilized attire. Instead of the woven cloak, therefore, he draws around him a mantle of half-tanned sheep's or young camel skin, dressed with the wool inside, or a similar cloak of the spoils of the horse, with the hair outside; and his head is covered with a bonnet of the same material. The Kuzzauk woman is fairer and redder than her lord. She always appears as if her ears had just been boxed; and excepting perhaps the negress, is the ugliest female under the sun. She is robust, and does all the laborious duties of the shepherd's life.

THE KULMAUK.—The Kulmauks are too few to require distinct notice, and the Sarts differ in no respect, excepting attire, from other inhabitants of Persia. The Oozbeg is first in consequence. After him the Toorcumun, and last of all, the persecuted Kuzzauk.

WEALTH OF THE OOZBEG. — The wealth of the Oozbeg consists in land and in slaves. He has often several hundreds of these unhappy drudges, whom he can afford to purchase from the Toorcumun, being proprietor of the richest tracts of the soil. He is a hard master, and, as a man, one of the most degraded of God's creatures; living a life of sullen and joyless apathy, chequered only by debauches of the grossest character, and indulgences too brutal to be named. When sufficiently wealthy to commit his domestic affairs to the hand of a steward, he sits in his house from day to day, without occupation, slumbering life away. His wife has the keeping of his purse, and, being utterly neglected by her brutal lord, amuses herself at his expense, and frequently without even the decency of concealment. As every house has one or two small carts drawn by the Kuzzauk galloway, she mounts such as often as she feels inclined, and takes a jaunt into the wilderness, with the male slave whom she favours. This species of debauchery is the only hope held out to the unhappy slave of obtaining his liberty—for if he can establish himself in her good graces, he is enriched by her liberality, and, after fifteen or sixteen years, is able to purchase his discharge.

FIELD SPORTS.—The only decent amusement of the Oozbeg is hawking, for which the country is well adapted, being open, and upon the banks of rivers full of hares, pheasants, and the red-legged partridge. He is well mounted, and has never occasion for a good seat, in a country so level, and upon a horse untrained to leap.

HORSE TRAPPINGS.—He rides upon a smooth snaffle, and of course cannot control his steed, which is generally a Toorcumun of the Tukka or Yahmoot breed, the two finest in the land. His wealth or dignity are guessed by the trappings of his horse, which are always beautiful, and often costly, having scales of pure silver inlaid with gold, covering the harness, and hanging in thongs from the neck. The stirrups, which are large, are also richly inlaid with gold. Turquoise and cornelians, and even rubies, are often set in the harness; but the latter are always uncut, and seldom of great price. It is remarkable, that horse harness is never stolen by servants.

ARMS.—The arms of the Oozbeg are the sabre, the matchlock, and the dagger. The pistol is too rare to be commonly used, and the country affords no wood fit for spear-shafts, although this weapon is much in request, and occasionally obtained from the Kuzzauk, who in turn receives it from

his Russian brethren. The sabre, used by men of rank, is the Isfahaunee or Khorussaunie blade; and the rifled matchlock is manufactured in Heraut or in Persia. There is a fabric of sabres and daggers at Khiva, but they are of very inferior quality, and no present is so acceptable to the nobility of Khiva as foreign sabres, pistols, and rifles, provided that the blades are of delicate water, and the fire-arms not upon the detonating principle.

Value of the Oozbeg as a Soldier.—From the habits of the Oozbeg, above described, it may be concluded that he is a despicable horse soldier; and I need only add, that foot soldiers are unknown in the land. He is, indeed, a very different creature from his robust and hardy ancestor, who, under Chenghis Khaun, rode down the armies of the East, and subdued a quarter of the globe. Whilst other nations have been tempering their strength by civilization, and increasing their wealth and power by commerce, he has been every year losing sight of the simple but hardy manners of his fathers, and receding upon the scale of virtue, in proportion to his neighbours' advance. Surrounded by deserts infested by those of whom he purchases human flesh—a race of men more formidable by their rapacity and inhumanity than the wild beasts of the forests,—the wilds which have hitherto secured his independence, have debarred the passage of a ray of knowledge from the civilized world. Thus, the improvements which science has introduced into modern warfare are regarded as the effect of necromancy, and the innovators are held in superstitious terror.

Toorcumun Habits—Slave Traffic.—The life of the Toorcumun is more active than that of the Oozbeg, for he generally lives in a camp in the wilderness, where luxuries are unknown, and there are more inducements to enterprize. Every third day, his tent is struck by the women, by them packed upon his camels, and carried to a fresh spot, where the pasture has not been browsed. The desert abounds in a small animal called Kaigh, holding an immediate link between the sheep and the antelope; and, as he is generally decently mounted and provided with deer-hounds, he is much addicted to the chase. At other times he besets the track pursued by caravans, plunders the goods, and enslaves the merchants, whom he sells at the Merv or Khiva market. When such merchant happens to be a Soonnie, or orthodox Muhummudan, as is generally the case, he beats or tortures him until he declares himself, in the presence of witnesses, a Sheeah, or Persian heretic; for the Muhummudan law very

strictly forbids the enthralment of a Moosulman, and amongst Muhummudans, as among Christians, it is more damnable to differ in opinion with a brother than to be ignorant of the rule by which he regulates his conduct, and justifies or condemns the world. The number of slaves thus captured almost exceeds belief. At Khiva, there are not less than 12,000 of the subjects of Heraut, and probably 30,000 Persians. The total number of slaves at Khiva is estimated at 700,000. The Toorcumun is even more cruel to his slaves than the Oozbeg. He scruples not to sell the women, whom he has reason to suppose with child by himself, and he has no pity upon either male or female of those whom he retains as beasts of burthen. As he is not addicted to the brutal vice of the Oozbeg, there is no hope of liberty, short of death, to the slave in his service. A considerable number of the Toorcumuns have been induced to cultivate the soil. At Merv, about 60,000 are thus employed, and in the plain of Khiva there are probably as many. These, however, generally retain something of their old unsettled habits, dwelling in tents, and frequently possessing flocks and herds, which they send for pasture into the wilderness, following them thither, at seasons when agriculture is at rest.

Habits of the Kuzzauk.—The Kuzzauk is the rudest of the people of Khaurism. He is free from the degrading habits and indulgences of the Oozbeg, and is less tempted to the predatory pursuits of the Toorcumun. He is indeed nearly in a state of nature, a condition preferable to anything short of complete civilization. He moves, like the Toorcumun, from pasture to pasture, leaving, like him, all the onerous duties of existence to the female. His children tend his camels, horses, and sheep; and he himself chases the fox, the antelope, and wild ass of the desert, or wanders from tent to tent, whiling away the time in conversation. As he inhabits a country exposed to great extremes of heat and cold, being for four months in the year covered with snow, and during an equal period burnt up with the rays of a blazing sun; he is obliged to suit his residence to the season, and is driven to expedients unknown to his brethren the Toorcumuns. In the summer he migrates to the valleys of the higher lands, where are wells scattered at long intervals, and known to all the wandering tribes. As the winter approaches he descends to more sheltered spots, still guided by the position of wells; for neither river nor stream is known in the land. When the winter has set in, he is no longer fettered by such local con-

siderations, for the snow furnishes him with an abundant supply of water; but, as the snow completely hides the pasture, it is necessary to migrate to the lowest lands, unless the fodder be such as will admit of stacking for the winter. Hitherto, he has lived almost solely upon the milk of his camels, mares, and sheep, which he eats in the form of curds, without bread or vegetable, knowing only at long intervals the luxury of flesh. But, as the winter pasture can furnish but a scanty supply of milk, he kills, at the commencement of winter, all his old camels, horses, and sheep, and salts them as a winter store. These are eaten without any accompaniment of bread or vegetable, and he knows but a single method of dressing the flesh, viz. that of boiling.

In the spring of the year he pastures his flocks and herds in the neighbourhood of the chalk cliffs which appear to stretch south from Nuov Alexandrof to the latitude of Khiva, and which preserve for several months beneath their brows a treasury of snow.

KUZZAUK MANNERS.—His manners are rude and unpolished, but he is hospitable and kind-hearted, honest, and untainted by the vices of his neighbours.

The few slaves possessed by the Kuzzauk are more gently and generously treated than those who serve the Oozbeg and Toorcumun. He is more wealthy than the latter; but being remote from the seat of government, is subject to the depredations of the Toorcumuns, who dwell between him and Khiva. His wealth, I need scarcely say, consists wholly of flocks and herds, and nearly all articles of furniture and comfort, several of which (as carpets, felts, tents, and horse-trappings), the Toorcumun himself manufactures, he purchases, or rather receives in exchange, for camels, galloways, and sheep. All domestic utensils, however, as cast-iron cauldrons, pots and pans, knives, wooden bowls, platters, and spoons, are received from Russia; which supplies also with such articles the whole of Toorkestaun or Tartary.

THE KUZZAUK AS A SOLDIER.—The Kuzzauk has few weapons at command. His country yields them not, and his habits of life scarcely render them necessary. He is obliged to furnish his quota of armed horsemen for the service of the State, and these are mounted upon the sturdy galloway peculiar to this people, and wretchedly armed with a few long spears, sabres, and even matchlocks. His horse being fed solely upon the wretched pasture of the country, and always gelt, is incapable of the fatigue which the Toorcumun horse will endure, but is less incommoded by exposure

to the inclemency of the weather. The Kuzzauk is more superstitiously fearful of fire-arms than even the Toorcumun. He professes the Muhummudan religion, and to be a Soonnie; but although there be Kuzzauk Moollas, so styled, he is profoundly ignorant of the faith he professes, and very rarely goes through the ceremony of worship.

Learning of Khiva.—The learning of Khiva is scarcely worthy of the name, and confined solely to the priesthood, who learn to read a little Arabic and Toorkish, which is written in the Arabic character. So utter is the want of curiosity respecting passing events, that the existence of the English was unknown previous to the late siege of Heraut; although there is constant communication between Khiva and Persia.

Arts and Manufactures.—There are few arts and manufactures known in Khaurism. Of these the most important is undoubtedly the fabric of felts and carpets by the Toorcumun, supplying the whole kingdom with these essentials of Eastern comfort, and contributing a small quota to the trade with Russia. The felts (nummud) are perhaps inferior to those of Ghayu, and the carpets cannot be compared with the fabric of Heraut or of Persia. The cutlery of Khiva is of extremely inferior quality, and consists of a small number of swords and daggers. The sheaths of these are of silver or gold, according to the military rank of the wearer, and are rather prettily embossed by the Khiva silversmith. These are the only manufactures of Khiva.

Commerce of Khiva.—The commerce of Khiva is inconsiderable, and yet of extreme importance to a kingdom so unprovided with manufactures of its own, into which a taste for the conveniences of life is creeping. At the commencement of the reign of the late king, usually called Madreheem Khaun, the state was at peace with Russia, and the Khiva caravans traded direct with Orenburgh: but since the friendly relations between Russia and Khiva have been interrupted, the traffic is transacted entirely through the means of Bokhara, to the great advantage of the latter state and detriment to Khiva. The articles of merchandize brought from Orenburgh and Astrakhan by the Bokhara caravans are broad-cloth, chintz, cotton cloths, furs, leather, fine loaf-sugar, cast-iron cooking utensils, bars of wrought iron, China-ware, etc., in return for which Khiva has almost nothing to offer but hard cash and coin, Bokhara supplying the dried fruits required in Russia.

With Bokhara Khiva has little interchange of native

commodities, although the latter state receives nearly all her foreign supplies from the Bokhara caravans. The lamb-skins of Bokhara are indeed finer than the native produce of Khiva, and Khiva sometimes serves as a granary to Bokhara.

From Heraut Khiva receives tobacco, a few silks and shawls, a little tea, and a few rifled matchlocks, and Persian sabres and daggers; and returns coin, lamb-skins, Toorcumun horses, dromedaries, and camels.

From Persia are brought arms, silks, loaf-sugar, turquoises, a few Persian shawls, and tobacco. And the return is in grain, lamb-skins, and Toorcumun horses.

Notwithstanding the hostile feelings that for some years past have prevented open traffic between Russia and Khiva, a good deal of secret intercourse has been maintained between the Russian merchants and the Kuzzauks and Toorcumuns in the province of Mungh Kishlauk: these wild tribes being dependent upon Russia for articles which they regard as luxuries, but which we deem necessaries, viz. bread, sugar, cooking utensils, knives, wooden bowls, platters, and spoons, for which they barter their flocks and herds.

Revenue of Khaurism.—The revenue of Khaurism is of three kinds—a house-tax, a property-tax, and a tax upon merchandize. The Oozbegs pay according to their wealth, from half a tilla to three tillas per annum; *i.e.* from six to thirty-six shillings for each house.

The Toorcumuns and Kuzzauks pay one in forty of all live stock.

The duties are levied upon imported slaves, and slaves purchasing freedom. On imported and exported wheat, tobacco, etc., at so much the camel-load; and upon other exported and imported merchandize according to its value.

I was under such strong suspicion during my brief residence at Khiva, that I deemed it imprudent to make inquiries relative to the wealth of a country which Christians were supposed to covet, and which was at the moment invaded by a Christian nation; the following estimate cannot, therefore, be depended upon.

Revenue.

	Tillas of Khiva.	Co.'s Rs.
From Punj Deeh, per annum - -	500	3,000
Yoollataun - - - -	1,000	6,000
Merv, including customs - -	30,000	180,000

At the plain of Khiva,

	Tillas of Khiva.	Co.'s Rupees.
30,000 settled families at 3 tillas -	90,000	
30,000 „ „ 2 „ -	60,000	
30,000 „ „ 1 „ -	30,000	
10,000 „ „ ½ „ -	5,000	
	185,000 =	1,110,000
Toorcumun families, at the rate of 1 in 40 of all live stock, 100,000 families	100,000	600,000
Kuzzauks, ditto, ditto, 100,000 „	120,000	720,000
Customs at Khiva and other places -	40,000	240,000
		2,859,000

or about £285,000, or about seven times the revenue of the kingdom of Heraut.

It is, however, to be remembered, that nearly the whole of this sum is the personal property of the Sovereign, as from it are paid none of the offices of the State; and that the police and standing militia, if such they may be termed, are furnished free of expense to Government by the settled inhabitants as well as by the nomades.

The settled inhabitants of Khaurism are bound to furnish, for the use of Government, to be ready at a moment's notice, one armed horseman of their own tribe, from every fifty chains of arable land. The nomades, or tented inhabitants, furnish similar horsemen, at the rate of one horseman for every four families. These horsemen are not paid by Government, unless levied for some military expedition, when each receives 5 Tillas or 30 Co.'s Rupees, about £3, whatever the distance or duration of the enterprise. It may be supposed that a militia, thus constituted, must be deficient in all that can give efficiency and vigour to a military mass. That the horse, arms, and equipment of the soldier will ever be of the most inferior description; and that the soldier himself will have little skill in the use of his weapons and management of his horse, and be utterly unaccustomed to the discipline requisite to ensure order, and distinguish a body of horsemen from a flock of sheep.

It is equally certain, that the royal treasury, unaccustomed in times of peace to the burthen of a military tax, opens with reluctance whenever war threatens the land, and often too late to be of service to the State.

Military Force of Khaurism.—The following is a rude estimate of the military force of Khaurism:—

Oozbegs - - -	50,000	horsemen.
Toorcumuns - -	25,000	„
Koozulbaush, or Persian	8,000	„
Kuzzauks - - -	25,000	„
	108,000	

The above is far less than the general estimate, which is 350,000; but I am inclined to think that the latter amount is an error, arising from mistaking the number of families in Khaurism for the number of horsemen maintained by those families; and I am credibly informed that the largest muster has never exceeded 85,000.

Of these horsemen, the Oozbegs are accounted the best, and the Persians are really the *élite*. The Toorcumuns are next to the Oozbegs; and the Kuzzauks, accustomed to the tyranny of the Toorcumuns, mounted upon galloway geldings, ill-clad and half-armed, may indeed be useful as forayers and couriers, but deserve not to be reckoned in the ranks of battle. Even the Oozbeg and Toorcumun horse, when they appear in the field, greatly disappoint the expectation which has dwelt upon the fame of Tartary for steeds. Some fine, and many large horses are to be seen in the ranks; but nearly two-thirds are under-sized, and many are mere galloways or animals remarkable for their ugliness and unserviceableness.

Designs of Russia upon Khiva.—So early as the reign of the Czar Peter, the extreme importance of Khiva to Russia was understood; and an expedition, under the command of Prince Bekevitch, was dispatched from Gorief, for the conquest of Khaurism. This force of 4,000 coasted the Caspian to the most eastern point of the Gulf of Mertvoi, and thence marched upon Khiva, easily overcoming all opposition. When near the capital, the Khaun Huzurut, who was then, I believe, a Kuzzauk, sent a polite embassy to the Russian General, assuring him of his friendship and submission, and inviting him to the royal palace with a small retinue. The infatuated General complied. And when in the power of the Khaun, was forced to write to his lieutenant, directing him to quarter the troops in the neighbouring villages.

Upon a repetition of this order, the local commander was obliged to comply. The troops were dispersed through the villages, and murdered during the night. Only two Cossaqs

escaped, and bore the news to Russia. About this time was erected the fort of Krasnovedsk, at the mouth of the Gulf of Balkaun. It has long since been abandoned.

After this event, it would appear that some slight traffic was maintained between the two States, regulated by their mutual convenience. Russia, indeed, affirms that the Khaun Huzurut of Khiva entirely submitted to Russia, and that the Sovereigns of that State held their dominions through her sufferance. This is clearly a mere boast; for it is not in the hour of complete triumph over a foe, that a barbarous State would be tamed by that foe to submission. Some kind of intercourse of Khiva with Orenburgh and Astrakhan, was however maintained, until the reign of the late king of Khaurism, Muhummud Ruheem Khaun, or Madreheem Khaun as he is usually called. He was a vigorous and warlike prince, and took from Bokhara several tracts of territory. It was toward the close of his reign, and during a period of hostility between Khiva and Bokhara, that a Russian detachment attempting to force its way to Bokhara through the territories of Khaurism, was opposed by the troops of Khiva; an event which led to the late hostilities between the Russian and Khivan States.—See Vol. i., p. 114.

Court of Khiva.—The Court of Khiva is very simply constructed. The monarch himself transacts all important business, and gives special orders upon every important affair. His Prime Minister, the Mehtur, has little more than those subordinate details under his control, which at European courts fall to the lot of Under Secretaries. The Khoosh Beegie, or Chief Falconer, who is the second officer of State, discharges alternately high military functions and the meanest of a civil character. The officers subordinate to these, have no voice in the councils, nor any authority in the affairs of the State. Even the priesthood, which in Muhummudan empires has usually so much influence, though here treated with marked respect, is not much consulted by the monarch.

Character of the reigning Khaun. — Ulla Koolie Khaun, King of Khaurism, or Khaun Huzurut (*i.e.* Supreme Lord) of Khiva, is son of his predecessor, Muhummud Ruheem Khaun, and the third of the present, or Oozbeg dynasty; previous to which, the throne of Khaurism was held by Kuzzauk Khauns, with an Oozbeg aristocracy. The present monarch is a man of about forty-five, of ordinary stature, and extremely amiable countenance. He has more beard than the generality of Oozbegs, an advantage owing to intermarriage with the Sarts, or original Persian inhabitants

of Khiva. I say advantage, because the beard amongst Muhummudan nations is an object of much consequence, and a fine beard is esteemed an especial mark of the favour of Heaven. Ulla Koolie Khaun claims descent, somewhat dubiously, from the great Chenghis Khaun, whose undoubted descendant is on the throne of Kokaun. He is certainly amiable, and is accounted just. His judgment also appears to be sound. But he is of a timid disposition, and deficient of the vigour and energy of mind requisite in one, performing in his own person all important functions of the State.

He has the Oozbeg passion for field sports, and spends several months of each winter in hawking and coursing. He is free from the vices of his nation, if we except smoking, which in those countries is accounted rather an illegal indulgence.

As the Muhummudan law allows only four wives to a faithful believer, the Khaun Huzurut has no more than four at Court at any given time; but, being an admirer of beauty, these are occasionally exchanged; so that the actual number of those who are, or have been, his wives is twelve. Several of these have families. They are Oozbegs, selected chiefly from amongst the branches of the reigning family. They are close immured in the haram, and have no share in the councils of the State, nor much influence over the actions of their master. The title of the king's wives is Bebee.

The Inauk of Huzzarusp.—The second man in the kingdom is undoubtedly the Inauk of Huzzarusp, a town about forty miles south by east of Khiva. His name is Ruhmaun Koolie, and he is only brother to the Khaun Huzurut. He is in person tall and powerful, and his mind appears to be vigorous and acute. In early life, he was much addicted to wine and other sensual enjoyments, and has still all the Oozbeg taste for hawking. But his character has lately reformed. He is much consulted by his brother, who appears sincerely attached to him.

The throne of Khaurism can scarcely be said to be hereditary. It is not considered so by the Toorcumuns. The last king, Madreheem Khaun, who was second of the Oozbeg dynasty, was brother to his predecessor, whose son lives at Court in great honour, although an object of some jealousy to the present monarch. He is styled the Bee. He does not appear to be a man of any talent or energy, and has not much voice in the affairs of government.

The Heir-Apparent.—The third person in the kingdom is the Toorruh, or eldest son, and heir-apparent of the monarch.

He is considered a young man of good sense and amiable disposition. During the annual absence of the Khaun Huzurut upon hunting expeditions, the reins of government are entrusted to the hands of this prince; but at other seasons he takes no part in affairs of State, but spends his time in hawking, and in other amusements.

THE LATE AND PRESENT MEHTURS, OR PREMIERS.—The late Mehtur, or Premier, Yoosuph Bae, was a man of great talent and humanity. He had preserved his office under five successive monarchs, and was universally respected. He was absent from the capital during the massacre of the travellers and their servants, or would certainly have prevented the deed, against which he warmly protested on his return. From respect to his memory, his eldest son was made his successor in his office of Mehtur. His name is Yakoob Bae. He is a man of no talent, dignity, or importance, and only the extreme indulgence of the present monarch could preserve him in his office. One of the greatest difficulties I had to encounter at the Court of Khiva was found in the incapacity and irresolution of this Minister, with whom I had many conferences.

KHOOSH OR GHOOSH BEEGIE.—The Khoosh Beegie, or Chief Falconer, is the son of the late officer of that title, a man who appears to have been much esteemed. The Khoosh Beegie had command of the force sent against the Russian expedition, and exhibited on that occasion neither courage nor military skill. As I was prohibited from all intercourse with him and other nobles of the Court, I cannot offer any particular description of their characters. It may suffice to observe, that with the Khoosh Beegie terminates all the real power and consequence of the Ministry: the remaining nobles serving only to swell the retinue of the monarch, but possessing no authority at Court.

PRIESTHOOD.—The heads of the priesthood are the Nuqeeb and Sheikh ool Islaum. From this body are chosen the Cawzees, or magistrates, who decide all trifling controversies, and many criminal causes. Those of greater weight and importance are referred to the Khaun Huzurut himself; and every sentence of death requires his confirmation, given after a personal investigation. Where so much is to be performed by an individual, from whom there is no appeal, many instances of injustice and undue severity may be expected; but one of the safeguards of equity is found in the absolute power of the monarch, frequently exercised, to punish with death or mutilation, a false oath.

The Toorcumuns and Kuzzauks, dwelling in the wilderness, have their own separate jurisdictions; all sentences of death requiring the royal confirmation. Each tribe of Toorcumuns has its chief, under whom are Yooz Baushees, or chiefs of 100 families. Under these again are the Reesh Sofeyd, or white beards, selected by the community for the decision of petty causes.

Such are the meagre particulars which my very limited opportunities enabled me to collect. Even these were not noted upon paper, excepting the numbers of the tribes; for as I was about to visit other countries on quitting Khiva, I did not think it prudent to carry memoranda, which might be prejudicial to that State in the hands of enemies. Were leisure allowed me for comparing together the relations of other travellers, I might make this Appendix fuller, and more complete; but I have no prospect of ever enjoying such an advantage, and must therefore cast myself upon the indulgence of the public.

APPENDIX C.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CASPIAN AND ARAL SEAS.

IN a work upon Khiva, compiled by Zimmerman, and translated by Morier,* many traditions and authorities are brought together, tending at first sight to prove the eastern coast of the Caspian, to have been removed westward of its former position. Upon comparing these, however, nothing amounting to strong probability results. Abulfeda speaks of a hill, from the summit of which, on a clear day, the Caspian and Aral were visible. But is it surprising that any considerable summit should command a view east and west of forty miles? Again, Jenkinson travels from the Caspian to Oorgunj, starting on the 14th of an unknown month, and reaching a gulf of the Caspian, and starting from it on the 5th of October, and reaching Oorgunj on the 16th, making thus twelve days march between this gulf and Oorgunj.

Now this gulf is undoubtedly the Karasoo inlet, on which stands Nuovo Alexandrofski (or Dahsh Gullah), this being in the direct line of march, formerly followed by caravans from Mungh Kishlauk to Oorgunj, but shunned since the Russians built a fort there. And if by Oorgunj, Old Oorgunj is meant, Jenkinson made the distance in exactly the time at this day consumed in the journey. If New Oorgunj, he travelled it in about two days less than the ordinary period. This, therefore, is no proof of any change in the coast of the Caspian.

The Abulkhaun mountains of Abulghazi, are undoubtedly the Bulkhaun mountains of the present day.

That very great changes have taken place in the level of

* Published by J. Madden, 8, Leadenhall-street.

the Caspian, the whole western portion of Khaurism attests; but it is not so easy to discover the origin of the change, or changes; for, after the passage of four or five centuries, objects and features assume an appearance of antiquity, not easily distinguishable from those a thousand years anterior in origin.

Between Khiva and Mungh Kishlauk, I found high table which I have reason to think again occurs between the seas, as far as the sixty-fourth degree North latitude. This land seemed to me not less than 1,500 feet higher than the level of the Caspian. I had, indeed, neither thermometer nor barometer; but I judged by the breadth and steepness of acclivities, and by finding the snow spread over those heights a month after its entire disappearance from the nearly parallel latitude of Oorgunj. This is the more remarkable, because in those countries, when the winter breaks up, the transition is very sudden, owing to the vast accumulation of solar heat upon the extensive desert tracts. Now, this high table-land is formed of chalk and marl covered with a thin stratum of limestone, composed of the shells of the Caspian. It has, therefore, at some distant period, been part of the basin of this sea, when, as now, an inland sea; and as, in order to its submersion, as at present it exists, the whole of Tartary must have been likewise submerged, it is less difficult to attribute its present elevation to some convulsion of Nature, at a period extremely remote, probably anterior to the existence of the human race. With this, therefore, we have nothing to say.

But the lower land, for some distance from the eastern shore of the Caspian, is broken into cliffs and basins, that gives the idea of comparatively recent occupation by that sea. Nay, these phenomena are observable as far as within about fifty miles north-west of Khiva, although, in the latter case, the abandonment seems more remote, and the traces are less indubitable. This may have been occasioned by a sudden escape of the waters of the Caspian, or by their gradual desiccation. In the former case, the hypothesis by which this sea is connected in remote periods with the Euxine, seems highly probable; but nothing less than the discovery, on the coast of the Euxine, of shell limestone precisely similar to that of Khaurism, could establish the existence together of these seas in one isolated basin.

If the volume of the Caspian has been abated by a gradual desiccation, several causes may have concurred to this effect. In the first place, it is an established fact, that the Caspian

has been deprived, during several hundred years, of the body of water poured into it formerly by the Oxus, and, less certainly, by the Jaxartes. This body of water (I speak only of that of the Oxus) amounted to 1,625,470,560,000 cubic feet annually, or, in 1000 years, to 1,625,470,560,000,000 cubic feet, which, spread over the surface of the Caspian, reckoned at 4,782,000,000,000 square feet, would add 340 feet to its present level. As, however, such a body of fluid would have increased greatly the surface of the Caspian, a considerable portion of this must have been lost in evaporation, we will suppose one-third; and still the Caspian is left 200 feet lower than at this moment it would have been, had the course of the Oxus remained unchanged. If, therefore, the Caspian, 1000 years ago, was not increasing yearly in volume, it is now 200 feet lower than it then was. Such a supposition will account for all observed phenomena; and it will be remembered, that I have not made allowance for the waters of the Jaxartes, which probably once terminated in the Caspian.

The supposition, adopted by Zimmerman, that the Caspian has mined itself a basin further west, is utterly untenable. The lower waters of the Caspian are never in motion. It is a mere lake, guiltless of tides, those effecters of change in the coasts of our globe, and no one, who has ever seen the cliffs of the eastern shore of the Caspian, could imagine their having served any purpose but their present. A lake cannot delve for itself a new channel. What is it to do with the *débris* of the cliffs it has thrown down? They must remain where they fall, or at best, can only be deposited in the profoundest depths of the old basin, gradually to fill it up, and cause an overflow of waters, but not a gradual shifting of the basin itself.

Now if we suppose the shrinking of the Caspian to be occasioned by the failure of a tributary river, this shrinking must continue, until the surface of the sea be only sufficient for the evaporation of the waters poured into it; and it seems not improbable that this balance is still incomplete, and that the level of the Caspian sinks yearly.

As the changes produced upon the face of these countries has been generally referred to one of two causes, namely, the sudden outbreak of the Euxine, through the Dardanelles, or the gradual desiccation of the waters which once covered a great part of the steppe of the Oorahl and a portion of that of Khaurism, it may not be amiss to offer a few words upon the latter supposition.

Until we have correct levels of the lands adjacent to the Caspian and Euxine, it is impossible to build a satisfactory theory upon the disappearance of waters, which have left so many testimonies of their former presence. But to imagine a gradual desiccation, within the limits of our chronology, is to assume a distinct period for changes, which have generally baffled research, receding in proportion as they were followed by inquiry, until lost in the haze of eternity. For, if a gradual desiccation has drained the submerged lands, some violent catastrophe, not in the usual order of nature, must have deposited those waters there, within a calculable period; and if that convulsion be the same by which other seas and continents have received their several forms and locations, then are such extensive operations brought within the range of historical antiquity. It is, further, to suppose an effect not elsewhere observed upon the same scale; and, therefore, belonging to the class Prodigy. It is also to nullify a fact presented to our bodily eyes, namely, the present connection of the Euxine with the ocean; a connection which could not have existed when the lands in question were covered by the waters of the Caspian; since those waters must have held a level higher than the present level of the ocean, to inundate lands which the ocean cannot reach. If we suppose this large tract of steppe to have been submerged beneath the Caspian, we must believe that the Caspian and Euxine were united; and when the Caspian and Euxine were united, it is impossible that either could have communicated with the sea.

Here then we find the desiccation supposition not only unnecessary, but an absolute encumbrance. It accounts for nothing that is not otherwise accounted for; and it requires for its support the invention of facts unrecorded, and of which we have not even circumstantial evidence.

Undoubtedly, on the disjunction of the Caspian and Euxine, which must have happened a few months after the escape of the latter to the ocean, the surface of the Caspian may have been too large for the body of water poured into it, and its desiccation would be the consequence. At the disjunction of the seas, the isthmus at present separating them would have been the level of the Caspian; and this is, at present, elevated far above it. Moreover, we perceive by the current from the Euxine to the ocean that its present surface is inadequate to the evaporation of the rivers it receives; so that when the seas were one, the greater part of the water which submerged the lands in question must

have been received from the feeders of the Euxine. The surface left to the Caspian would therefore evaporate more than its annual receipt of water, and its volume would continue to shrink, until the balance were attained.

Another theory is broached by Mr. Zimmermann, in the work already referred to. It is the theory of the Oxus, in reference to the gradual desiccation. He supposes this desiccation, not to be the mere effect of evaporation upon the waters of the Caspian; but to have affected the sources and tributaries of the Oxus and Jaxartes. In their former fulness he supposes that the Aral may have been but an inland lake of the Oxus; and that in its overflow, it poured into the Bay of Balkaun that body of water which has mined the channel ascribed to the Oxus.

This theory is plausible, and in order to it, we require only one supposition; and that, although unsupported by any record or tradition, is not very difficult of belief. If, therefore, we cannot account for existing appearances without it, we may allow it. If it be needless we shall scout it. Unless our argument has been vain, it is needless.

The result I should deduce from all these considerations is, that in remote times the Euxine and Caspian probably formed together one isolated sea, covering much of the steppe of the Oorahl, that which lies between Astrakhan and the sea of Azov, and probably that bordering the Embah. That this sea in process of time accumulated a sufficient body of water to mine an outlet into the Archipelago, leaving the Caspian isolated, and of surface considerably more extended than at present; which surface, being more than sufficient for the evaporation of its tributaries, gradually dwindled to its present dimensions. That the course of the Oxus, in the days of Alexander the Great (I note this period after the traditions existing in Khaurism) turned by a bold curve round to the south-west, and lost itself in the Gulf of Balkaun. That the Sirr or Jaxartes through its old channel (the Djan Derriah) mingled its waters with the Oxus in the neighbourhood of Bèsh Tishik, and flowed with it to the Caspian. That in the course of time, the Jaxartes, following the invariable law of Nature, mined for itself a course less tortuous than that which it had originally pursued, and found a basin further north, capable of receiving its waters. That the Oxus, released from the thrust from the north-east, which had determined its waters to the Caspian, pursued the natural and more direct course, and fell into the new basin, gradually abandoning, and at length

utterly, the Caspian. That the Caspian, deprived of the waters of two very considerable rivers, gradually shrank in its dimensions.

In this theory, however, there is an assumption, unsupported by any established fact. I mean the former connection of the Caspian and Euxine, and the disjunction of the latter from the ocean.

APPENDIX D.

Translation of a Furmaun addressed by ULLAH KOOLIE KHAUN, *King of Khaurism, to* CAPTAIN JAMES ABBOTT, *on a Mission to His Majesty's Court.*

THE words of the Father of the Victorious, the Conqueror, the Lord of Heroes, the King of Khaurism.

Be it known to the sincere and faithful, honoured by our confidence and regard, Captain Abbott, exalted and chosen by our royal kindness and kingly favour, that in these happy times, Moollah Muhummud Saleh, son of Cauzie Muhummud Hussun, having come on a pilgrimage to our heaven-rivalling threshold, has begged permission to follow that gentleman (Captain Abbott), and we granting his request, have sent you the above-named Moollah. Please Almighty God, he, the Moollah, after the honour of presenting himself to you, will fully advise you of the particulars of all occurrences connected with these parts. The words of this favour-breathing epistle, given.*

* NOTE.—The above was written in Persian, in compliment to my ignorance of Toorkish, in which all Furmauns and Despatches are written at the Court of Khaurism.

APPENDIX E.

Translation of a Treatise upon Damask Steel, by Colonel Anossoff, of the Corps of Engineers, Imperial Army of Russia, Master of the Fabric of Arms at Zlataoost, in Siberia, and reviver of the Damask.

IN Russia, we understand by the damask, a metal harder, and supplying a material for arms, of keener edge than ordinary steel.

Our poets, ancient as well as modern, generally arm their heroes with damask blades, a proof that this kind of arm has long been known in Russia; although the art of their fabrication was unknown, and that of distinguishing them was anything but popular.

The original country of the damask is the East, and there is reason to think, that its properties were even less understood in other countries of Europe than in Russia. To judge how far they were from having just notions regarding this metal about fifty-five years ago, one need but cast the eye over the work entitled, "Histoire du fer, du metallurgiste Suedois, Rinmunn," a standard work in its day. Even to our own days, the nature of the damask is an enigma, not only as regards its chemical structure, but even its physical properties.

All the researches of chemists have, until now, failed of discovering any essential difference between the damask and ordinary steel; which, nevertheless, proves only that the analysis has been imperfect, it is only want of means that prevents success. Notwithstanding the rapid progress of chemistry, it has not yet attained perfection, and perhaps many things must remain for ever impenetrable secrets to the art. Although the chemists of the present day presume that the natural damask is the effect of a crystallization

produced by retarded cooling of the heated metal; yet, not having the means of producing a damask equal to the ancient work of Asia, they cannot establish this ground, although they have before their eyes the laws of crystallization discovered by the mineralogist Hauy.

If crystallization generally is but the result of the structure of bodies, under certain physical considerations, the question follows, wherefore in the damask is it not the result of a similar cause, and as common steel acquires no visible damask by gradual refrigeration, is not this a convincing proof that the composition of damask differs from that of ordinary steel. If chemical analysis fails to discover that difference, we can only conclude that it answers not its end. The researches of metallurgists and of artificers, who have been at pains to make the damasks, and to inform themselves of the ancient art, have made no decisive progress. I have seen no damask of superior quality wrought in Europe; and that which has been written upon the subject gives no sufficient light; for I have found in no treatise upon the damask any provision for perfecting the steel. Thus, on one hand, the imperfection of our chemical knowledge, and, on the other, the difficulty of fabricating the damask, leave Europeans still in uncertainty as to its merits. Many scientific men, relying upon chemical analysis, refuse credence to the superior qualities of the damask, whilst amateurs, who have any knowledge of the subject, set as great value upon it, as do the people of the East, and willingly pay 50*l.* and upwards for the best damask blade.

Time out of mind the damask has been used in Asia; and to this day it has lost nothing in price. Nevertheless, the Orientals, although less advanced in knowledge than ourselves, could not be deceived, throughout the course of ages, upon the merits of objects purchased only at a very high price.

It is about ten years since this consideration made me doubt the infallibility of the results of chemistry, and incline to the judgment of the ancients, as better founded upon the question of the damask. Thence originated my desire to observe the different qualities, and to discover the means of its fabrication.

The first comparison of the Russian damask before the tribunal of the public, at the approaching exhibition of Russian fabrics, induces me to publish, although in an abridged form, my ideas upon the subject of the damask, acquired during an experience of ten years. Perchance

they may serve to facilitate a discrimination of the various kinds of damask, to such of my fellow manufacturers as have yet enjoyed little opportunity of examining and testing them.

All steel, which exhibits a surface figured with dark lines, is called damask.

In some of the various kinds of steel, these figures appear immediately after burnishing, while in others dilute acid is necessary to bring them out. The juices of plants and ordinary vinegar suffice for this effect. The process of bringing out the figures of steel is called corrosion.

The damascene which appears upon the surface of steel is very various: nevertheless, this damascene does not *alone* confer upon steel the title of damask; on ordinary steel, similar figures may be brought out, by subjecting it to corrosion, after having designed upon it the figure required; but whatever pains may be taken to make such resemble genuine damask, the eye of a connoisseur easily detects the counterfeit, without examining the quality of the metal. Hence has arisen the epithet of "false damask."

A second kind of damask exhibits also an artifical damascene, which nevertheless is peculiar to the metal itself, so that, how often soever it is repolished, the same figure will reappear whenever it is subjected to corrosion. This damask is known as "artificial damask." It is composed of several sorts of steel interlaid with iron. The beauty of such damask is various, and consists partly in the quality of the several materials, partly in the skill with which they are worked together. These artificial damasks are chiefly wrought in Asia, viz., India, Turkey, Georgia; but the artificial damasks of Europe have attained as yèt no great reputation, because the European workmen are more intent upon producing elegant figures on the steel than on improving the metal itself. Thus the artificial damasks, as those of Solinger and Klingenthal, although exhibiting the damascene, have not the figures characteristic of superior metal.

In fine, whatever may be the beauty of artificial damasks, they will not bear comparison with good natural damasks, for, if filed, the damascene does not reappear.*

* I must beg to differ with my ingenious friend in this matter; if, indeed, I have rightly translated him. Damask formed of mixed metals will reappear, however much it may be filed. This is a fact well known to all gun-makers, who employ iron of several different colours, in forging gun-barrels, to give them what is called the twist, in other words an artificial damascene. My friend must be here alluding to "false damasks."

The natural damasks of Asia differ from the artificial in the reappearance of their inimitable and (so to speak) innate damascene, as well as by the faculty of reproducing the same damascene after having been filed, if the constituent particles remain unchanged.

In Asia we observe many kinds of damask. The difference between them depends upon the places in which they have been wrought, the manner of their fabric, and the various qualities of the material. Those most in use are known by the names Daban, Kara Daban, Khorussaun, Kara Khorussaun, Gundo, Koum Gundy, Neuris, and Schaum (Syria).

The Orientals judge of the goodness of the damask by its figures, by the colour of the ground (that is the intervals between the figured lines), and by the play of colours. They consider the Daban and Khorussaun (to the latter they sometimes add Kara, or black) to be the best blades. The Schaum is the least esteemed. The constant experience of many years assures me, that the marks upon which the Orientals found their judgment of the goodness of the damask are a more certain criterion of the true quality of the metal than all the tests to which it is subjected in Europe; these enabling the testers to form no more than a proximate estimate of the quality of the steel, more generally during the process of fabrication, and not after completion of the object, the quality of which still remains to be determined by proofs, conformed to the purpose for which it is designed. As the mark of the workman is the sole guarantee of the quality of the work, so the Asiatic is never deceived in the intrinsic value of the damask, and fails not to laugh on seeing a European test its quality by filing it, or making it cut iron, especially as the hardness of metal is conditional, depending upon its temper. If the damask be carefully corroded, all further test is needless.

As above stated, the first and most essential sign of the damask is its damascene. In proportion as it is thick, defined, fantastic, in the same proportion is the quality of the metal fine. The thickest damascene is about the size of the notes of music, the middling as large as ordinary print, and the finest is that which we can just follow with the naked eye. As to the method of recognising the quality of damask by its figures, and to the reappearance of the damascene, although they depend upon invariable laws, it were easier to give an idea by samples than by simple description. Nevertheless, it may not be useless here to add certain directions upon the

subject, which are not founded upon practice alone, but proved by the process I employ in the fabric of damask.

Like written characters, the damascene consists of points, of right lines, and curves, which serve to distinguish the quality of the damask, as follows:—

1st. The damascene formed principally of right lines almost parallel denotes the lowest quality of the damask.

2nd. When the right lines become shorter, and are partly replaced by curves, they denote a better quality than the first.

3rd. When the lines are interrupted, show points, and when the dimensions of the curves increase, this is a still better symptom.

4th. When the interrupted lines become still shorter, or, rather, when they change to points, as they increase in number, so as to form in the breadth of the steel here and there, as it were, nets, interlinked by threads which undulate in diverse directions from one net to the other. In this case the damask approaches perfection.

Finally, when the nets open further to form figures resembling grapes, or when they occupy the entire breadth of the steel, and partake it in nearly equal articulations, in that case the damask may be recognised as of the highest possible quality.*

Another feature, by which the quality of damask may be understood, is the hue of its ground. The deeper the tint, the more perfect the metal. The ground of the damask may be grey, brown, or black.

A third feature is the play of colours upon the metal, when its surface is subjected to an oblique light. In observing many thus, we perceive, that some amongst them show no variation of tint, whilst others take a crimson or a golden hue. The more perceptible this play of colours, the finer the quality of the damask. Nevertheless this test is affected by the degree of corrosion. When the corrosion is very great, the play of colour is not observed. No art can produce the red hue upon inferior damask. Therefore the damask may be divided into two distinct classes, viz. that which has the red hue, and that which wants it.

When the three characters, above noted, are found in

* Damask blades of this description are found in the Museum of rare objects of the Aide-de-camp General, Perroffski; an officer who, by his love for the arts and sciences, has entered deeply into my researches, and by his condescending kindness in procuring me access to Damasks of the most perfect kind, has greatly contributed to my stock of information.

union and at their maximum, we may confidently pronounce the damask to be of the most perfect kind, which will in no case fail of the following qualities:—

Perfect malleability and ductility.

The hardest possible substance after tempering.

The keenest and firmest possible edge.

And

elasticity, when properly tempered.

The other damasks possess various degrees of perfection, according as the three above-named qualities are more or less remarkable.

I do not follow the nomenclature of Eastern nations in defining the varieties of damask, because they do not always denote the various degrees of its perfection. It appears to me more convenient to use in Russia, a nomenclature, founded upon the water alone. By this rule, five kinds of damask may be noted, viz. the streaked, the striated, the reticulated, and the knotted. Each of these kinds may have one of the following characters:—

(*a*) A damascene, coarse, middle-sized, or minute.

(*b*) A ground, grey, brown, or black.

(*c*) A hue changing in the light to red; or exhibiting no change.

Amongst damasks of inferior quality, may be found some inferior to cast steel of medium quality; but it is not known that the best cast steel may compare with the finest damask. Comparative proofs have convinced me, that the damask offers the highest possible perfection of steel; and the relations we receive from those who have visited Japan, the Indies, Persia, and Turkey, are not so exaggerated as many suppose. A well-tempered sabre of good damask, will easily sever bones, iron nails, and the most flimsy kerchief as it floats in the air. But I must beg leave to doubt the possibility of performing similar feats, with similar ease, with European blades, such as those of Klingenthal, as we are assured, in a late publication;* for I am persuaded that the blades of Klingenthal, of Solingen, as well as those of Zlataoost, of similar temper to good damask, cannot be compared with the latter, whether in edge, in solidity, or in elasticity.

The employment of damask might, I think, be extended with advantage not only to the fabric of arms, but in general to every steel article requiring edge or solidity.

* "Manuel complet de Travail des Métaux, traduit de l'Anglais de Docteur Lardner," par A. D. Vergniaud. Paris, 1838, tom. i. p. 283.

So far Colonel Anossoff; a man whose researches in this department of science have enabled him to revive the natural damask, in a degree of perfection which I have never observed in the workmanship even of the ancients, and which certainly cannot be approached by fabrics of any Eastern nation at present existing.

This, it will be allowed, is very high authority: the more especially, as the Russian collections exhibit probably a greater variety of damasks, than those of any other European nation. And to differ in any point with such an authority, may not only seem presumptuous, but may absolutely ensure the rejection of my opinions as futile. Nevertheless, as I have taken upon me to reprint his valuable remarks in a work of my own, it seems incumbent upon me to add to them some of the results of my own experience.

I have from childhood had a passion for everything connected with arms, and have never neglected an opportunity of examining such as came within my reach, and of reading and carefully treasuring all that is written upon the subject of their qualities and construction. I have also cursorily run over great part of Asia, have been many years in India, and have examined three or four of the principal collections of blades in Russia. The result of my experience and researches, would assure me that either Colonel Anossoff's Oriental classification differs essentially from that prevailing in Khorussaun, or that our estimates of the qualities of the damask are at variance.

The blade known in Khorussaun as the Khorussaunee blade, has a very dark hue, betraying a steel highly carbonized. The figures of its damascene are very various, and I despair of giving any distinct idea of them without the aid of plates, which my present position precludes me from attempting; the more especially as nearly all my collection of swords and daggers has been lost in my late wanderings.

1. The kind least esteemed is a light grey, having a granulated surface, the spots of which are rather long in the course of the metal. This kind is also forged at Lahore and Siroee.

2. The second kind has a figuring of coarse dark lines upon a grey ground. These lines exhibiting figures almost precisely similar to the grain of a young oak, when the oblique section has passed near the centre of the tree.

3. A third has the same grey ground and dark irregular lines; but these are more continuous, and not disposed in

concentric figures, but have rather the appearance of tissues of wire running into every serpentine shape.

4. A fourth is a repetition of the last, but the lines are finer, and the figures more uniform in their irregularity, forming homogeneous masses, so to speak. This is the kind most highly esteemed by the people of Khorussaun. It varies greatly in beauty and value, and may be purchased at from 5*l.* to 500*l.*

5. A fifth kind exhibits a series of articulations, of which I have counted thirty-six in a sword-blade. These articulations, or knots, are formed by dense masses of nearly parallel lines, disposed lengthwise in the blade; the masses running into one another. At the junction they are excessively fine. On turning the blade, it will be found that each junction on the one side corresponds with the centre of a mass on the other. This is certainly the most beautiful variety of Khorussaunee blade; but I have not observed that it is so highly esteemed as the finer kinds of the foregoing variety. It varies greatly in quality. The finest lines denoting that which is considered best.

All these blades when attentively scrutinized will be found to possess a seam down the back. None of them possess any elasticity. They will either break short like cast-iron, or bend like lead. Their shape is a simple and often an abrupt wedge; the very worst of shapes for cutting, owing to the great friction which the lips of the wound exert upon the sides. Their figure is too crooked for defence. They are not esteemed, unless a cat can walk under the curve when placed edge upwards on the earth; neither is this degree of curve sufficient to confer great value, unless it be elegant in its gradations. The edge is generally obtuse, and seems formed rather to bear the shock with armour and with other blades than to cut deep. The breadth is seldom great, but they are thick at the back, and always ill-poised. The best are from Isfahaun; but I understand that the art is almost lost even there. I have never seen a Khorussaunee sabre pointed with a double-edge. It is true that the blade is too crooked to be used in thrusting; yet I have seen Damascus blades equally crooked that had the double-edged point.

The daggers of Khorussaun are somewhat different in water or damascene from the sabres of that country; greater care seems to have been taken in the process. The lines upon them run into the most delicate and perfect spirals, and minute curves. They are generally of the most elegant figures; seldom double-edged, probably from the supersti-

tion against this figure prevalent at Khiva, where the double-edged dagger is religiously disused, because Hosein, the son of Ali, was slain with a double-edged knife. The point is generally triangular and tapering, serving well to force the links of chain armour, which was once commoner than at present. They have, however, a double-edged dagger called Khunja, which is worn in Persia, although that people being Sheeahs, are so much more interested in the fate of Hussun and Hosein.

One of the peculiarities observable in all good Khorussaunee blades is that towards the edge, the hue of the steel increases in depth, betraying more strongly the presence of carbon.

In Colonel Anossoff's oriental nomenclature, occur several names unknown, I think in Khorussaun and India; for instance, Daban, Gundy, and Neuris. Upon these I can of course offer no remarks. But with respect to the blade of Schaum, I know not how the Tartars dwelling in Russia may apply the epithet; but its real and original meaning is the blade of Damascus; a city which has given name to all steel fabrics exhibiting upon their surface what is termed water. It is true that the art of damascening seems in the present day to be lost at Damascus; and the blades forged in Syria may therefore deserve the contemptuous estimate which the Tartars of Russia seem to entertain for them. But there can be little doubt, that of all watered blades, the Damascus blade was the most perfect, and the only blade of this description anciently forged that had any elasticity. I confess I have never met with an elastic Damascus blade; but there seems to be sufficient evidence that the ancient fabric was elastic. And as European travellers would naturally, after the fashion of their people, test any sword brought for examination by bending it, they could scarcely have fallen into error on this point.

A blade that was in my possession, essentially different from those of Khorussaun and India in figure and texture, and wrought in Egypt, probably by Syrian workmen, exhibited the most exquisite water, and an edge that I have never seen equalled. But, although not brittle, in was inelastic. It is to be observed that such blades are generally so massive as to render elasticity a matter of little moment, as they will not shiver in any concussion, and scarcely any force to which a sabre is liable will materially impair their straightness. Their colour is a very pale azure. The streaks are delicate, elegantly waved and curved, much

fainter than in the Khorussaunee blades, and appear to be brought out without the aid of acids, by the mere action of the atmosphere. Nothing that I have seen approaches in beauty to these blades, or in firmness and keenness of edge. The people of Khorussaun term them Misranie, that is Egyptian, and believe that they will sever steel. The kingdoms of Egypt and Syria having lately been under one head, I have little doubt that whatever art of damascening remains in either land, will at present be found at Alexandria and Cairo.

The streaked damask spoken of in Colonel Anossoff's Memoir, I have not noticed, because I do not conceive it to deserve the title, being a wretched imitation of the Khorussaun blade.

Of the damask of Hindoostaun, I am not prepared at present to speak largely. It is forged at Guzeraut, Siroee, and Lahore. Its water is granulated. Its edge is keen. It is, I believe, invariably brittle. I must except the Siroee blade, as I have seen of this but few specimens. That of Lahore appears to me the worst. The damask of Guzeraut is extremely hard and keen-edged, but so brittle that a back of soft iron is added, as in bone saws, to fortify it. It is one of four kinds of blade forged at Guzeraut, if I may credit general report; one kind being fabricated at each of the four gates of the city. One of the plain Guzerautee blades is elastic, and superior to any other of Indian manufacture.

The Russian damask, discovered or revived by my friend Colonel Anossoff, is a peculiar modification of cast steel, by which it is impressed with a peculiar character, in its crystallization; which character betrays itself, when the corrosion of acids, by acting more violently between the interstices of the structure than elsewhere, traces out the arrangement of the crystals. This property is communicated to the damask of Zlataoost by a process tending to perfect the quality of the steel, and to impress upon cast steel the elastic properties of a softer material. The general fault of European blades is, that being forged of shear steel, for the sake of elasticity, they are scarcely susceptible of the keen edge which cast steel will assume. The genius of Anossoff has triumphed over this objection, not in hardening the soft steel, but in giving elasticity to the hard; and it may be doubted whether any fabric in the world can compete with that of Zlataoost, in the production of weapons combining in an equal degree edge and elasticity. The water of this variety of damask resembles most that of No. 5 of my list above. It is a suc-

cession of small bundles of almost parallel lines, occupying the whole breadth of the blade; the ends of the bundles crossing and mingling at the point of junction. I have called them nearly parallel lines, because such they are to superficial observation. They are, however, a series of minute curves, forming together lines, disposed in bundles articulated together, and dividing the length of the weapon into many sections. They have not the regular articulation of the articulated Khorussaunee blade, but their lines are infinitely finer. I have seen several which were condemned for insufficient temper, submitted to the action of the engine by which they are broken. The blades were bent double, and back again several times ere they could be divided. The red hue observed upon damask blades I have seen only on those of Zlataoost.

Since the publication of the first edition of this work, I have witnessed the whole process of forging the cast steel or damascene blade, as practised at Goojrat, in the Punjaub; this must not be mistaken for Guzeraut in the west of India. I here reprint the description, which I sent for publication to the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*.

Process of working the Damascus Blade of Goojrat.

I have just returned from Jullalpoor in Goojrat (the Goojrat of the Punjaub), and am prepared to describe the whole process adopted there in the fabric of sword blades.

The blade of Goojrat is of two kinds, the simple and the mixed damask.

The simple damask is precisely similar to the damask of Isfahaun in Persia. Its damascene is a granulation covering the entire surface of the blade, and often disposed in lateral processes; as if the blade had been woven throughout of infinitely fine wires. At other times, this granulation is streaky like a skein of floss silk that has been rumpled into innumerable wrinkles too minute to be followed by the eye.

At other times it has the grain observed in timber, when intersected obliquely.

All these different kinds are the same substance submitted to the same process. At least, the general treatment and intention are the same; and the differences arise from accident, not design.

The substance is a small cake of cast steel weighing about two pounds, and exhibiting manifest symptoms of the fluid condition in which it acquired its plano-convex shape. That is the lower or convex surface, bears the impression of the coarse gravelly crucible in which it was cooled; and the upper or flat surface has those concentric wrinkles and radiations, which all metals take in crystallizing after fusion. This cast steel (*fowlahd*) is purchased at Umritsur in the small cakes above noted. The natives know not its origin, but only that it comes from the south, and can be purchased at Delhi, in large as well as in small cakes. In India, if the same question is asked, the natives reply, that it comes from the north. It is, probably, therefore, brought up the Indus and Sutlej from the Persian Gulf.

The accompanying figures 1 and 2 represent the plan and profile of a mass lying upon the table before me. Now, upon considering the internal structure of this, we are aware that it is a bundle of concentric needles crystallized around a porous centre, the vesicles of which are coarse and apparent, formed by the splash of the metal as it fell fluid into the mould, or of the dross and earthly particles floating at surface in a crucible. These I have rudely represented in dots in figure 12. It is also manifest, that the most solid portions of the mass are the lower or convex surface. And, accordingly, in beating it out into a bar, great care is taken to preserve each surface distinct from the other, in order that the edges of the lenticular mass may become the edge; and the flat, porous surface the back. Under any other disposition the damask figures would be confused and unseemly; and, as cast steel cannot be welded by any art known in Asia, the porosity of the centre of crystallization in the mass, would either offer a jagged, flawed edge, or one of the sides must be disfigured and weakened by it. And thus the arrangement pursued in the fabric of the simple damask blade is suggested by sound sense. The elegance and symmetry arising from the arrangement is the accidental but necessary consequence.

The mass of cast steel being brought to white heat and held, as represented in figure 3, edgewise upon the anvil, is beaten into a square prism or bar—an operation of about two hours' duration. When the requisite length is attained, the bar is flattened under the hammer, those sides in the bar which had been the edges being placed the one above the other below, so as to become the flat surfaces of the blade. The blade being shaped with the hammer and file and

roughly burnished, is brought to a dull red heat in a long charcoal fire,—a long vessel of common oil is placed within reach, and the blade is plunged by successive drawing cuts edge-foremost into the oil; so that the edge becomes the most highly tempered part, and the back remains the softest. The excessive temper is abated in the usual manner, by laying the blade over a slow charcoal fire. It is then burnished and ground, and being carefully cleansed from grease in wood ashes, white vitriol (*kusses*) dissolved in water is rubbed over all the surface excepting the edge. This, eating deepest between the interstices of the crystals, exhibits their arrangement which constitutes the damask of the blade.

In following the mass of cast steel through all the changes of figure produced by the action of the hammer (figures 4, 5, 6, 7, 8), we perceive that as it cannot be welded, the pores in the centre of crystallization must remain, although immensely elongated under the extension of the mass. These, accordingly, exhibit themselves in an irregular and ugly seam in the back of the blade, impairing both its elegance and its solidity. And hence it is manifest, that in order to the production of a blade without flaw, either the porous heart of the mass should be ground out previous to the action of the hammer and the hollow be refilled with shear steel, or the blade should be forged of excessive breadth, and the unsound back be ground away.

We further observe, that as the flat surfaces of the blade (figure 10) are formed of the edges of the lenticular mass (figure 11) they present a section across the crstallization; rectangular in the centre, but of various obliquity toward either end. It follows, that the less the original mass is altered by hammering, the more nearly lateral will be the disposition of the dots representing the ends of crystals—and hence the various figures presented by the same metal under slightly different treatment. It is also apparent, that these figures will materially alter, according to difference in the shape of the original mass, and it may be reasonably doubted whether the shape in which the cast steel is brought to India, be the most conducive to symmetry of damask or to soundness of fibre.

As the damask of a blade is the map of its crystallization, so it is probable that the figures alter according to the purity of the iron of which the steel is formed, the quantity of carbon contained in it, or to both these circumstances combined.

Colonel Anossoff, himself the reviver, if not the inventor of the elastic damask, lays down the following laws, as the test of quality of the damask, viz.:—

1st. The damascene formed principally of right lines, almost parallel, denotes the lowest quality of damask.

2nd. When the right lines become shorter and are partly replaced by curves, they denote a better quality than the first.

3rd. When the lines are interrupted, show points, and when the dimensions of the curves increase, this is a still better symptom.

4th. When the interrupted lines become still shorter, or rather when they change to points as they increase in number, so as to form in the breadth of the steel, here and there, as it were, nets, interlinked by threads, which undulate in diverse directions from one net to the other; in this case the damask approaches perfection.

Finally. When the nets open further to form figures resembling grapes: or when they occupy the entire breadth of the steel and partake it in nearly equal articulations, in that case the damask may be recognised as of the highest quality.

Now, whilst I concur with Colonel Anossoff in believing that a connoisseur may read the quality of damask steel in its damascene, I rather doubt the above being the key to the language, because the globularity of the marks must depend very much upon the angle of section of the crystals, an angle dependent upon the figure in which the steel was first cast.

Several very costly damask blades were exhibited to Burnes at Caubul, and it was explained to him that they were valued according to the continuity of the flossy streaks from hilt to point. I myself observed, when in Khorussaun, that a decided preference was given to the streaked variety, viz., to that which appears like an amalgamated mass of infinitely fine wires. It will be seen from the process of forging the simple damask that any continuity of fibre must be a mere accident, and denotes nothing as respects the quality of the metal.

I have before me a beautiful specimen of Siberian damask, given me by Anossoff, and presenting upon its surface the prismatic play of colours which he values so highly. In appearance it differs from the Jullalabad blades chiefly in the greater uniformity of its interlaced streaks; attributable probably to a better figure in the mass of steel from which it was forged. It is elastic. The simple damask of

Jullalabad, being tempered in oil, has little elasticity, and the makers will not warrant it to undergo any proof. It is liable both to bend without recovery and to snap short on concussion. The same is observable of the damask of Khorussaun, constructed by a similar process. The cast steel, when tempered in water, becomes too brittle for sword blades, and the elasticity given by oil is not greater than that which brass possesses.

A very elegant elastic blade which I purchased in Siberia, and thought cheap at twenty guineas, exhibits a damask of oval concentric rings, so regular and beautiful, that I would not believe it to be a real damask, until a portion of the blade had been burnished and the acid applied in my presence, when the re-appearance of the damascene, placed the matter beyond doubt. I have seen a similar though less beautiful damascene upon daggers forged at Isfahaun. It is difficult to imagine this to be the mere exhibition of crystallization.

The simple damask of Jullalabad is wrought into three figures:—1. The very narrow, rather thick, much-curved Khorussaunee sabre—whose section is an abrupt wedge, unwieldy in the grasp, and as unfit for offence as for defence. 2. The broader, much-curved, plain or fluted blade of Damascus, with a double-edged point, which its curvature nullifies. And 3. A long straight single or double-edged blade, broad, thin, and fluted, wider near the point than at the hilt; always set in a basket hilt, with a pummel projecting three inches to protect the sword-arm, and much used by gladiators who exhibit at the Mohurrum.* All are forged in the same manner from the same material, yet each has its own separate Damascene, owing to the greater diffusion of the grain of crystallization in one kind than in the other. In the very narrow blade it is more streaky, in the broad blade it more resembles the most delicate of the streaks upon watered ribbands. The darkening of the blade toward the edge, observable in Khorussaunee sabres, is not visible in these—I attribute this darkness to an increase of carbon. But at Jullalpoor, the sword-cutlers think it proceeds from increase of temper, and that the stain upon the damask is dark according to the degree of its temper.

Such is the secret of the pretty but useless damask of Goojrat, at least of the simple variety. The compound damask is far less elegant, but may constitute a good blade, little in-

* It is supposed to represent the blade with which Hosein, son of Ali, was murdered, and is called Seif.

ferior, perhaps, to the produce of Solinjer, though certainly less elastic. The following is the process employed in the fabric of the Sukkaila or compound damask.

A ribband of keeri or shear steel being bent into the figure of a syphon (fig. 13), is filled with six or more ribbands of cast steel, blistered steel, and shear steel, as accompanying diagram. I distinguished between cast steel and blistered steel, because the first has been in actual fusion, whereas the second appears to me that which goes in England by the name of "cast or blistered steel," and comes from Europe in small square bars. The mass being well hammered at welding heat, is doubled, welded, redoubled, and rewelded. A small bar of shear steel of similar length is then welded upon the side which is to be the back, and a similar bar of cast and blistered steel well mixed together is welded for the edge. It is then beaten out, flattened and shaped into a blade, and tempered in water. The damascene of this blade is course, and resembles the transverse lights upon a watered ribband. It has a moderate elasticity, if well tempered; but of course its quality must depend chiefly upon the fineness of the steel employed in its fabric, and there is little choice of material in India.*

There is no doubt that a blade may thus be constructed, the edge of which may be keen as that of cast steel, whilst sufficient elasticity is preserved to render it proof against distortion or fracture under very severe shocks. And if, instead of thick ribbands of the several metals, fine wires were employed, an elegant damascene might be the produce. This, I am inclined to think, is the original Damascus blade, as distinguished from the blade of Isfahaun; for, as its celebrity was greatest when defensive armour was in common use, it is absurd to suppose it could have resembled one of the faithless brittle blades of cast steel, which now bear the name.

The price of the Jullalpoor or Goojrat blade in a scabbard, without hilt, varies from eight to twelve rupees (sixteen to twenty-four shillings).

The instruments employed in the manufactory are rude and imperfect. Yet, as the solidity of a sword blade depends much upon the quantity of labour expended in hammering,

* After writing this, I made the sword-cutler at Jullalpore forge me a blade of shear steel, edged with cast steel, omitting the blistered steel entirely. With this blade I saw him sever, as if it had been a strip of fir, an iron ramrod, laid upon a block of wood. The edge was not even turned. This blade is in my possession. The Sukkaila blades forged at Goojrat in the usual way, with much blistered steel, always snapped at this experiment.

the very imperfection of the implements may tend to the excellence of the work. A bar of steel under a very heavy hammer is soon beaten out; but every blow unsettles on either side as much of the crystals as it has compressed beneath it: and I believe that four times as much labour should be bestowed in hammering the slightly-heated bar, as at present it receives at Jullalpoor.

But the imperfection of the furnace tends wholly to that of the blade. For as it is impossible to give the same degree of heat to all parts of the weapon at the same time, one portion becomes harder and more brittle than the other, and the blade is more liable to fracture than if the whole were equally brittle. The equal distribution of heat throughout the blade is perhaps attainable only by immersion in molten metals, a method practised, I believe, by Savigni, the celebrated cutler.

It appears to me, on maturer thought, that the lenticular figure of the mass of cast steel may be selected by design, although perhaps originally the result of accident. For, if we follow the arrangement of the needles of crystallization from the mass into the blade, we shall perceive that the edge of the blade must be a serrated spine of these needles, radiating from the elongated ellipse into which the centre has been compressed under the hammer. And, as the power of swords, knives, razors, etc., to sever fibrous substances depends upon the serration of their edge, we have here the finest and most perfect natural saw imaginable, justifying the half-marvellous records of feats performed with Damascus blades. This property being inherent in the structure of the crystallization, is not liable to be effaced by accident or use. The acuteness of the wedge may be impaired, but the teeth of the saw cannot be destroyed.

That this arrangement of the crystals is not disturbed by the action of the hammer we learn from the water of the blade, and from the seam remaining unclosed in the back.

It follows, that however perfect the edge of the natural damask may be, the blade must always be liable to cross-fracture about the centre, where the radiations of the crystals cross the blade at right angles. And, accordingly, Asiatics use such sabres with extreme caution, not ordinarily striking with them, but drawing the edge lightly and swiftly over any unguarded part, a touch sufficing to disable, or severing with them their adversary's reins, a practice which renders necessary the use of chains upon the bridle to the distance of eighteen inches from the bit.

The natural damask seems therefore ill-adapted to the purposes of war, as practised by European nations, but seems especially suited to the fabric of razors, pen-knives, and surgical instruments, in which keenness of edge is of the first consequence, and elasticity of none.

The art of giving elasticity to the cast steel, or natural damask, is the secret of Col. Anossoff, the reviver. I do not consider myself at liberty to reveal it without his express permission, although I think it probable that he has published it in his own country.

This cast steel is quite unknown in England. Its origin in India is doubtful. From its Persian name "Fowlahd," from its coming up the Indus to the Punjaub, and down from the Indus to Delhi, it would seem to be received from the Persian Gulf. It is a reflection upon the arts in England, that it is not known there, as there is no difficulty whatever in producing it.

APPENDIX F.

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

SINCE writing this,* I have met with Fortia's travels in Sweden, in which is an interesting discussion of the question of Charles's death. I have not leisure to transcribe the whole, but will sum up the evidence on either side.

Charles was sitting in a battery, raised against Fredericks-hall, the fort being considerably higher than the battery, and several hundred yards intervening. It was night; a fire of cannon and musketry was opened from the fort. The king sat, leaning his head upon his hand, his hand resting on the parapet. His head was suddenly pierced through and through by a bullet. Megret and Siquier were the only persons near Charles at the time.

Charles's death, on that day, had been foretold by an officer of high rank, and was generally expected.

Carlberb, Lieut.-Colonel of Engineers, in the trenches, says, that when Charles's body was put into the litter to be borne away, Siquier approached the litter, took the king's hat, and put that and the king's wig upon his own head.

Different opinions were entertained of the king's wound. Such as examined it, maintained that it could not have been made from the fortress or redoubts of the enemy. On a draught of the siege of Frederickshall, on which it was affirmed that the king was killed by a shot from the redoubts, an officer of high rank, who was at the time also in Norway, had written in German, with his own hand, "that is not true." No rumour was more common than that Siquier, the king's aide-de-camp, had murdered the king. It is not doubted that he himself confessed it, when ill at Stockholm,

* See page 102.

in 1722; but it is added, that this illness was accompanied with delirium. Some have imagined that remorse extorted this confession, others again have insisted, that Siquier, after his recovery was tortured with the same remorse, although then perfectly in his senses.

If Siquier was near Kacelbars and others at the time of the king's death, why, upon report attributing it to him, did he not procure their testimony of his innocence?

Mr. Fortia was credibly informed, that Siquier had no duty in the trenches, and hesitated when interrogated as to his purpose in being there.

An old cannoneer of the garrison affirms that there was no firing, that night, from the fort.

The ball passed from temple to temple, when the king was facing the fort.

Mr. Fortia affirms that the king first put his hand to the wound, then half drew his sword.

Siquier took the king's hat, and carried it to the Prince of Hesse, in proof of the king's death.

The prince was washing his hands in an ewer of gold. On learning the news, he presented it to Siquier.

Here we shall perceive many ugly and suspicious circumstances, the whole of which do not amount to even circumstantial proof. Many, moreover, are not attested by particular witnesses, but are rather *on dits*. Most, we think, might have arisen against any man suspected of such a deed. But what is the evidence for the defence?

1. Siquier tells Voltaire, "I could have killed the king of Sweden, but such was my respect for that hero, that, if I had been inclined, I should not yet have dared."

2. Siquier died poor.

3. Siquier affirms, that the bullet with which Charles was shot, was of half a pound weight, and therefore could not have been discharged from a pistol or musket.

We confess we think the defence the worst evidence against Siquier. Let us examine each item of it separately.

1st. Siquier was the king's aide-de-camp. Aides-de-camp we know, may always assassinate their masters, if inclined. Why then the assertion, "I could have killed the king"? Whence the idea? Again, as to his respect for the hero, surely not much was shown in parading in the king's hat and wig, the instant he fell.

2nd. Siquier died poor. It is not said "he lived poor." That he died poor is proof of nothing, especially if he survived his principal, supposing him to have been the murderer.

3rd. Siquier justifies himself by the size of the bullet. Now, as there is abundant proof that the bullet was small, this is an awkward circumstance, because Siquier, who saw the wound, must have known that it could not have been made by a half-pound ball.

The result of this investigation proves nothing. But it may be affirmed that, had Siquier contented himself with a simple denial, his case had been much stronger than he has made it.

"In the year 1746, on the 12th of July, between five and six o'clock in the morning, the undersigned went down into the Mausoleum, called Carolin, or Palatine, on the Equestrian aisle of the church at Stockholm, and opened the coffin of King Charles XII. defunct, whom they found in the condition and order following. A mattress, or pillow, stuffed with aromatic herbs, covered the face of the king; under his head, and joining his face, was a cloth. The head was uncovered, without any cap, but, in lieu, was surrounded with a laurel wreath. The hair was in good preservation, of a very light brown colour, and the length of a little finger, combed upwards on the sides; but the top of the head was bald. On the right side, just beneath the temple, was a plaster, which stuck so fast that with great difficulty we removed it. When removed, we perceived, and felt, an oblong orifice, slanting in a direction towards the back of the head, seven lines in length, and two in breadth. On the left side, which was covered with a plaster of the same size, the whole of the temple was torn away, and the fragments of the bones evidently denoted the passage of the ball from that part. His dentary much wasted, his mouth rather open, and some of his teeth were visible. Under his head were several pillows of white linen, full of fragrant herbs. Along his sides, and on his arms a number of small white bags were laid, filled with the same materials. His arms were stretched by the side of the body, and his hands, covered with white gloves, were placed opposite each other. His shirt was of linen, of a smaller degree of fineness, and his winding sheet of cambric.

(Signed) "E. H. HARLEMAN,
E. T. EKEBLAD,
ANDREW JOHN, *of Haessken.*"

Such are the data offered by Fortia: from which he argues that Siquier murdered Charles XII. Let us see.

Where it is said that the whole of the left temple is torn away, it is added, "and the fragments of bone evidently denoted the passage of the ball from that part." From which part? From the brain outwards or to the brain from the left side? When a bullet has any considerable velocity, its effect upon any hard substance incapable of repelling it is a clean perforation, clean in proportion to the velocity. But if the velocity be inconsiderable, and only sufficient for perforation, the substance penetrated is shattered by the concussion. It is also observable that the power of an arch or vault to resist direct impressions is greatest when those impressions are from without; much less when from within. That a bullet, therefore, on emerging from the skull, is more likely to rend and shatter than on entering it. And that this effect is increased by the velocity lost by a bullet in the perforation of the brain and reverse shell of the skull.

Now we see that on the right side the perforation is barely large enough to admit the smallest bullet; it also does not appear to show a splintered fracture; that on the left the fracture is large and splintered. It is certain, therefore, that the wound was inflicted by either a very large bullet with small velocity, or by a small bullet with great velocity. In the first case, the ball must have entered from the left, and after smashing the right temple and perforating the brain, have drilled a small hole in the right temple. In the latter, it entered at the right temple with full velocity, drilling a small hole, perforated the brain, and had still sufficient velocity on reaching the reverse shell of the cranium to tear away the mass of bone which it could not perforate. Now the former of these suppositions is simply impossible; the latter is in exact accord with observed natural phenomena. Therefore, Charles the Twelfth's death-wound was inflicted by a small bullet or bullets, and not by a half-pound ball, as stated by Siquier in his defence. At the same time, the extent of the fracture on the left of the skull may exculpate him from intentional misstatement, as upon a superficial observation, such a wound might naturally be attributed to a large bullet.

The mask in my possession, which I could not refer to, for the first and second editions of this work, shows the smaller wound on the right temple; but not the larger fracture of the left temple: the mask being restricted to the face, for obvious reasons, and the greater fracture having been somewhat further back than the other. On the right temple, then, is an irregular fissure, two inches in length, by

about two-fifths of an inch in width, being, apparently, two irregular holes in the skull, joined in one. It might have been made by the entrance, or more seemingly, the exit, of two pistol bullets; but could not have been made by a half-pound bullet. It is so ragged a fracture, that no bullet or bullets, with great velocity, could have made it. It is very much larger than that described by the gentlemen who disinterred the body of Charles, as being on the right temple. If it was made by two bullets from the same weapon, then Charles was murdered, for two bullets from a long distance would not have remained together. Two pistol bullets, impelled by a small charge, might perhaps have made such a fracture, and after piercing the brain, have had sufficient velocity to tear out a mass of the skull beyond. But I see not how any bullet or bullets, from the same barrel, could have made such fractures, from any distance.

Of the distance of the fatal spot from the fort, nothing is certainly established. Mr. Cox rates it at 400 or 500 yards. At such a distance, it may be affirmed no bullet so small as that which killed Charles, could have had sufficient force to tear away the reverse side of the cranium after perforating the skull and brain. If, therefore, the nearest parapet of the fort was at the distance supposed by Mr. Cox, then Charles' death-wound was from the hand of an assassin. If the enemy's parapet was much nearer than Mr. Cox supposes, then, as the fort was elevated considerably upon the summit of a rock, the bullet would *probably* have taken a slanting direction downwards, which it did not. But this is a supposition and not a certainty; the course of bullets through dense substances being subject to deflections which cannot be predetermined; and Mr. Fortia is not correct in supposing that want of velocity is indicated by such deflections, for the very contrary is the fact. I have myself seen a matchlock bullet, urged with considerable velocity, run round the skull between flesh and bone from the temple to the frontal sinus; forcing its way at this point between the two plates of the forehead, so as to resist the forceps in its extrication, and send splinters into the brain. And at the same siege (Bhurtpore) an officer of artillery was shot in the belly; the bullet passing round his body and issuing out at his back, without injuring any vital part. The fact is, that these deflections are the consequences of the resistance which the *vis inertiæ* of matter offers to any sudden impression to which it has not time to yield, a resistance increasing as the square of the velocity; a bullet rebounds from water at an oblique angle,

when a stone thrown from the hand at the same angle will enter and sink.

At this distance of time it is not, perhaps, possible to trace explicitly the death of Charles to its origin. But we have seen that there is no impossibility of its having been the deed of an assassin; that a particular individual was suspected of it at the time, and subsequently; and that he took no measures for clearing himself of the imputation which was known to him; alleging in his defence particulars rather tending to confirm suspicion; and in this posture does the affair seem to rest.

APPENDIX G.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

MENTION has been lately made of the will of Peter the Great; but we believe that no copy of it is to be found in any book of general access. The following translation has been made from a German work, entitled "Geschichte Peters des Grossen, von Eduard Pelz, Leipsic." It is there stated to have been transmitted by the Chevalier d'Eon, French Ambassador at the Court of St. Peterburgh, to the French King, in the year 1757, and to have been made public shortly afterwards. Various opinions have been expressed, as to its authenticity, a question of little moment, since those who repudiate it are compelled to allow that it is a faithful text-book to Russian policy, both before and since A.D. 1757, when it was published to the world.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

"In the name of the holy and indivisible Trinity, we, Peter, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, etc., to all our successors on the throne and in the government of the Russian nation; Forasmuch as the Great God, who is the Author and Giver of our life and crown, hath constantly illumined us with His light, and upheld us with His support," etc.

Here Peter sets out in detail that, according to his view, which he takes to be also that of Providence, he regards the Russian nation as destined hereafter to exercise supreme dominion over Europe. He bases his opinion on the fact that the European nations have, for the most part, fallen into a condition of decrepitude not far removed from collapse, whence he considers that they may easily be subjugated by a

new and youthful race, as soon as the latter shall have attained its full vigour. The Russian monarch looks upon the coming influx of the northerns into the east and west as a periodical movement, which forms part of the scheme of Providence, which in like manner, by the invasions of the barbarians, effected the regeneration of the Roman world. He compares these migrations of the polar nations to the inundations of the Nile, which at certain seasons fertilises the arid soil of Egypt. He adds that Russia, which he found a brook, and should leave a river, must, under his successors, grow to a mighty sea, destined to fertilise worn-out Europe, and that its waves would advance over all obstacles, if his successors were only capable of guiding the stream. On this account he leaves behind him for their use the following rules, which he recommends to their attention and constant study, even as Moses consigned his tables of the law to the Jewish people :—

RULES.

"1. The Russian nation must be constantly on a war footing to keep the soldiers warlike and in good condition. No rest must be allowed, except for the purpose of relieving the State finances, recruiting the army, or biding the favourable moment for attack. By these means peace is made subservient to war, and war to peace, in the interest of the aggrandisement and increasing prosperity of Russia.

"2. Every possible means must be used to invite from the most cultivated European States, commanders in war and philosophers in peace, to enable the Russian nation to participate in the advantages of other countries, without losing any of its own.

"3. No opportunity must be lost of taking part in the affairs and disputes of Europe, especially in those of Germany, which, from its vicinity, is of the most direct interest to us.

"4. Poland must be divided by keeping up constant jealousies and confusions there. The authorities must be gained over with money, and the assemblies corrupted, so as to influence the election of the kings. We must get up a party of our own there, send Russian troops into the country, and let them sojourn there, so long that they may ultimately find some pretext for remaining there for ever. Should the neighbouring states make difficulties, we must appease them for the moment, by allowing them a share of the territory, until we safely resume what we have thus given away.

"5. We must take away as much territory as possible from Sweden, contrive that they shall attack us first, so as to give us a pretext for their subjugation. With this object in view we must keep Sweden in opposition to Denmark, and Denmark to Sweden, and sedulously foster their mutual jealousies.

"6. The consorts of the Russian princes must always be chosen from among the German princesses, in order to multiply our family alliances with the Germans, and so unite our interests with theirs; and thus, by consolidating our influence in Germany, to cause it to attach itself spontaneously to our policy.

"7. We must be careful to keep up our commercial alliance with England, for she is the power which has most need of our products for her navy, and at the same time may be of the greatest service to us in the development of our own. We must export wood and other articles in exchange for her gold, and establish permanent connections between her merchants and seamen and our own.

"8. We must keep steadily extending our frontiers—northward along the Baltic, and southward along the shores of the Black Sea.

"9. *We must progress as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can once get possession of these places is the real ruler of the world.* With this view we must provoke constant quarrels, at one time with Turkey and at another with Persia. We must establish wharfs and docks in the Euxine, and by degrees make ourselves masters of that sea as well as of the Baltic, which is a doubly important element in the success of our plan. We must hasten the downfall of Persia, push on into the Persian Gulf; if possible, re-establish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Levant through Syria, and force our way into the Indies, which are the storehouses of the world. Once there, we can dispense with English gold.

"10. Moreover, we must take pains to establish and maintain an intimate union with Austria, apparently countenancing her schemes for future aggrandisement in Germany, and all the while secretly rousing the jealousy of the minor states against her. In this way we must bring it to pass, that one or the other party shall seek aid from Russia; and thus we shall exercise a sort of protectorate over the country which will pave the way for future supremacy.

"11. We must make the House of Austria interested in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe; and we must neu-

tralise its jealousy at the capture of Constantinople, either by preoccupying it with a war with the old European states, or by allowing it a share of the spoil, which we can afterwards resume at our leisure.

"12. We must collect round our house, as round a centre, all the detached sections of Greeks which are scattered abroad in Hungary, Turkey, and South Poland. We must make them look to us for support; and then, by establishing beforehand a sort of ecclesiastical supremacy, we shall pave the way for universal sovereignty.

"13. When Sweden is ours, Persia vanquished, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered—when our armies are united, and the Euxine and Baltic are in the possession of our ships, then *we must make separate and secret overtures first to the Court of Versailles, and then to that of Vienna, to share with them the dominion of the world. If either of them accepts our propositions, which is certain to happen if their ambition and self-interest are properly worked upon, we must make use of this one to annihilate the other; this done, we have only to destroy the remaining one by finding a pretext for a quarrel, the issue of which cannot be doubtful, as Russia will then be already in the absolute possession of the East, and of the best part of Europe.*

"14. Should the improbable case happen of both rejecting the propositions of Russia—then our policy will be to set one against the other, and make them tear each other to pieces. Russia must then watch for and seize the favourable moment, and pour her already assembled hosts into Germany, while two immense fleets, laden with Asiatic hordes and convoyed by the armed squadrons of the Euxine and the Baltic, set sail simultaneously from the Sea of Azoff and the harbour of Archangel. Sweeping along the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, they will overrun France on the one side, while Germany is overpowered on the other. When these countries are fully conquered, the rest of Europe must fall easily and without a struggle under our yoke. Thus Europe can and must be subjugated."

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